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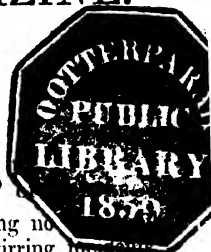
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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GERMAN STUDIES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.



NO. I.—SCENES AND PASSAGES FROM THE “TASSO”

THE dramatic poem of “Tasso,” though presenting no pageants of many-coloured life,—no combination of stirring incidents nor conflict of tempestuous passions,—is yet rich in interest for those who find

“The still small music of humanity
_____ of ample power
To chasten and subdue.”

It is a picture of the struggle between elements which never can assimilate—powers whose dominion is over spheres essentially adverse; between the spirit of poetry and the spirit of the world. Why is it that this collision is almost invariably fatal to the gentler and the holier nature? Some master-minds have, indeed, winged their way through the tumults of crowded life, like the sea-bird cleaving the storm from which its pinions come forth unstained; but there needs a celestial panoply, with which few indeed are gifted, to bear the heirs of genius not only unwounded, but unsoiled, through the battle; and too frequently the result of the poet’s lingering afar from his better home has been mental degradation and untimely death. Let us not be understood as requiring for his well-being an absolute seclusion from the world and its interests. *His* nature, if the abiding place of the true light be indeed within him, is endowed above all others with the tenderest and most widely-embracing sympathies. Not alone from “the things of the everlasting hills,” from the storms or the silence of midnight skies, will he seek the grandeur and the beauty which have their central residence in a far more majestic temple. Mountains, and rivers, and mighty woods, the cathedrals of nature—these will have their part in his pictures; but their colouring and shadows will not be wholly the gift of rising or departing suns, nor of the night with all her stars; it will be a varying suffusion from the life within, from the glowing clouds of thought and feeling, which mantle with their changeful drapery all external creation.

_____ “We receive but what we give,
And in *our* life alone does nature live.”

Let the poet bear into the recesses of woods and shadowy hills a heart full-fraught with the sympathies which will have been fostered by intercourse with his kind, a memory covered with the secret inscriptions which joy and sorrow fail not indelibly to write,—then will the voice of every stream respond to him in tones of gladness or melancholy, accordant with those of his own soul; and he himself, by the might of feelings intensely human, may breathe the living spirit of the oracle into the resounding cavern or the whispering oak. We thus admit it essential to

his high office, that the chambers of imagery in the heart of the poet must be filled with materials moulded from the sorrows, the affections, the fiery trials, and immortal longings of the human soul. Where love, and faith, and anguish, meet and contend; where the tones of prayer are wrung from the suffering spirit,—*there* lie his veins of treasure; there are the sweet waters ready to flow from the stricken rock. But he will not seek them through the gaudy and hurrying masque of artificial life; he will not be the fettered Sampson to make sport for the sons and daughters of fashion. Whilst he shuns no brotherly communion with his kind, he will ever reserve to his nature the power of *self-communion*, silent hours for

“The harvest of the quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart;”

and inviolate retreats in the depths of his being—fountains lone and still, upon which only the eye of Heaven shines down in its hallowed serenity. So have those who make us “heirs of truth and freedom by immortal lays,” ever preserved the calm intellectual ether in which they live and move, from the taint of worldly infection; and it appears the object of Goethe, in the work before us, to make the gifted spirit sadder and wiser by the contemplation of one, which, having sold its birthright, and stooped from its “privacy of glorious light,” is forced into perpetual contact with things essentially of the earth earthly. Dante has spoken of what the Italian poets must have learned but too feelingly under their protecting princes—the bitter taste of another’s bread, the weary steps by which the stairs of another’s house are ascended; but it is suffering of a more spiritual nature which is here portrayed. Would that the courtly patronage, at the shrine of which the Italian muse has so often waved her censor, had exposed no severer tasks upon its votaries than the fashioning of the snow-statue which it required from the genius of Michael Angelo! The story of Tasso is fraught with yet deeper meaning, though it is not from the period of his most agonizing trials that the materials of Goethe’s work are drawn. The poet is here introduced to us as a youth at the court of Ferrara; visionary, enthusiastic, keenly alive to the splendour of the gorgeous world around him, throwing himself passionately upon the current of every newly-excited feeling; a creature of sudden lights and shadows, of restless strivings after ideal perfection, of exultations and of agonies. Why is it that the being thus exhibited as endowed with all these trembling capacities for joy and pain, with noble aspirations and fervid eloquence, fails to excite a more reverential interest, a more tender admiration? He is wanting in dignity, in the sustaining consciousness of his own high mission; he has no city of refuge within himself, and thus——

“Every little living nerve,
That from bitter words doth swerve,”

has the power to shake his whole soul from its pride of place. He is thus borne down by the cold triumphant worldliness of the courtier Antonio, from the collision with whom, and the mistaken endeavour of Tasso’s friends to reconcile natures dissimilar as the Sylph and Gnome of fanciful creations, the conflicting elements of the piece are chiefly derived. There are impressive lessons to be drawn from the contemplation of these scenes, though, perhaps, it is not quite thus that we could have wished *him* delineated who “poured his spirit over Palestine;”

and it is occasionally almost too painful to behold the high-minded Tasso, recognized by his country as *superior with the sword and the pen to all men*, struggling in so ignoble an arena, and finally overpowered by so unworthy an antagonist. This world is, indeed, "too much with us," and but too powerful is often its withering breath upon the ethereal natures of love, devotion, and enthusiasm, which in other regions

"May bear bright golden flowers, but not in this soil."

Yet who has not known victorious moments, in which the lightly-armed genii of ridicule have quailed—the conventional forms of life have shrunk as a shrivelled scroll before the Ithuriel touch of some generous feeling, some high and overshadowing passion suddenly aroused from the inmost recesses of the folded soul, and striking the electric chain which mysteriously connects all humanity? We could have wished that some such thrilling moment had been here introduced by the mighty master of Germany; something to relieve the too continuous impression of inherent weakness in the cause of the vanquished; something of a transmuting power in the soul of Tasso, to glorify the clouds which accumulate around it,—to turn them into "contingencies of pomp" by the interpenetration of its own celestial light. Yet we approach with reverence the work of a noble hand; and, whilst entering upon our task of translation, we acknowledge, in humility, the feebleness of all endeavour to pour into the vase of another language the exquisitely subtle spirit of Goethe's poetry,—to transplant and naturalize the delicate felicities of thought and expression by which this piece is so eminently distinguished.

The visionary rapture which takes possession of Tasso upon being crowned with laurel by the Princess Leonora d'Este, the object of an affection which the youthful poet has scarcely yet acknowledged to himself, is thus portrayed in one of the earlier scenes:—

"Let me then bear the burden of my bliss
To some deep grove, that oft hath veild my grief;—
There let me roam in solitude: no eye
Shall then recall the triumph undeserved.
And if some shining fountain suddenly
On its clear mirror to my sight should give
The form of one who, strangely, brightly crown'd,
Seems musing in the blue reflected heaven
As it streams down through rocks and parted trees,—
Then will I dream that on the enchanted wave
I see Elysium pictured! I will ask,
Who is the blest departed one?—the youth
From long-past ages with his glorious wreath?
Who shall reveal his name?—who speak his worth?
Oh, that another and another there
Might press, with him to hold bright communing!
Might I but see the minstrels and the chiefs
Of the old time on that pure fountain-side
For evermore inseparably link'd
As they were link'd in life! Not steel to steel
Is bound more closely by the magnet's power
Than the same striving after lofty things
Doth bind the Bard and Warrior. Homer's life
Was self-forgetfulness: he pour'd it forth,
One rich libation to another's fame;
And Alexander through th' Elysian grove

To seek Achilles and his poet flies.
Might I behold their meeting !"

But he is a reed shaken with the wind. Antonio reaches the Court of Ferrara at this crisis, in all the importance of a successful negociation with the Vatican. He strikes down the wing of the poet's delicate imagination with the arrows of a careless irony; and Tasso is for a time completely dazzled and overpowered by the worldly science of the skilful diplomatist. The deeper wisdom of his own simplicity is yet veiled from his eyes. Life seems to pass before him, as portrayed by the discourse of Antonio, like a mighty triumphal procession, in the exulting movements and clarion sounds of which he alone has no share; and, at last, the forms of beauty peopling his own spiritual world seem to dissolve into clouds, even into faint shadows of clouds, before the strong glare of the external world, leaving his imagination as a desolate house, whence light and music have departed. He thus pours forth, when alone with the Princess Leonora, the impressions produced upon him by Antonio's descriptions :—

"————— They still disturb my heart,—
Still do they crowd my soul tumultuously,—
The troubling images of that vast world,
Which,—living, restless, fearful as it is,—
Yet, at the bidding of one Master-Mind,
E'en as commanded by a demi-god,
Seems to fulfil its course.—With eagerness,
Yea, with a strange delight, my soul drank in
The strong words of th' experienced; but, alas !
The more I listen'd still the more I sank
In mine own eyes;—I seem'd to die away
As into some faint echo of the rocks,—
A shadowy sound—a nothing !"

There is something of a very touching beauty in the character of the Princess Leonora d'Este. She does not, indeed, resemble some of the lovely beings delineated by Shakspeare—the females "graceful without design, and unforeseeing," in whom, even under the pressure of heaviest calamity, it is easy to discern the existence of the sunny and gladsome nature which would spring up with fawn-like buoyancy, were but the crushing weight withdrawn. The spirit of Leonora has been at once elevated and subdued by early trial: high thoughts, like messengers from heaven, have been its visitants in the solitude of the sick chamber; and, looking upon life and creation, as it were, through the softening veil of remembered suffering, it has settled into such majestic loveliness as the Italian painters delight to shadow forth on the calm brow of their Madonna. Its very tenderness is self-resignation; its inner existence serene, yet sad,—“a being breathing thoughtful breath.” She is worshipped by the poet as his tutelary angel, and her secret affection for him might almost become that character. It has all the deep devotedness of a woman's heart, with the still purity of a seraphic guardian, taking no part in the passionate dreams of earthly happiness. She feels his genius with a reverential appreciation; she watches over it with a religious tenderness, for ever interposing to screen its unfolding powers from every ruder breath. She rejoices in his presence as a flower filling its cup with gladness from the morning light; yet, preferring *his* well-being to all earthly things, she would meekly offer up, for the knowledge of his distant happiness, even the fulness of that only and unutterable joy. A deep feeling of woman's lot on earth,—the lot of endurance and of

sacrifice,—seems ever present to her soul, and speaks characteristically in these lines, with which she replies to a wish of Tasso's for the return of the golden age:—

"When earth has men to reverence female hearts,
To know the treasure of rich Truth and Love,
Set deep within a high-soul'd woman's breast;—
When the remembrance of our summer prime
Keeps brightly in man's heart a holy place;—
When the keen glance that pierces through so much
Looks also tenderly through that dim veil
By Time or Sickness hung 'round drooping forms;—
When the possession, stilling every wish,
Draws not Desire away to other wealth;—
A brighter day-spring then for us may dawn
Then may we solemnize our golden age."

A character thus meditative, affectionate, and self-secluding, would naturally be peculiarly sensitive to the secret intimations of coming sorrow: forebodings of evil arise in her mind from the antipathy so apparent between Tasso and Antonio; and after learning that the cold, keen irony of the latter has irritated the poet almost to frenzy, she thus, to her friend Leonora de Sanvitale, reproaches herself for not having listened to the monitory whispers of her soul:—

"Alas! that we so slowly learn to heed
The secret signs and omens of the breast!
An oracle speaks low within our hearts,
Low, still, yet clear, its prophet voice forewarns
What to pursue, what shun.
Yes, my whole soul misgave me silently
When he and Tasso met."

She admits to her friend the necessity for his departure from Ferrara, but thus reverts, with fondly clinging remembrance, to the time when he first became known to her:—

"Oh! mark'd and singled was the hour when first
He met mine eye!—Sickness and grief just then
Had pass'd away; from long, long suffering freed,
I lifted up my brow, and silently
Gazed upon life again.—The sunny day,
The sweet looks of my kindred, made a light
Of gladness round me, and my freshen'd heart
Drank the rich healing balm of hope once more.
Then onward, through the glowing world I dared
To send my glance, and many a kind bright shape
There beckon'd from afar.—Then first the youth,
Led by a sister's hand, before me stood,
And my soul clung to him e'en then, O friend!
To cling for ever more."

Leonora. Lament it not,
My princess!—to have known heaven's gifted ones
Is to have gather'd into the full soul
Inalienable wealth!

Princess. Oh! precious things—
The richly graced, the exquisite, are things
To fear, to love with trembling!—beautiful
Is the pure flame when on thy hearth it shines,
When in the friendly torch it gives thee light,
How gracious and how calm!—but, once unchained,
Lo! Ruin sweeps along its fatal path!"

She then announces her determination to make the sacrifice of his society, in which alone her being seems to find its full completion.

"Alas! dear friend, my soul indeed is fix'd—
 Let him depart!—yet cannot I but feel
 Ev'n now the sadness of long days to come;
 The cold void left me by a lost delight!—
 No more shall sunrise from my opening eye
 Chase his bright image glorified in dreams;
 Glad Hope to see him shall no longer stir
 With joyous flutterings my scarce-waken'd soul;
 And vainly, vainly, through yon garden bowers,
 Amidst the dewy shadows, my first look
 Shall seek his form! How blissful was the thought
 With him to share each golden evening's peace!
 How grew the longing, hour by hour, to read
 His spirit yet more deeply! Day by day
 How my own being, tuned to happiness,
 Gave forth a voice of finer harmony!—
 Now is the twilight gloom around me fallen:
 The festal day, the sun's magnificence,
 All riches of this many-coloured world,
 What are they now?—dim, soulless, desolate!
 Veiled in the cloud that sinks upon my heart.—
 Once was each day a life!—each care was mute,
 Ev'n the low boding hush'd within the soul,
 And the smooth waters of a gliding stream,
 Without the rudder's aid, bore lightly on
 Our fairy bark of joy!"

Her companion endeavours, but in vain, to console her.

"*Leonora*. If the kind words of friendship cannot soothe,
 The still sweet influences of this fair world
 Shall win thee back unconsciously to peace.

"*Princess*. Yes, beautiful it is! the glowing world!
 So many a joy keeps flitting to and fro,
 In all its paths, and ever, ever seems
 One step, *but* one, removed—till our fond thirst
 For the still fading fountain, step by step,
 Lures to the grave! so seldom do we find
 What ~~seem'd~~ by Nature moulded for our love,
 And for ~~our~~ bliss endow'd—or *if* we find,
 So ~~seldom~~ to our yearning hearts can hold!
 That which once ~~freely~~ made itself our own
 Bursts from us!—that which eagerly we press'd
 We coldly loose! A treasure may be ours,
 Only we know it not, or know, perchance,
 Unconscious of its worth!"

But the dark clouds are gathering within the spirit of Tasso itself, and the devotedness of affection would in vain avert their lightnings by the sacrifice of all its own pure enjoyments. In the solitary confinement to which the Duke has sentenced him as a punishment for his duel with Antonio, his jealous imagination, like that of the self-torturing Rousseau, pictures the whole world as arrayed in one conspiracy against him, and he doubts even of *her* truth and gentleness whose watching thoughts are all for his welfare.—The following passages affectingly mark the progress of the dark despondency which finally overwhelms him, though the concluding lines of the last are brightened by a ray of those immortal

hopes, the light of which we could have desired to recognise more frequently in this deeply thoughtful work :—

PRESENTIMENT OF HIS RUIN.

"Alas! too well I feel, too true a voice
Within me whispers, that the mighty Power
Which, on sustaining wings of strength and joy,
Bears up the healthful spirit, will but cast
Mine to the earth—will rend me utterly!—
I must away!"

ON A FRIEND'S DECLARING HERSELF UNABLE TO RECOGNISE HIM.

"Rightly thou speak'st; I am myself no more,
And yet in worth not less than I have been.
Seems this a dark, strange riddle? Yet 'tis none!
The gentle moon that gladdens thee by night,
Thine eye, thy spirit irresistibly
Winning with beams of love—mark! how it floats
Thro' the day's glare, a pale and powerless cloud!
I am o'ercome by the full blaze of noon;
Ye know me, and I know myself no more!"

ON BEING ADVISED TO REFRAIN FROM COMPOSITION.

"Vainly, too vainly, 'gainst the power I strive,
Which, night and day, comes rushing thro' my-soul!
Without that pouring forth of thought and song
My life is life no more!
Wilt thou forbid the silkworm to spin on,
When hourly, with the labour'd line, he draws
Nearer to death?—in vain!—the costly web
Must from his inmost being still be wrought,
Till he lies wrapt in his consummate shroud.
Oh! that a gracious God to us may give
The lot of that blest worm!—to spread free wings
And burst exultingly on brighter life,
In a new realm of sunshine!"

He is at last released, and admitted into the presence of the Princess Leonora, to take his leave of her before commencing a distant journey. Notwithstanding his previous doubts of her interest in him, he is overcome by the pitying tenderness of her manner, and breaks into a strain of passionate gratitude and enthusiasm :—

"Thou art the same pure angel, as when first
Thy radiance cross'd my path. Forgive, forgive,
If for a moment, in his blind despair,
The mortal's troubled glance hath read thee wrong!
Once more he knows thee! His expanding-soul
Flows forth to worship thee for evermore,
And his full heart dissolves in tenderness!
Is it false light which draws me on to thee?
Is it delirium?—Is it thought inspired,
And grasping first high truth divinely clear?
Yes! 'tis ev'n so—the feeling which alone
Can make me blest on earth!"

The wildness of his ecstasy at last terrifies his gentle protectress from him; he is forsaken by all as a being lost in hopeless delusion, and being left alone to the insulting pity of Antonio, his strength of heart is utterly subdued; he passionately bewails his weakness, and even casts down his spirit almost in wondering admiration before the calm self-

collectedness of his enemy, who himself seems at last almost melted by the extremity of the poet's desolation, as thus poured forth :—

"Can I then image no high-hearted man
Whose pangs and conflicts have surpass'd mine own,
That my vex'd soul might win sustaining power
From thoughts of *him*?—I cannot!—all is lost!
One thing alone remains—one mournful boon—
Nature on us, her suffering children, showers
The gift of tears—the impassion'd cry of grief,
When man can bear no more;—and with *my* woe,
With mine above all others, hath been link'd
Sad music, piercing eloquence, to pour
All, all its fulness forth! To me a God
Hath given strong utterance for mine agony,
When others, in their deep despair, are mute!
Thou standest calm and still, thou noble man!
I seem before thee as the troubled wave!
But oh! be thoughtful!—in thy lofty strength
Exult thou not! By nature's might alike
That rock was fix'd, that quivering wave was made
The sensitive of storm! She sends her blasts,—
The living water flies—it quakes and swells,
And bows down tremblingly with breaking foam;
Yet once that mirror gave the bright sun back
In calm transporence—once the gentle stars
Lay still upon its undulating breast!
Now the sweet peace is gone—the glory now
Departed from the wave! I know myself
No more in these dark perils, and no more
I blush to lose that knowledge. From the bark
Is wrench'd the rudder, and through all its frame
The quivering vessel groans. Beneath my feet
The rocking earth gives way—to thee I cling—
I grasp thee with mine arms. In wild despair
So doth the struggling sailor clasp the rock
Whereon he perishes!"

And thus painfully ends this celebrated drama, the catastrophe being that of the spiritual wreck within, unmingled with the terrors drawn from outward circumstances and change. The majestic lines in which Byron has embodied the thoughts of the captive Tasso will form a fine contrast and relief to the music of despair with which Goethe's work is closed :—

"All this hath somewhat worn me, and may wear,
But must be borne. I stoop not to despair,
For I have battled with mine agony,
And made me wings wherewith to overfly
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall;
And freed the holy sepulchre from thrall;
And revell'd among men and things divine,
And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,
In honour of the sacred war for Him,
The God who was on earth and is in heaven;
For He hath strengthen'd me in heart and limb.
That through this sufferance I might be forgiven,
I have employ'd my penance to record
How Salem's shrine was won, and how adored."

SKETCHES OF IRISH FOOLS.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ.

IRELAND has the reputation of having produced a great number of shrewd fellows, and occasionally a knave or two. I can vouch for the quantity of fools to which it gives birth, or at least used to do in my boyish days, and the good old times before me. I do not mean those ninnies, who, believing well of human nature, trust to those whom they have served, and are deceived the more deeply in proportion to their confidence and kindness; nor yet those swaggering, rollicking, foolish fellows who get drunk and swear,—

“Who kiss the girls and coax them,
And spend their money free;”

and thus end by ruining themselves, as they had previously ruined others; but those lamentable abortions of intellect, by courtesy called “innocents” or “naturals,” but in plain speaking designated “born idiots,” varying in degree, from the slaving baby, propped in a rush-bottomed chair, to the aged and mind-palsied object, stretched on straw by the road-side, to disgust and pain the traveller—to fill his eyes and drain his pockets.

The extreme diversity of shades in Irish character is not more remarkable than the wild harmony with which they blend together. Almost every individual is made up of contradictions, or at least of contrasts. The joy of an Irishman has always a dash of melancholy in it; and there is a rainbow even in his most clouded sky.

It is incontestable that Ireland is more fertile than any other country in what is generally called folly; folly in all its Proteus forms, but specially of that humiliating sort I have just alluded to. I am almost inclined to think that it is quite a matter of chance whether any given Irish infant turn out a wise or a foolish man. And in the majority of adults it is hard to say to which category they belong. They, almost without exception, seem to hover through life between the two attractions; and in nine cases out of ten a feather would turn the beam. It is this uncertainty which gives such a racy flavour to Irish humour, and such picturesqueness to Irish conduct. Other nations scarcely know how to estimate us. Our fools perpetually say the shrewdest things; our wise men constantly do the most foolish.

And is it then, really, I have often asked myself, that the quickness of intellect, which is admitted to distinguish the mass of my countrymen, is but a chance item in the balance-sheet of the national character, and that, due allowances for shades of difference being made, and the proportions between sense and nonsense fairly struck, it is even doubtful which ought to be held predominant? Is the boundary between intellect and idiotism so narrow? Is it a mere accident of cerebral formation that makes one man an orator and another an “innocent”? Of what is “Irish eloquence” and “Irish wit” compounded? And how are we to draw the line between them on one hand, and bombast and ribaldry on the other? Does the reputation of our bold-voiced demagogues and spirit-stirring speakers in Parliament hang on the simple thread of a phrenological subdivision? May Dryden’s couplet—

“Great wit is sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide”—

be specially applied to Irishmen? and must we be content to prove a pendant to the truism of an old Latin writer, that "scholars are the most foolish men in the world?"

I will not attempt to unravel the metaphysical thread I have been here insensibly weaving for myself; but will at once burst through the web, though it be of my own spinning, and return to the major of my essay, if I must not call it my argument.

In the whole neighbourhood of my early life there was scarcely a gentleman's house that had not attached to it a semi-intelligent, half-witted *omadthaun*, who was the knife-cleaner, yard-sweeper, cow-caller, pig-feeder—the servant of the servants, the link between the men and beasts of the establishment. These beings did not hold their tenures, like the court-jesters of former days, by forcing jokes for the amusement of those who should have been their betters; or by pandering to the licentiousness of those whose knavery was in a direct ratio with their folly;—but merely by doing the dirty work of the house, not the court; and sometimes, perhaps, being the medium of a platonic intercourse between the butler and the cook, or other friends and *loveyers*, as the case might be. They always fed on the leavings of the kitchen-table, slept in an out-house, went bare-legged and bare-headed; and whether young, old, or middle-aged, were respectively called "the b'y." Of all those *boys* whom I can now call to memory, I scarcely recollect an exception that exceeded five feet in height, or that had not flaxen-coloured hair, and light-blue eyes. I now speak of the "born" animals, who "wore motley in their brain," by some unfathomable secret of nature. Those who gained enrolment into the corps by the palpable agencies of whiskey, shillelah, or love-powders, were of all sizes and complexions.

It was curious to mark the accuracy with which the poor stunted *omadthauns* did the duties of their respective stations. These were limited, no doubt; but they required the certain exercise of faculties, the exact definition of which I leave to those more deeply learned in "discourse of reason." The turnspit could tell to a minute when the joint was properly roasted; the cow-boy knew to a nicety the moment for milking; the somewhat higher grade of being intrusted with the letter-bag never missed the mail as it passed the avenue-gate, or was after time at the post-office in the village, to which he cut across through bog and brake, by twists and turnings that would have puzzled the very hares he used to kick up from their forms as he scudded along.

I have heard of affecting instances of fidelity in these poor creatures. A wealthy and better sort of farmer was for three days missing in the ruthless times that succeeded the Rebellion of 1798. Mat, his half-witted cow-boy, or, more technically speaking, "the b'y," had been missing at the same time, and was absurdly suspected of having made away with his master. But, on the fourth morning of the search, the poor *omadthaun* was found stretched beside the farmer's murdered body, in a lonely island in the bog of Allan, actually dying of starvation from his long watch by the corpse, which he would not quit, from the moment he stumbled on it in one of his wanderings, and did not attempt to remove, from excessive sorrow acting on want of sense.

The strong sentiment of filial attachment evinced by beings of the very lowest grade in the scale of intellect, is a puzzling fact for physiologists, and goes far to prove that Locke's "sheet of white paper" bears, after all, an instinctive though vapoury water-mark of natural affection.

Several touching instances of this kind are strong in my memory.

An idiot in our neighbourhood, who bore the curious cognomen of "Godsham," having, in one of the deadly visitations of "the fever," lost his mother, by whom he had been reared in all the bleak indulgences of beggary, carried to her narrow bed, on every day for many months after her death, his snatched and scanty meal, and, dividing it into equal parts, made holes in the turf, and obtruded the food into them, that she might, as when living, partake of his repast. I have seen him, when the rain poured down in torrents, strip off his coat to cover the grave, and have heard him address the most affectionate complaints to her, whom he supposed to be listening to them, for her obstinacy in not speaking to him. The sublime and the ridiculous had here no step between them.

"Arrah, then, mother dear, why won't you come back home wid me agin? Why, then, sure the devil is busy wid you, to be lying out here, ketching your death of could in the open air! It's yourself that used not to be such an ould runt of a fool; whatever's comed over you of late? Arrah! swop a word wid me, mother jew'l, if it's only to call me a 'madthaun,' as you used to do; and more shame for you, when I'm a nate, clane, sinsible b'y. Here's a pinch of snuff I've brought you, any how, and a drop o' the crathur this could evening, and much good may it do you wid it, mother avich!"

And as he spoke he made holes at the head of the mound, putting in the snuff and pouring the whisky from his little phial into that part where he judged the face to be; and, though much addicted to that treacherous comforter of the wretched and the poor, he would not even taste what he had appropriated to his mother, while all his plaints, lamentations, and reproaches were thus poured into "the cold, dull ear of death."

One of the incidents which made the liveliest impression on my mind, in the transactions of the period of blood and flame just now alluded to, had relation to the fate of another idiot boy, in the close neighbourhood of our residence, not far from the foot of Carbery Hill, and on the edge of the before-named and celebrated bog of Allan. Almost close to a little shrubbery which skirted the lawn, on the side next the road leading from Edenderry to Carbery, was the cabin of the widow Hennessey, a wretched, bed-ridden woman, whose sole subsistence was the charity of her neighbours, and whose sole comfort was the more than filial attachment of her only child Larry, who, from his cradle up, had never been a day out of her sight, and rarely an hour in any one day from her side. Her decrepitude and his idiotism were the bonds of a union, stronger than which never bound mother and son together. He cleaved to her, because nature whispered him to do so; and she believed her poor idiot boy a being favoured by Heaven, inasmuch as he could do no sin, and was therefore doomed to be saved. Her food was always served to her by Larry, and all the domestic offices of the hovel were performed by him. She, in her turn, kept together his tattered garments by the work of her feeble fingers, and talked to him in a way that he alone could comprehend, and replied to his imperfect jargon, intelligible only to her. Larry used, in fine weather, to sit silently at the cabin door, with a *caubeen* between his knees, to receive the chance offerings of the passers-by; while the widow, from her truckle-bed, placed just within the threshold, poured forth an eloquent strain of beg-

ging and benediction for "a lone, infortn'te, crippled crathur iv a woman, an' her fatherless and motherless orphan, the naat'hral that's to the fore; an' the Lord reward the good Christhins this blessed day, an' keep thim and theirs from rheumatiz an' innocence, an' s'ind them to glory. Amin!"

In this way these forlorn beings picked up a good deal of money; and little of it being spent, in consequence of the supplies of food and fuel from the neighbouring gentry and the kind-hearted villagers of Kishawina, hard by, an actual store of coin was gathered, and deposited in a hole, rooted in a corner of the cabin, by the mother's directions and the mechanical obedience of the son. On this hole, which was covered over by the united cunning of avarice and folly, the old woman's eyes kept almost constant watch. When she slept, her ears did sentinel's duty, for they were so acute that the scratching of a mouse, or "the death-tick" of the big black spider in the roof, was enough to rouse her up. Larry, with wandering mind and less finely-constructed organs, forgot the treasure as fast as he added to the heap and closed in the cavity; yet he never was known to straggle twenty yards from the cabin, or out of his mother's call. His only amusement was the luxury of sunning himself at the foot of the high elder bushes that lined the road beside the cabin; and many a time I have peeped at his lank, diminutive figure, as he lay stretched on the bank, gazing vaguely up into the mysteries of the sky.

This was about the beginning of the Rebellion, the first marked event that made any impression on my memory, or at least effacing, by its greater weight, the faint traces of inferior circumstances. The battle of Clonard, as was called the attack and defence of a single house, was the first attempt of the rebels. The more successful surprise of Prosperous, and the burning of the barrack, with all its little garrison, came next: then the battle of Carbery, where the rebels were beaten, and which became famous from being the scene of an event (the strangulation of a prisoner dragged along by a rope thrown over the captor's shoulder) that gave to a certain Lieutenant Hepenstal the *soubriquet* of "Hemp-and-Stall, or the Walking Gallows." On the memorable night of that affair, our whole family were roused up to peep through the loop-holes of the strongly-barricaded windows, and see, by the light of moon or stars (I forget which), the straggling march of the insurgents through the lawn, as they passed silently on to the scene of action.

The rattling volleys of musketry and the shouts of the rebels, as the assault on the village and charter-house of Carbery went on, were distinctly heard at our dwelling. The firing lasted a long time; but was ended by the total discomfiture of the rebels, who were surprised and taken in flank by a strong detachment of military, who hurried, on the first alarm, from Edenderry, three miles distant, and decided the affair. There was considerable slaughter at the conflict. The old adage—

"When Carbery Church turns its back on the hill,
'Tis blood will be turning the wheel of the mill,"—

was verified (at least so the inhabitants thought) on this occasion. The handsome church, just then finished on the hill-side, faced the village, contrary to the position of the old edifice; and, on the morning after the battle, it was said that the blood which poured down the street actually flowed into the mill-stream, and set the wheel a-going.

As morning began to dawn, the broken and defeated rebels fled on all

sides across the country, pursued by the cavalry, and cut down without mercy or remorse. Some brave hearts still held firm their weapons, and made a hopeless fight against their assailants; others baffled them by active leaps into copse-wood and gardens. The great mass of run-aways threw aside every impediment—pikes, guns, coats, shoes—and fled towards that sure, and not distant refuge—the bog, which stretched far and wide at the rear of our farm. Several crawling, wounded wretches dropped by the road-side; others found temporary safety in the neighbouring cabins, abandoned by their inhabitants, either to aid the business of the previous night, or in fear of its results.

After such a lapse of time, names and titles are indistinct in my memory. I cannot state the regiments that *distinguished* themselves on this and similar occasions in our neighbourhood, which was the first crater where the volcano of revolt burst out. A couple of dragoon regiments are mixed up together in my recollection, associated with the fears and curses of the peasantry; and it was a detachment from one of those that swept down from the side of Carbery Hill that morning, dashed through the adjacent low grounds, tore along the road before-mentioned, and scattered through the fields and shrubberies that surrounded our residence.

At the earliest sounds of the horses galloping, the widow Henessey, always on the alert for the chances of the road, roused up Larry, who had slept the deep sleep of idiocy during the whole of the night-alarms which she had so acutely listened to, without knowing their direction or extent. In a few minutes he sat at his usual post, on a low stool before the cabin door, gazing vacantly towards the ivy-covered ruins of Carbery Castle, unmoved by the warlike clatter, and holding forth his leafless *caubeen*, which was never again to catch the blessed dew of charity, or cover the brainless head of the idiot boy. Just as the old woman began to vociferate her usual chant, she was suddenly stopped by the sight of a man covered with blood, (which streamed and spouted from various wounds,) who, running for his life, rushed against poor Larry, overset him in the doorway, and threw himself upon the bed beside the crippled crone, crying out, with hoarse and choking voice, for shelter and protection. The old woman screamed aloud, and the idiot, in the instinct of filial alarm, sprang up and hastened towards her. Doubly terrified in the two tenderest points of her feelings, and wholly forgetting her personal affright, she muttered something to Larry, which he understood and obeyed, by hurrying to the money-hole in the corner, squatting down before it, and dragging his patched and piebald covering completely over him.

In a moment more the hovel was thronged with dragoons, who, dismounting at the door, pursued their prey, and half-a-dozen broadswords soon clashed and crossed over and in the poor rebel's body. The wretched woman shared his fate; a random stab struck her near the heart. She had just strength enough to yell forth the name of her boy ere she expired. One of the dragoons, on entering the hovel, had heard the mother's imperfect exclamation, and seen the idiot hide himself in the corner. In a moment he was dragged to light: the reeking blades thirsted for more blood; their wearers (let us hope) could not distinguish between right and wrong, reason or folly. Poor Larry answered the imprecations of his captors by some gibbering sounds, which none then living could interpret, and he was literally cut in pieces in front of

his hovel, and his mangled remains thrown into the ditch where he had used to lie for so many hours of breathing inanity.

A painful contrast to these last instances was furnished in the person of a poor girl, who was not only hideous in face and deformed in person, but who had the misfortune of being a cripple and an idiot. The affection of her unhappy parents for this girl, their only child, was unbounded, and, strange to say, it excited no feeling in her but an inveterate, and may we not say an unnatural, dislike, which was manifested on every possible occasion. Various were the pilgrimages undertaken by the father and mother to every holy well, or site of sanctity within many miles round, and as various were the penances imposed on themselves, in the hope of propitiating the saints to grant health and reason to their idiot daughter. They have been known to walk miles with peas in their shoes, (an ingenious and not uncommon mode of "mortifying" the *soles* of Irish sinners,) nay, they have gone barefooted over the most flinty roads, and traversed, on their bare knees, every stream to which miraculous properties were attributed, repeating various forms of incantations, in favour of the not-altogether senseless but cruelly insensible object who stood by, mocking with bitter taunts, and venting sarcasms on the luckless authors of her being. After each unsuccessful pilgrimage, she used to address them in some such as the following terms:—

"Arrah! how are ye now, after all your kneeling and praying? Jist look at me then, amn't I much the betther for all the bother and blarney? Amn't I a beauty, here to the fore? Yiz, faith and troth, I'm that same, and mighty sinsible too, into the bargain, forebey yiz don't think it. Arn't yiz proud to have sitch an iligant daughter? *what a pity yiz hadn't twins of me!* why then bad luck to yiz for your pains, you ould fools, for it isn't one of ye, but a pair that's in it; whin, if ye were good for any thing, ye'd throw me into the first well or ditch, instid of taking me round the country for a show."

Returning one evening from a pilgrimage to the holy well of Tubberara, (the exact locality is of small matter to the English reader) the father and mother bore her by turns, rolled in a cloak on their backs; and being wearied with their miserable burthen, they placed her for a moment on the parapet of a bridge over which they were passing. She by degrees most cunningly disengaged herself from the grasp of the father, who was leaning his back against the bridge, and threw herself into the river, screaming out, with a fiend-like grin, "Arrah! what'll yiz do for a daughter now!" The murderous water bubbling with her suffocating laugh, when carried down by the current, she sank to rise no more, and left her inconsolable parents, to bewail for many a day the loss of their "blessed innocent natharal." Never did this poor couple cease lamenting her. They treasured her ragged wardrobe as precious relics; and even her bitter taunts and reproaches were repeated, as proofs of "how *rue* and sinsible poor Avity was, for sure all she used to say was thirte enough for her, God rist her soul!"

But my recollections are not at present so much turned to female "innocence" as to male idiocy; and I shall therefore cite but one more reminiscence of the former nature, and one for which I am happy not to know any parallel.

A female idiot, whose personal beauty attracted some brute in the shape of man, who took advantage of her situation and rendered her a

mother, was so passionately attached to her infant that no force or entreaties could separate her from it even for a moment. She was totally ignorant of the person of her betrayer, but from the hour of the birth of her child, a marked dread and abhorrence of the whole male race was visible in her conduct. She would wander into the fields, and cull wild flowers, with which she used to cover the child, and then nearly devour it with kisses, talk to it, press it to her heart, and weep over it, when the cold or rain incommoded it. Her gentleness in touching it, modulating her voice almost to a whisper, when addressing it, and her agony when it cried, proved that all the maternal feelings existed in the greatest force in the heart of this poor idiot. The infant lived only a few months, and the mother for many days after its death believed that it slept, nor could the putrid corpse be removed from her breast but by force. Her frantic cries were appalling. She refused food or consolation, and lingered a fortnight, still repeating "My baby, my baby!" when death relieved her from a life no longer supportable. Hear this, ye mothers, who callously consign your offspring to hirelings, and say whether reason and civilization increase or weaken the force of maternal affection.

And now, in illustration of the beautiful lines on Irish character, by Ireland's best poet—I need not quote his name, and I grieve to say that I forget the verse—let us, "like the bird that sings in the sunshine, shaking the cold shower from its wings," turn from this sad strain of recollection into one of a less painful kind.

The housekeeper of the parish priest had a son, who was one of these debatable examples of semi-rationality. His head never had room for more than one idea at a time; nor could his memory well retain more than one sentence, and that a short one, and he found even that of very difficult utterance. He was, nevertheless, frequently employed by his mother to go on errands. She was one day making hog's puddings; and wanting pepper and allspice to season the ingredients, she desired her son to go to the grocer's, in the neighbouring village, and bring her back a supply of both. "Be sure you don't forget," said she; and not being skilled in calligraphy, she had no means left for security but to make him repeat the words over and over again, and to desire him to continue to do so unceasingly until he arrived at the grocer's. Poor Thady accordingly set off at a brisk trot, repeating to himself, as he went along, "pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice," until, having overlooked a stone which lay in his path, he tripped against it, lost his equilibrium, and measured his length on the ground. He arose in a minute; but the shock had been enough to dislodge the recollection of his commission. Scratching his head, he tried to recall the words; but there was no clue to the dark and dismal labyrinth within. Every thing there was at random: but a shake of the mental kaleidoscope brought a new formation to life, and "pitch and rosin" were the two words that suggested themselves. These he continued to repeat as industriously as he had done the others, until he entered the grocer's shop, where he muttered, by way of explanation, "Mammy—hog's pudding—pitch and rosin." The grocer, with marvellous perception for matter-of-fact, and knowing the freaks of poor Thady's fancy, guessed what he wanted, and sent back the articles at haphazard. In a short time after, the priest's shepherd was about to mark his Beccy flock, and he desired Thady to go to the same shop, in search of pitch and

rosin for the operation. And sure enough Thady trotted off, repeating the two words, until, having met a person who detained him a moment on the road in conversation, he, of course, forgot them; and, by the occult trickeries of idiot association, he now began repeating "pepper and allspice—pepper and allspice," which he demanded at the shop, in conjunction with some imperfect mention of the priest's sheep. And here again his mistake was rectified by the intelligent shopman, who sent back the requisite materials; but so completely was the confusion of hogs and sheep established in poor Thady's cranium, that from that day he could never comprehend the distinction between black puddings and mutton chops.

An idea prevails in Ireland that the real swinish multitude, like many of their too-resembling biped brethren, by analogy so called, are much benefited by immersion in the sea; and when "in the salt water," as it is poetically called in our country, cannot be conveniently reached, the river is held to be "*convenient*." The pigs of the priest aforesaid were one day driven forth by the housekeeper, faithfully assisted by Thady, and, albeit unwilling to encounter the liquid element, were, *volentes volentes*, driven into the gently-flowing Barrow. But one of the most rotund and sleek was selected by Madame Mère as a fit sacrifice to her cupidity, and she ordered Thady to keep its head under water, until suffocation ensued, telling him it was to make the pig sleep. In a short time after, Thady entered a cottage by the river's bank, and the good wife, having to prepare her husband's dinner, requested Thady to rock the cradle of her crying child. He obeyed her orders for some time, but finding the urchin inconveniently insomolent, he ran to the mother, and, by a mixture of words and signs, contrived to tell her that he knew of a certain mode of making it quiet, which was to dip it in the river, and hold its head under water; and, added he, with a knowing wink, "Salt it and eat it—salt it and eat it—like mammy and me—mammy and me—with the priest's pig—with the priest's pig." This led to a discovery of the trick and the theft practised by the housekeeper, who was in consequence discharged from the Priory, and who, ever after, declared "there was no one so 'cute as a fool."

The frequent recurrence of such horrors as I alluded to in the case of Larry Hennessey, made country residences, in the part of Leinster where the rebellion raged, quite untenable, except as literal garrisons. The district became desolate; smoking walls and blazing haggards were almost the only evidence of the late hospitable and happy homes from which many families were driven. Nearly the whole of the gentry, great and small, fled to the towns. We, like the rest, took refuge in one of those crowded and comfortless depositaries of "suffering loyalty." But, however irksome the removal might be to the seniors of families, the younger branches found ample consolation in the variety afforded by the change. The eternal parades, patrols, and alarms of regulars, militia, and yeomanry; the buzz, the bustle, and the idleness were ample recompense to children for privations so atoned for.

The first thing that struck my attention in our place of refuge and future residence, was the amazing disproportion of the evident fools to the questionable quantity of rational beings composing the population. The symptoms of the first were positive; the latter were but problematical; but I forget exactly the conclusion drawn on that occasion by my childish logic. I was amazingly pleased with those town-fools—they

were such funny fellows. There was little of the utter "innocency" about them which was so dreadfully amusing in unfortunate Larry Henessey and his like. These beings had, besides the vacant air common to the whole genus, a peculiar tinge of quaint cunning, more or less displayed, which marked them of a species quite distinct. They all appeared to have an object in view, and that appeared to be *gain*. I made an actual study of several of those individuals for several years, without being conscious that I was studying, and little thinking it was but an indication of my favourite natural pursuit—puzzling myself with that insolvable enigma, the human mind.

The fools of a country town are widely different from the pastoral idiots of the mere champaign. Even the domestic *omadthains* of "the hall," or "the park," or "the lodge," formerly spoken of, had a single-ness of character, if we may call it so, that marked them to be truly genuine unsophisticated asses. But the very instinct which leads a fool to live in a town proves him to be tainted with the corruption of good sense; not one of the "*innocents*" could breathe in the atmosphere of a city. Who ever saw a genuine fool within the bills of mortality? Civilization is the very Herod of our days. There was a queer look, a half-open leer, a glance of business, about all the creatures I now treat of, which seemed to say, as plainly as the exquisite animal of "The Twelfth Night," "Well, God gives them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents!" And when their object was gained, when the piece of money fell into the ready palm, and they turned away with a grin, or a stare, or a scowl, of downright covetousness, every feature seemed to express, "Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty—*until I come again!*"

Chief among the crowd of these beings were some half-dozen, who bore the following names and titles:—Brodigan the Pump-borer, Copper-nosed Jack, Dancing Denny, Bill Woods, John King, and Paddy Fuss.

The first of these was a fellow who had his leg broken, and his skull cracked, in a row with the faction of the Tuomys, when a young man, and who carried lameness and that spurious sort of idiocy I have endeavoured to describe, far into middle life, at which stage of his existence I first saw him. He was an awful object to look at—squalid, hairy, and wild, with a vacant gaze of desperation, as if the memory of the fight still haunted, like a spectre, the ruins of the mind it had destroyed. He did nothing from morn till night but swagger up and down the middle of the street, throwing his curred leg out as if in defiance, growling and cursing, and brandishing a blackthorn stick over his head with one hand, while with the other he swept up the ragged tail of the loose great-coat which floated round him—his only *rational* words being, "Five pound for a Tuomy! Tin pound for a Tuomy! Brodigan a boo! Whoop!" Every penny he received was immediately expended in whiskey; but the great quantity he drank seemed to do him neither good nor harm.

How Copper-nosed Jack acquired his nick-name I really do not know. The particular feature in question was an eagle-beak, and the eyes above it were of a glassy consistency, but they had no need to be transparent, as there was nothing to be seen within them. This was a biped of most extraordinary activity, a hairless fellow, who either had no more lungs than a fish, or as much as would have filled a church organ—for he would set off at full speed for Dublin, of a summer's morning, with a letter that required haste, and, beating the mail to the capital, (thirty-

two Irish miles,) bring back the answer the same night. This activity and industry showed nothing of absolute folly to a common observer; but a keen one could see it to be plainly such, when he marked poor Jack's fellow-fools thrive even better than he did, in the ample indulgence of sloth.

Dancing Denny was a mere automaton, who comprehended but one word besides his own name; and if it were not spoken *beside* it, even that, perhaps, would have been beyond his capacity. "Dance, Dinny!" was all his best friends ever said to him. And no sooner were the words said, than away he went, like a puppet on wires, but less naturally, pattering in the same spot with his splay feet, frowning at you all the while from a bushy pair of white eyebrows, and matted hair, falling thick over his face. His countenance never changed from its lubberly inexpressiveness. He held one hand out *for the money*. He would dance (as it was called) till he dropped, ever until he felt the coin on his palm. Then, "like *Mimosa* at the touch of mortality," he shrank into himself, wheeled away, and went off in whatever direction chance pointed to, till some fresh amateur called out "Dance, Dinny!" when he began again, and so worked away from dawn till dusk, nourished on whatever scraps were offered him, and going off to his father and mother, who lived in a cabin by the river's side, and who, drinking whiskey to the whole amount of Denny's receipts, drove him adrift again in the morning, to earn his title to the next night's lodging.

Bill Woods was certainly intended by Nature for a hero. He was a perfect block in point of feeling. All his tastes were military, and he delighted in destruction. He was of a good size, had tolerable features, and would have been good-looking, but for his air of folly. His teeth were brilliantly white; but his most disagreeable peculiarity was an everlasting chuckle and simper, which would have been an absolute grin, had he had understanding enough to enjoy a laugh. He had an undefinable look of feline cruelty—an air of human mousing, if it may be so expressed; was constant in his attendance on all the picketings, floggings, and executions that took place. He always marched at the head of the yeomanry corps, dressed in a tattered military suit, with an old cocked hat, streaming with faded orange ribbons, a huge cavalry sabre in his hand, and the iron scabbard trailing along the pavement beside him. I have been told that wretches whose torture he witnessed have declared that "they could bear the cat-o'-nine-tails better nor Bill Woods's grin;"—and I can understand the feeling.

But that living libel upon mirth or enjoyment was destined to a scene of more revolting exhibition. With a hideous violation of all decency, which I hope could find no parallel out of Ireland, or even there, except in those degrading days, which, for the honour of human nature, are gone by, Bill Woods, the fool, was actually appointed to the office of hangman, in a neighbouring county town. Public feeling, however, could not stand the outrage of this miserable being performing openly the last offices to the victims of offended law and gross misgovernment; and, in the way usual in Ireland when the executioner needs concealment, Bill Woods was enveloped in a blanket whenever he appeared on the scaffold. Two holes for seeing and one for breathing were cut in this covering; and I can well imagine the horror excited in the dying men, by the sight of those twinkling eyes and that simpering mouth, while his senseless chuckle mixed with their death-prayer, as if some fiend was mowing and chattering, in mockery of their agony.

Paddy Puss was a loathsome excrescence of nature. The wise purposes which gave him birth and allowed him to exist to old age, are far beyond my scrutiny or conjecture. He was aged when I saw him first; but his thick flaxen hair looked like boyhood. He had no sense to thin, nor no sorrow to blanch it. He was, nevertheless, as miserable in appearance as if he had understood and felt for his degradation. He seemed to have an instinct of filth in him. He preferred wallowing on a dunghill to sleeping on clean straw. If the parish beadle had not forced him to keep a rope well tied round his middle, the bundle of rags that covered him would have many a time walked away. He had a huge head and face, and a perpetual swelling on one side of it. He constantly muttered some unspeakable sounds from his twisted mouth; and shuffled along sideways from house to house, mumbling a demand for alms—an awful monument of human possibilities.

The many instances of that mixture of madness and folly depending on the influence of drink, and to be judged of by the phases of the whisky-bottle, cannot be noticed legitimately here. These natural offsprings of Irish excess would fill a large volume of detail. How I could increase and multiply these, from the recollections of my own experience! From Brennan, the house-painter and poet, who used to reel about as the draggle-tailed blackguards pursued him, volleying forth with a hoarse laugh, such couplets as—

Rin, ye spalpeens! or 'tis Brinnin 'll scather ye,
An larn ye the differ 'twixt 'salt and bathery!

down to Sam Long, the slater, a *lineal* descendant from one of Cromwell's trumpeters, (most of the intervening ancestors having been hanged,) who roared at times through the streets, in the red-hot fervour of Orangism, "A Papish! a Papish! my hod and trowel for a Papish! Let me teer him an' ait him! an bile him, an brile him! a Papish, that I may swally him, body an' bones!"

I trust, however, that the great measure of national wisdom which has passed, and a rational adaptation of the poor-laws, with the establishment of houses of refuge for the truly desolate, will in time relieve Ireland from such disgusting evidences of bigotry and idiocy.

Poor John King, whom I have reserved for the last of these sketches, because I think his portrait may form a relief to the others, was the most amiable, and, I may say, the most interesting of fools. He was a young man of middle size, regular features, and dark complexion; and the expression of his countenance was so unequivocally good, that he won one's pity and sympathy at once. The glazed look of timid kindness, which his face always wore, seemed to have been, as it were, frozen on it by some sudden chill, that had fixed, but could not ruffle the sentiment it had stolen on by surprise. Poor John King's story was a sad and painful one. Many persons used to take a pleasure in leading him on to tell it himself. This used to be done by a regular train of questions put by rule, and answered by rote: and, when I call to mind the unmoved listlessness with which he performed his part of the colloquy, I am satisfied there was no wanton sporting with sensibility in putting him on this trial. He repeated his oft-rehearsed task as coldly as a trained witness, pocketed the donation of the curious or the charitable, without another word—and walked away.*

* His story was told, under the title of "The Love Draught," in the "Literary Souvenir" for 1830.

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY*.

NO. V.

TOWARDS the end of the season of 1825 came Signor Velluti. The remembrance of this species of voice was all but extinct: the natural abhorrence of the practice had been enforced by the silent prohibition from the King's Theatre of all such for nearly thirty years. The daily press (the "Times" newspaper especially) attacked the individual no less than the thing itself with an almost ruffian ferocity. The experiment was, therefore, doubly hazardous. But possibly the very fury of the attack favoured the actor. He came, and he overcame; and he deserved his victory, both for his private and public merits †.

* Continued from p. 192, No. CLVI.

† Velluti was guided by a high and honourable spirit. He was every inch a gentleman, and he stood upon his reputation with a loftiness which, though in some instances it bordered upon the ridiculous, proceeded, nevertheless, from a noble emulation of greatness, and, we may add, of goodness. He had, no doubt, been spoiled, in a degree, by excessive adulation. The following anecdotes will illustrate his character, and we pledge ourselves for their truth:—

On the night of his first appearance, it must be owned, he stood a perilous chance. Previous to the rising of the curtain, the manager requested Mr. ——— to go and offer him the best encouragement he could. Mr. ——— went, desecanted upon the generosity of an English audience, upon Velluti's claims and reputation, and the merits of "Il Crociato." He assured the soprano that nothing could be more foreign from the English character than to countenance such attacks as the "Times" had made upon him, and that they would, in all probability, operate in his behalf. In short, the consoler exhausted all his eloquence to infuse into him the necessary fortitude. Velluti listened with the utmost calmness. When the harangue was concluded, he drew himself up to his utmost height, his fine dark eyes glanced fire, he placed his hand in his bosom, turned towards the speaker, and merely said with all the dignity he could so well assume, "SON VELLUTI." His friend skulked away, with a feeling between the sense of the sublime, and the ridiculous.

Next for the generous part of his nature. A dispute arose concerning the assumption of the title "Director of the Music" by M. Bochsa, during Velluti's management. It concluded with a skirmish in the newspapers. On the morning when Velluti's letter appeared, he called on a young lady, one of his most favourite pupils; he asked if she had seen it? "Yes," she replied; "and with regret: because you have been made to say what, I am sure, you did not mean." "How so?" "It begins, 'A certain Mr. Bochsa.' Now, although you wrote 'Un certo Signor Bochsa,' the English translation conveys an insult." Velluti departed instantly; he drove to the residence of Lord Burghersh. "My Lord," said he, "I am told that my letter bears such an interpretation: is it true?" "It is." "Pray then translate for me as follows." And he dictated a frank avowal that what he had said arose from his ignorance of the English idiom, "that to offer an insult to any one belonged neither to his disposition nor his education." This he published the next morning.

A meeting was subsequently held between the parties, together with the manager and a friend, to settle the point. Long explanations were given. Velluti simply demanded—"Is Mr. Bochsa to use the title of 'Director of Music at the King's Theatre?'" There was a slight hesitation. Velluti thrust his engagement, which involved a sum of three thousand six hundred pounds, into the candle, and, but that one of the parties seized his arm, it would have been consumed. Money was to him as nothing in the balance when weighed against the fame of his reception and his appointment. We could multiply instances of the most grateful kind, did they not

The natural prejudice against such a quality of voice proceeding from a man was to be overcome before any accurate judgment could be formed of Velluti. A second impediment was an offensive contraction of the tone in certain parts of his scale, which, without any intention to bring the individual into ridicule, can only be likened to the shrilly scream of a peacock. A still greater offence was his imperfect intonation. Now as the impression made by the singer is direct, and the tone the means, it is very hard to divest the judgment of these associations as well as of the positive impressions. We grant these drawbacks, and then we may insist upon the fine feeling, the impassioned execution, and the inventive faculty of the artist. His *chef d'œuvre* was the Romance in "Tebaldo ed Isolina," beginning "Notte tremenda," and here it was that, by contrasts of tone and time, by bursts and suppressions of voice, by the most beautiful swells and attenuations, by transmutations of the passages, he displayed all his feeling, delicacy, and imagination, leaving the hearer unable to pronounce which of the three had the mastery. Where the obstacles above-named were overcome, the pathos and tenderness of his singing had no parallel in our recollection, for we never heard Pacchierotti*.

Velluti has been represented as the most florid of singers: it was not so when he was in England. That he changed the passages of a song is true; but he changed them rather for the sake of varying the traits and heightening the expression, than with a view to multiplying notes or showing his facility, which was by no means superior. His power over the affections lay in exquisite sensibility and conception, and in the delicate polish of his transmutations. Another felicitous illustration may be drawn from his Venetian barcarole, "La Notte xe Bella." He altered almost every passage without spoiling the melody, and every note he added, adorned without defacing the original. At the close, he introduced a passage to depict the undulation of the sea, more ingenious than the writer of this article ever remembers to have heard from any other singer †.

But Velluti was not popular! Admitted. What effect then did he produce upon the art in England? All who could appreciate him understood the points we have described, and all his merit; they saw also how much other singers (even Pasta herself ‡) had borrowed from him. Instead of increasing the rage for florid singing, his influence aided that of Pasta in exalting the great style which subsists upon expression. His voice was all but ruined when he came here, and, but for his loftier

involve the feelings of others. We say generally, however, and truly, he was high-minded, honourable, generous, and kind-hearted, in every sense of the words. No one, "prince, potentate, or peer," ever brought higher letters of recommendation to persons of condition than Velluti.

* Soon after Velluti's arrival, five persons, who had all been almost indurated by constantly hearing music, met to form a judgment of his powers, in private. He first sang a duet from "Tancredi." It was so out of tune, it was hardly to be borne. He then gave a scena which we never heard before or since. At the conclusion, all the five were bathed in tears, and so occupied with their own sensations, that not one of them either did or could, for some space, utter a syllable.

† His debut was at Devonshire House, a night or two after his arrival, when he sang these two songs to the delight of all the rank and virtù there assembled.

‡ A series of concerts were given by Velluti and Pasta in conjunction. He beat her decidedly by his polish and delicacy.

attributes of mind and skill, his former reputation would scarcely have obtained for him a second hearing. Perhaps his ornaments were too much for himself and too little for general application, since it cannot be concealed that his ingenuity was tasked to cover his own declining means by those substitutes. The truth of this observation may be confirmed by the fact, that no singer ever did, or ever could, give to his passages his particular expression; yet it was impossible, so singular was their construction, not to perceive from whence they were borrowed.

Little more of novelty in art remains to be portrayed, except the *premier de son espèce*, Mademoiselle Sontag, for with her closes, up to the present hour, the list of modern inventors amongst foreign vocalists. That commingling of execution and expression, that new phraseology by which passages have been substituted for plain notes, and have become, through various known analogies, the musical language of certain passions, was favourable in the highest degree to Mademoiselle Sontag. When Braham and Catalani first astounded the world of science by their marvellous facility, not to say by the audacity (as it was then esteemed) of their variations, the ear was unaccustomed, and the mind was still less trained to such force, rapidity, and change. But the writings of Rossini had established the practice, had indeed created a fascinating vehicle, and even rendered facility one of the attributes most indispensable to a singer. The way, therefore, was prepared for her beautiful legerity before she arrived.

Her organ was comparatively of small volume, but of long compass, and, like many thin voices, she could execute with an ease and velocity quite astonishing. It was alike in quality, but a little reedy in the lower notes. In the loftier parts, its lightness and cultivation were unrivalled; her neatness and precision were supreme. She not only did all that her predecessors had done, but she added fresh traits by adopting arpeggios and chromatic passages, which instruments alone had before attempted, with success. These she gave in a manner that gratified the ear and filled the fancy. All this she accomplished with such extreme ease, that the hearer never felt the least doubt or difficulty, but sympathised at once with the impulsive power that dictated both the notes and the manner, which seemed quite as pleasurable to the artiste as to the auditor. In her own language, and in her countryman's (Weber's) music especially, she sang with strong feeling and fine expression. No one ever sang the scena in "*Der Freischütz*" with such devotion or energy.

Almost everything that can be said concerning this delightful singer has been exhausted: we therefore abridge our own comments, and substitute a paragraph from her elaborated character in the "*Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*," which concentrates, at once poetically and truly, the description of the feelings she excited:—

"For these reasons, perhaps, she is to be esteemed more highly in the orchestra and the chamber than upon the stage. The theatre is the scene for the display of passion; in the chamber and the orchestra the feelings must be restrained, and even subdued. Indeed, nothing more clearly indicates how little susceptible of the finest and deepest expression the orchestra and the chamber can be made, than the comparative failure of Madame Pasta in these situations. The truth is, the sympathy of a mixed audience cannot rise to the strength of the emo-

tion, or its expression, unless aided by the illusions of the drama. In the orchestra, the eagle is caged, stripped of her plumage, and is fastened to the earth: the facility, the polish, and the beauty of Mademoiselle Sontag's style, on the contrary, are heard to the greatest advantage in this situation. Lord Bacon has asked, in his second book upon the advancement of learning—"Is not the delight of the quavering upon a stop in music the same with the playing of light upon the water?"—

————— Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.*

The passage occurred to us when we first listened to the glistening ornaments of Mademoiselle Sontag, and the pleasure we felt was precisely like that we have experienced in beholding the ocean resplendent with the rays of a brilliant sunshine. If the mind be not deeply moved, the senses are all filled, and those nameless emotions which play so lightly, and coruscate, as it were, from thought to thought, without stop or intermission;—if they do not equal in strength or intensity the fixity of the passions, give birth to feelings at once novel, diversified, and exultant."

One of the most striking changes in vocal art remains yet to be traced: it is in the style and manner of the base. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, in the passage we have already cited, alludes to this transition, but not in that same spirit of candour and judgment which distinguishes his general remarks. In the time of Handel, the base was employed for his volume and weight, and the songs given to him might almost be said to be mechanical, in the heaviness and sameness of the divisions. "Lascia Amor," "Del Minacciar del Vento," and "Nasce al Bosco," are unquestionably magnificent and majestic, according to the conception and the execution of the time when they were written; but it was then rare indeed to endow this species of voice with anything like pathos or grace. The middle school—that of Guglielmi, Cimarosa, &c.—began to employ it upon livelier objects, and to invest base parts with more agreeable melodies; but it was chiefly in comic characters, where the rapidity of speaking kept equal pace ("nota e parola") with the notation. Still there was more air. Mozart, in "Il Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Il Flauto Magico," elevated the whole tone of composition for the base, by the infusion of sentiment and elegance. Almost every song and duet in these dramas given to that voice are exquisite, both in melody and feeling: "Non più andrai," "Fin ch' han dal vino," "Qui sdegno," the exquisitely graceful movement in "Il catalogo*," "Crudel perche finora," will serve for examples.

But Rossini did much more to develop the latent powers of the base. He has treated it almost as the equal of the other species, and endowed it with the same powers and faculties. Look over "O Nume benefico," in "La Gazza Ladra;" the songs and duets in "Semiramide," "Mosè," "Il Turco in Italia," and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia;" and they will be found to contain as much sentiment and beauty of melody, as much of rapid execution, as anything written for the tenor, or even the soprano,

* Mozart, it has been maintained, never wrote a comic song. Perhaps it is true; and the dignity of every melody given to his compositions for the base certainly precludes the effect of the *vis comica*. No song of his in this species ever raised that vivid sense of liveliness that belongs to such of Rossini's airs as "Largo al factotum della città."

with which they are frequently made to vie*, by repeating the passages given to each. Nor is it possible any longer to doubt the justice and force of the discovery, and the beauty of the application; for it has been illustrated by the most perfect singers.

Signori Begnis and Zucchelli stand prominently forth: the former with abundant facility and faculties, perhaps not equalled by any other vocalist of his class in spirit and effect as a *buffo caricato*†, must still yield to the latter in grace, volume, smoothness, delicacy, and precision. Zucchelli was in all these attributes an admirable artist. Pellegrini came to England when in his decline, but he was admitted amongst his brethren to be pre-eminent in science and taste. His organic powers, however, by no means kept pace with his skill, and we question whether they were ever comparable to the others we have named, and are about to instance. —Lablache is the first. General power, and volume so tremendous in particular notes, were never heard; nor was his execution contemptible, though far from being as polished as that of Zucchelli. His effects often astonished, and, in concerted pieces, were unequalled. He could make himself heard as distinctly as thunder through the roar of the winds, above the most numerous band of voices and instruments ever assembled upon the stage, or in the orchestra of the King's Theatre‡. England had not, however, heard the perfection of this style till the arrival of Tamburini this last season. He unites the polish, grace, and facility of the tenor, with the force, and a good share of the volume, of the base. The neatness and precision of his execution could only be equalled by his fine taste in the invention and the application of ornament. His cantabile singing was beautiful; his declamation easy but energetic, never overstrained, but always expressive. In a word, he was the most perfect artist in this species we remember. His manner was withal so modest and natural, that he is entitled, in our judgment, to the highest praise of them all.

Together with these great singers, we have had Donzelli,—a tenor of the most wonderful volume; but, though of uncommon vigour, somewhat coarse, and without that nice sensibility and discrimination which constitute fine taste.

Rubini has also visited England: his distinctions lie in the very opposite direction, for he is delicate, polished, graceful, and florid in the very richest degree, but with a voice never, we believe, very powerful, and now declining.

Such is the summary of Italian vocal art.

When Mesdames Stockhausen, Schultz and Sontag arrived in succession, and when the music of Weber made so general a *furor*, the Germans and their friends were sanguine in their belief that our singers would hereafter be as our instrumentalists very much had been, imported from the cold regions of the north, to displace in our favour the nations of the sunny regions, whose climate has been hitherto

* See "Al idea di quel metallo," and "Dunque io son," in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

† His duet, "Con pazienza," and another, in which he performed both the soprano and the base, in "Il Fanatico," were matchless, though the supremacy lay much in his acting.

‡ His portly figure, which he managed with infinite address, and his rich humour, made his acting auxiliary to his singing, to an extent not to be imagined by those who never saw him in "Il Matrimonio segreto." *

found to be so influential in the production of that natural temperament and those organs that have carried vocal music to its acme. Whole German companies have since been introduced even upon our national theatres. But Sontag alone has raised a great name. Madame Stockhausen, indeed, contributed even more than this great artiste to naturalizing the melodies of her country amongst us, for they were peculiarly suited to the delicate beauty of her style and voice. Madame Schultz was an artiste of high merit, and it was curious to observe how, by a very slight declination, she just missed the elevation attained by Pasta. Schroeder is also great as an actress and a singer. But with the exception of the national airs, and the quaint but captivating burden—the Jodeln—little or nothing has been added by the Germans to our vocal science. They have, perhaps, (Sontag alone excepted,) assisted to retard the adoption of mere volatile execution, and to keep up the love of plainer and more impassionate expression, the natural employment of the art. What, then, may be estimated to be the actual and positive result of the progression of the science during the third of a century?—for this is the end-all and the be-all of our inquiry. If the reader has not gathered it as he has gone along with us, we must almost despair of illuminating the subject further by a summary. But we must, nevertheless, make an attempt at such a concentration.

Vocal art, then, has a little preceded and encouraged the national advance of the mind towards that dissipation of feeling and attention which accompany the indefinite increase and variety of the objects, associations, and emotions imparted by an ever-augmenting fund of knowledge. The facility with which we move from place to place—the voluptuous splendour of public and private entertainments—the enlargement of the circle of connexions—foreign travel—the easy access to books and the concentration of the principles of every branch of acquirement—are all unfavourable to the depth and intensity of thought and feeling which used to be the characteristics of the English nation. Hence the disposition for lighter amusements. The philosophy of mind is the best explication of this transition; and though it has been already quoted by a writer on this subject, we shall not hesitate to adopt the best explanation, as well as the best description, of the rise, the progress, and incipient decay of fine taste in vocal as in other arts. “It is evident,” says Dugald Stewart in his ‘Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,’ “that there is a limit, beyond which the love of simplicity cannot be carried. No bounds, indeed, can be set to the creations of genius; but as this quality occurs seldom in an eminent degree, it commonly happens that, *after a period of great refinement of taste, men begin to gratify their love of variety by adding superfluous circumstances to the finished models exhibited by their predecessors, or by making trifling alterations in them, with a view of merely diversifying the effect.* These additions and alterations, indifferent perhaps, or even in some degree offensive, in themselves, acquire soon a borrowed beauty, from the connexion in which we see them, or from the influence of fashion. The same cause which at first produces them continues, perpetually, to increase their number; and taste returns to barbarism by almost the same steps which conducted it to perfection.”

We do not, however, mean to go the length of asserting that musical

taste has "returned to barbarism." Simplicity is, indeed, exchanged for complication, and the great style, properly so called, is all but lost, because the lighter taste of the age does not love to dwell in the lofty and serious affections, and because artists, where they can no longer command, must follow that taste.

We conceive, then, that the fine elocution, the declamatory power, (*not force*,) the solemn impressions, and the other elements and effects of the great style are rapidly passing away, and that polish, neatness, variety, velocity, and fancy supply the graces of manner now most in esteem. Our description of Mara and of Sontag will supply the two extremes—Pasta the medium. We are not so much *laudatores temporis acti* that we condemn altogether the perfections of modern science. We have not yet caught the levity which disdains all deep and solemn impulses, or come to regard the pure expression and consequent reflective pleasures generated by the music of the last age as

" ————— the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood."

Our nature, we know, is subject to the two stimulating and controlling powers—novelty and habit,—and we are content, while we survey and mark the progression, to enjoy whatever portions of the good of the one we can assimilate, without giving too severe a shock to the predilections of the other, and perhaps most potent law of our being.

SONGS OF SPAIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.*

Flow, Rio Verde !
In melody flow ;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from woe !
Bid thy wave's music
Roll through her dreams ;
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.
Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound,
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground :
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone.—
Flow, Rio Verde,
Softly flow on !

* The name of the Rio Verde (the "Gentle River" of Percy's ballad) will be familiar to every Spanish reader, as associated in song and story with the old romantic wars of the Peninsula.

Songs of Spain.

Dark glassy waters,
So crimson'd of yore,
Love, Death, and Sorrow
Know thy green shore.
Thou should'st have Echoes
For Grief's deepest tone.—
Flow, Rio Verde!
Softly flow on!

II.

THE ZAGRI MAID.

The summer leaves were sighing
Around the Zagri Maid,
To her low, sad song replying,
As it fill'd the olive shade.
“ Alas ! for her that loveth
Her land's, her kindred's foe !
Where a Christian Spaniard rovetth,
Should a Zagri's spirit go ?
“ From thy glance, my gentle mother !
I sink with shame oppress'd,
And the dark eye of my brother
Is an arrow to my breast.”
When summer leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zagri maid,
While the crimson day was dying
In the whisp'ring olive shade.
“ And for all this heart's wealth wasted,
This woe, in secret borne,
This flower of young life blasted,
Should I win back aught but scorn ?
By aught but daily dying
Would my love-truth be repaid ?”
When summer leaves were sighing,
Thus sang the Zagri maid.

III.

THE LOST ONE.

Seek by the silvery Darro,
Where jasmine flowers have blown ;
There hath she left no foot-print ?—
Weep, weep, the maid is gone !
Seek where our Lady's image
Smiles o'er the pine-hung steep ;
Hear ye not there her vespers ?—
Weep for the parted, weep !
Seek in the porch where vine-leaves
O'ershade her father's head ;
Are his grey hairs left lonely ?—
Weep ! her bright soul is fled !

Songs of Spain.

IV.

THE BIRD OF EBRO.

Bird, that art singing on Ebro's side,
 Where myrtle-shadows make dim the tide,
 Doth Sorrow dwell 'midst the leaves with thee?
 Doth song avail thy full heart to free?
 Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

Bird! is it wrong'd affection's pain,
 Whence the sad sweetness flows through thy strain?
 And is the wound of that arrow fill'd,
 When thy lone music the boughs hath fill'd?
 Bird of the midnight's purple sky!
 Teach me the spell of thy melody.

V.

SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Ave! now let prayer and music
 Meet in love on shore and sea!
 Now, sweet Mother! may the weary
 Turn from this cold world to thee.

From the dark and restless waters
 Hear the sailor's hymn arise!
 From his watch-fire, 'midst the mountains,
 Lo! to thee the shepherd cries.

Yet, where thus full hearts find voices,
 If o'erburden'd souls there be,
 Dark and silent in their anguish,—
 Aid those captives—set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing,
 Where the frozen tears lie deep;
 Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,
 Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

VI.

OLD SPANISH BATTLE SONG.

Fling forth the proud banners of Leon again;
 Let the high word—*Castile*—go resounding through Spain!
 And thou, free Asturias, encamp'd on the height,
 Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight.
 Wake! wake! the old soil where our warriors repose
 Rings hollow and deep to the trampling of foes.

The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
 With Aragon's cry on the shrill mountain-blast;
 The ancient Sierras give strength to our tread,
 Their pines murmur song where bright blood hath been shed.
 Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
 And shout ye, "Castile! to the rescue for Spain!"

MAGPIE CASTLE.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF " SAYINGS AND DOINGS."

SOME years since, as I was travelling in the West of England, the following narrative was put into my hands. It struck me that it was not without interest, and, as I knew it to be true, I determined, at some time, to publish it. I now offer it to the Editor of the " New Monthly Magazine." The manuscript is exactly in the state in which I received it.

There may be something like vanity in committing to paper a detail of circumstances peculiar to one's own " case;" and there may be nothing either amusing or instructive to others in an avowal of the feelings by which a young man was actuated upon his first entrance into what is called life; yet I *do* think, treacherous as my memory unfortunately happens to be, that a brief detail of the events of past years, if it afford no gratification to other people, will, at least, amuse myself, as I look back upon it in days when the sentiments by which I was then actuated shall have faded away, and the motives to conduct (hardly now satisfactorily explicable) have ceased to operate.

My father, who contrived,—I scarcely understand how,—to maintain his wife (my mother-in-law), myself, and his two children by a second marriage, on the half-pay of a captain in the army, had bred me up, as a boy, with the view, and in the hope of being able to put me into the service from which he had himself retired. The formation of his new matrimonial connexion, however, entirely changed his intentions with regard to me; and, after having imbued my almost infant mind with the desire of military distinction, and the prospect of a laurel-reaping harvest of service, it was found more suitable to his means, and the taste of his wife, to place me at the school, in which I had not yet finished my education, as a sort of half-boarder, from which character it was clearly intended I should eventually emerge in that, of usher to my then present master.

It is impossible to describe the feelings I experienced when it became no longer a matter of concealment or mystery, that all hopes of a commission, or, indeed, an endeavour to procure me one, were abandoned, and I felt myself doomed to the eternal correction of a Latin exercise instead of the superintendence of the manual and platoon; or the utter state of desolation in which I felt myself when I heard from my good old master,—for such he was,—that except marching the boys out for a walk on Wednesdays and Saturdays, I had no chance of commanding a detachment of any sort whatever.

When I quitted home altogether, which I did at seventeen, and took up my residence constantly at the academy, I felt some relief. I neither saw the barefaced cajolery with which my hateful mother-in-law wheedled and bullied my poor father; nor was I doomed, day after day, to witness the disgusting partiality with which her two fractious, sickly, ill-tempered, ill-favoured brats were treated, and to which system of favouritism my poor deluded parent, with smiles on his countenance and pleasure in his eye, submitted. It is true I was in harness—the tread-

mill would have been admirable fun compared with my toils ; yet I was freed from the thralldom of a stepmother, and occasionally felt something like gratification in the consciousness that I could command at least the little boys at the academy.

In the space of three years after my retreat from home, my father had been compelled, by the extravagance of the new head of his family, to sell his half-pay ; and with the produce of this lamentable sacrifice he emigrated to America, where he died, leaving his amiable widow to the care of a most excellent friend, to whom the death-bed injunction of my poor parent to grant her his protection was, in point of fact, entirely superfluous.

It was not very long after this event that my old patron, the master of the academy, also died ; and having in vain attempted to become successor to his authority and school, I was dismissed from my office by the new arrival, who brought with him what, in my military phraseology, I termed his "personal staff," and therefore had no need of my further services. He, however, behaved extremely well to me, and, in addition to more flattering testimonials which I had received from his predecessor, gave me a letter of introduction to a Dr. Crowpick, who kept a scholastic establishment in the vicinity of London.

The word London, I admit, had something very bewitching in its sound to my ears ; and yet I dreaded an approach to it. If I had been a soldier—if I could have entered the metropolis of my country as a captain of a company, or even as a lieutenant—it would have been something ; but to go to London a mere nobody, in search of a "place," was very revolting to my feelings ; and, as usual, I got rid of my bile by anathematizing the artful woman who had ruined my poor father and overthrown all my bright schemes of preferment.

After much declamation, and finding that country bank-notes do not fructify at any agreeable rate during a period when the payments from the pocket very much exceed the receipts, I resolved upon the plunge ; and accordingly, having deposited all my worldly goods in a black leathern portmanteau, which had been given to me by my former patron, I enveloped myself in a sort of gambroon cloak, which I had had made two or three years before, and started by the "Wonder" (a coach so called), which was to deposit me in London some time about four o'clock in the afternoon.

In these days of swift travelling, adventures on the outside of a stage coach are not to be looked for, and I arrived at the place of my destination by three ; for although I think it right, for obvious reasons, to conceal the name of the place where I eventually stopped, it may be necessary to observe that I was, under the advice of the coachman, set down at a remarkably pretty, small, suburban village, the inn of which boasted of a tenant more beautiful than anything I had ever happened to fall in with, in my native Arcadia. The coachman's reasons for suggesting my "halt" there were good and cogent. Dr. Crowpick's academy was situated within a mile and a half of it, and of course stopping where I was would save me the distance from London back to the neighbourhood ; but had the reason not been half so good, the sight of Jane Lipscombe—such was her name—would have decided the question of my stay in that particular place.

I never shall forget the sweet, unassuming, modest manner of the

fair-haired girl, as she gently turned a pair of soft, intelligent, and beaming eyes towards the coach-box upon which I was seated, and whence, in a moment afterwards, I descended. There is a sympathy in minds and characters which neither station nor circumstances can control. She was the daughter of the innkeeper—she officiated as bar-maid; but she was so lovely, and so young, that I fancied myself already as much in love with her as I really was in the course of the next half-hour.

I entered the house,—it was coldish weather; she saw that I was chilled; she invited me into her little territory, the bar. "Would I take anything?" That was her question,—purely disinterested, too, as it proved. I was very shy at that time: this struck her immediately; it was a novelty, I suppose; she made me a glass of hot brandy and water, with a slice of lemon-peel and a lump of sugar in it, that seemed to me nectar.

"Are you in the army, Sir?" said Jane, timidly.

I thought I should have died. I really believe, if I had not just in time recollected that I was probably destined to be her neighbour, and perhaps should occasionally march my pigmy regiment under her window, I should have said yes,—as it was, I answered in the negative.

"There are a good many military gentlemen in this place," said Miss Lipscombe.

I wish they were anywhere else, thought I.

"No," said I, "I am going as far as Dr. Crowpick's, at Magpie Castle."

"Oh, to the school!" said Jane,—and she looked as if she doubted whether I was on the point of visiting it to finish my education.

"Oh, dear, then," replied the artless girl, "Stevens ought to have put you down at the Black Swan instead of our house; it is a mile nearer Magpie Castle than this."

"I prefer being here," said I, "if it were twice as far to walk."

I thought she looked pleased at this little innocent bit of civility.

"Is the brandy and water to your liking, Sir?" said she.

"Anything that you are good enough to give me I am delighted with," said I.

"Jenny," said a fine, handsome-looking fellow, with huge black mustachios, enveloped in a long cloak, and wearing a foraging cap, "some cigars, dear."

I hated the look of the man,—his easy assurance—the air of command—"Jenny, dear;"—altogether his appearance produced a most unpleasant effect upon me. Ah! thought I, if my father had not married that infernal Miss Peppercorn, I should have had mustachios and a foraging cap; and I should have called this interesting girl, Jenny—dear!

"Who have you got in the corner?" said the Lieutenant (for such he was).

"A gentleman," said Jenny, "from the country."

"Oh!" replied the Lieutenant, "a gentleman!" saying which, with a peculiarly strong emphasis on the word, he swaggered away with his half-dozen Havannahs, and marching into a room nearly opposite, banged open the door, and having entered, shut it by a manoeuvre equally noisy and equally decisive.

"That is a very important person," said I. "Who is he?"

"Lieutenant O'Mealy, Sir," said Jane: "he is one of the officers quartered here."

"Here!" said I. "If we meet again, I think I shall be under the necessity of teaching him a little civility."

"Oh, Sir!" said Miss Lipscombe, "pray don't speak so; he means nothing. For heaven's sake do not get into any quarrel with him!"

"What," said I, "is he so great a favourite of yours?"

"Not he," said Jane;—and here she blushed! I never was very conceited; but I do honestly admit that I could not help thinking that Jane's solicitude was on my account rather than his.

"I should like to go into the room," said I. "I really must beg to know why he emphasized the word gentleman, in speaking of me. My father——"

"Oh, don't think of it, Sir!" said the dear girl, in a state of no gentle agitation. "He don't mean any harm; he'd emphasize anything, Sir. Pray don't go."

"Well," said I, "I cannot refuse *you*: I will not go. Pray tell me, is there nobody to manage this house but you and the servants?"

"Oh, yes," said Jane, "my father and mother; at least," continued she,—and I beheld a tear standing in her eye,—"*it is not my own* mother; it is my father's second wife."

The words rang in my ears;—this, perhaps, was the latent cause whence our sympathetic feelings originally sprang.

"Does she treat you well?" said I.

"Don't ask me, Sir," said the poor girl. "If you knew all I am obliged to suffer, you would indeed pity me."

"I hope," replied I, "to know a great deal more of your history before long."

"When do you go to the school?" said Jane.

"I am expected either to-night or to-morrow."

"You had better go on to the Swan then," said Jane: "and go this evening; for we have not a bed in the house disengaged."

This, somehow, vexed me. I had hoped, in the course of the evening, to have heard more of Jane's story, the similarity of which, in some points, to my own, had laid hold of my feelings.

"But," said I, "I should very, very much like to see you again."

"You shall," said Jane, whose manner visibly increased in warmth as she began to feel conscious of the interest she had excited. "I tell you, Sir, you don't know how cruelly I am treated. Indeed," continued she, "I am sure, by your manner, you will forgive what I am going to say; but I am exposed to such scenes and such treatment in this place, that if I could only gain an honest livelihood by working ten times as hard as I am expected to work here, I would gladly change my condition."

Poor, suffering innocent! thought I. Ah! she likes my manner; no doubt the quiet, unassuming modesty of my deportment affords a soothing contrast to the rude, forward, and unfeeling manner of that whiskered lieutenant. I shall never rest till I have taught that fellow manners.

"When," said I, "could I see you again, if I am forced to go hence this evening?"

"If you could be here early to-morrow I should be free from inter-

ruption," said Jane; "they (meaning her father and his wife) are never up very soon."

"And these officers?" said I.

"Are later still at breakfast," replied she.

"Then, depend upon it, I will be with you."

"Stay," said Jane, "in that case leave your portmanteau; it will be an excuse if they should find you here in the morning. I will take the greatest of care of it."

"If it were all I had in the world," said I,—and, with the exception of fifteen pounds, nine shillings, and seven-pence, it was,—"I should be the better pleased to place it in your hands."

Dear girl, thought I, why should the prejudices of society interfere to mar our brightest prospects? Why should not a being, sensibly alive to the cruelties of a step-mother, and shrinking from the coarseness of an ill-mannered braggadocio, be a suitable companion for such a man as myself through life?

"I wonder," said I, "that you do not endeavour to escape the thralldom which you so much dislike."

"It is a serious move, Sir," said she. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

"What!" said I, "do you speak French too?"

"Yes, Sir," said Jane. "I was brought up at boarding-school, and only sent for home, to save my mother-in-law the trouble of attending here."

"What profanation!" whispered I. Never shall I forget with what rapt attention I watched her delicate fingers turn the tap of the patent porter-machine as she drew out the Meux's heavy, the double X, and the half-and-half, for the thirsty company who seemed to fill a large long tap-room to the right; nor cease to remember the thrill of pleasure which tingled through my veins as she replenished my portly tumbler of what she called "hot with," and cut the curling lemon-peel to give it flavour. Romeo wishes himself a glove that he may touch his Juliet's cheek—I would have given the world at that moment to have been half a lemon to have been pressed by Jenny's hand.

There occur in the course of our lives events, which are afterwards scarcely reconcilable in our own minds with what is called probability; and certainly, the deep interest, nay, I will go the length of calling it the earnest affection, I felt for Jane Lipscombe in so short a space of time is one of those miracles which, perhaps, those who had seen her as I saw her at that moment, might have considered *not* miraculous at all.

The thing that particularly struck me in her conduct was a sort of patronage of me, which mingled with her humility and reserve;—the humility was natural to her station—the reserve was characteristic of her modesty; but the patronage was evidently the result of a superior knowledge of what may be called the "worldly" world. She saw I was new to the environs of London, she saw in my manners an artless earnest of my real character, she felt assured that I meant well and spoke truly, and—may I say it? it is a long time ago—I think she was pleased with my personal appearance,—she certainly looked as if she were.

Our preliminaries were soon settled. I abstracted from the portmanteau one or two articles essential to my comfort, and deposited my portmanteau in the hands of my dear girl, promising to be with her by

eight o'clock the next morning, and resolving in my own mind at least to show such a front to Lieutenant O'Mealy, if I fell in with him out of her sight, as might convince him that I inherited my father's spirit and professional feeling, even though I had no other claim to military consideration than that of teaching the "young idea how to shoot."

I parted from Jane; it was all like a dream. I had even then established a principle upon which I have acted through life. I make a point of never developing circumstances which in point of fact can be interesting to nobody but the parties concerned: suffice it to say, we parted, and I left the bar, self-convicted of love for Miss Lipscombe. It was love at first sight; but its results, as we shall presently see, were not quite so evanescent.

I followed the instructions given me by my fair monitress; and after a pleasant walk of three-quarters of an hour, reached the *rara avis* of the next village—the Black Swan, at which I was perhaps to rest, or, at all events, receive my further marching orders. It was a neat, country-looking inn, with a swinging sign, and a long water-trough in front, the stabling stood to the left hand, and there was a bay-window on the right of the door; in the passage stood a nice comely woman, mistress of the house. As I approached she made way for me, and courtesying quite as low as a foot-traveller had any right to expect, bade me good afternoon. I glanced my eye from her smiling, shining countenance, and beheld in a glazed three-cornered larder opposite me, a cold round of beef.

Then and then only did it strike me that I had had no dinner; my appetite had been converted into a sentimental desire of hearing Jane Lipscombe talk, and the grosser and more sensual ideas of mutton-chops and beef-steaks had given place to visions of future happiness with the unsophisticated "Maid of the Inn." The sight of the cold round of beef, however, recalled me to a recollection of my bodily wants. I desired the landlady to lay a cloth and set the tempting viand before me.

"Ay, that I will," said Mrs. Bunny, (so was mine hostess called,) "and you sha'n't wait long, neither;" and she, like my lovely Jane, gave me a look, which I remember to this moment, expressive not only of readiness and anxiety to oblige me, but of a desire to patronise and protect me. The fact is, that the freshness and innocence of my appearance bespoke the particular fostering care which both the young and the old lady were so well disposed to afford me.

Mrs. Bunny ushered me into a small sanded parlour, in which stood a round claw table and several leather-bottomed chairs; in less than five minutes the table was robed for duty, and certainly before ten had expired I was seated before it, shaving the beef in the true boarding-school style. Mine hostess reappeared with a brown jug of foaming home-brewed ale, which she placed by the side of my plate.

"Pray," said I, "how far is it to Dr. Crowpick's academy?"

"Crowpick?" said mine hostess, "Magpie Castle do you mean?"

"Exactly so," replied I.

"Why, Sir," answered the gentle Bunny, "I should say a good mile and a half. You cross over there by the finger-post; keep straight on, till you come to Mrs. Gubbins's gate; then turn to the left by Harrison's wall, over the stile; then to the right till you get to Simpson's farm, and so round by Dallington-green, to the high-road just above Gurney's, and that brings you out just by the gate."

"Thank you," said I. "Why, at Lipscombe's they told me it was not more than a mile from this."

"Lipscombe's," said Mrs. Bunny, her eyes extending themselves to a stare of the most awful nature, "what, have *you* been at Lipscombe's?"

"Yes," said I: "what then?"

"And you have got out of the house safe?"

"As you see," said I.

"You have been lucky," said the old lady. "I say nothing; it's no use tattling and speaking against one's neighbours; but a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; you understand me. Have you got everything that you took there?"

"Everything," said I, "that I wished to have; I left my portmanteau with Miss Lipscombe."

"Miss!" repeated my Black Swan, in a tone and with an expression of countenance which struck me to resemble very closely those of Lieutenant O'Mealy, when he pronounced the word "Gentleman;" "you have left your portmanteau *there*; well—I dare say it is very safe. I say nothing, only—people *have* lost portmanteaus there before."

"But," said I, "you do not mean to say that Jane Lipscombe is capable of committing a robbery?"

"Not I, Sir," said Mrs. Bunny. "God forbid that I should take away anybody's character; only people, you know, *will* talk,—and they *do* say——"

"She is very pretty," said I; "that you must allow?"

"Handsome is, as handsome does," said mine hostess. "She is well enough for that,—if all her colour grows where it shows. You understand me, Sir."

"Ah!" said I, "that is pure malice. All the roses on *her* cheeks are Nature's own."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bunny, looking uncommonly arch, "what! they don't rub off? Ah, well! I never tried: however, if you will take my advice, Sir, and you are coming into this neighbourhood, don't you go there any more."

"I *am* coming to live in this neighbourhood," said I, "and I am going there to-morrow morning to fetch my portmanteau."

"I'll send for it for you, if you like," said Mrs. Bunny: "the Lipscombes and we are great friends."

"Yes," said I, "nobody can doubt that,—as far as *you* are concerned. No, I shall go myself."

"Are you going to stay at Doctor Crowpick's, Sir?" asked mine hostess.

"I believe so," was my answer.

"And mean to go to Lipscombe's to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sir," said Mrs. Bunny, "you must pass this door in your way. My husband is not at home now, and I don't like to do anything without asking him,—I shall have time to talk it over when he comes back,—and, if he is agreeable, I'll tell you something about these Lipscombes which you ought to know."

"Thank you," said I.

A sudden noise in the passage attracted mine hostess, who left me, and I confess in a state of mind exactly the reverse of agreeable.

Yet what was Jane Lipscombe to me? After all, it was but a momentary acquaintance, and that, too, with only a bar-maid. That she was very pretty, I knew,—that she was extremely amiable, I believed: however, the morning would soon arrive, and having heard all mine hostess and her husband had to say, I should form my own judgment, and decide whether or not I would go and fetch my portmanteau. I speedily summoned Mrs. Bunny, and having discharged my little bill, bade her a good afternoon, and promised to come to her early in the morning.

"Sir," said she, "don't be angry with me for what I am going to say;—I feel very anxious about you:—do you know much of Dr. Crowpick?"

"Not I," said I. "I never even saw him."

"Well," replied she, "of course it is not my place to speak, but we are none of us any better than we should be. Have you got much money about you?"

"Why," said I, in the simplicity of my heart, "not much;—a matter of fifteen sovereigns or so."

"Now, my dear gentleman," said the kind-hearted woman, with tears standing in her eyes, "do ye leave it with me; I will take honest care of it, and ye shall have it either as ye want it, a little at a time, or all in a lump, when ye please to ask me for it: don't take it across their fields to old Crowpick's."

"What," said I, "are there thieves in the neighbourhood?"

"I say nothing, Sir," said Mrs. Bunny: "there *are* black sheep in most flocks: here nobody can rob you. Take my advice, leave all your money, except a few shillings just for present use."

The carefulness of the woman gave me an unpleasant feeling; it seemed to unsettle my confidence even in Crowpick himself. However, I was quite sure by her looks and manner that she could not cheat or deceive me, and I counted out fourteen of my sovereigns into her hand: little did I think at the moment what results this single, simple action would produce;—no matter, I will not anticipate. She wrapped them carefully up in a piece of an old newspaper,—the "Daily Advertiser," I recollect,—and deposited them in her pocket.

"Now," said she, "you have acted wisely; call here whenever ye want your money, it shall be always ready. I wish you luck, and health, and happiness."

She spoke these words with an earnestness which struck me forcibly at the time; her real feelings towards me at that period I could not of course appreciate.

I left her and the house, and proceeded on my way to the Doctor's, but, as I marched on, I missed the way she had pointed out, and continued along the high road, (making a difference of not more than half a mile,) until I reached the green gates of Maggie Castle.

The sight of the entrance to what might, in all probability, be my residence for the rest of my life, excited a thousand contending feelings in my bosom; the most predominant of which was the dislike I felt to my introduction, and a kind of apprehensive diffidence of the first half-hour's conversation. I rung the bell, and was admitted. The Doctor was at home.

I never shall forget the appearance of the house;—an unwieldy, red-brick building, castellated, with a turret at one corner. I crossed

the court-yard, entered by a glazed door, and followed my guide through the hall to a square wainscoted parlour, where I remained while the servant went to announce me. Little did I at the moment anticipate the events of which that square wainscoted parlour was destined to be the scene.

A few moments only elapsed before I was ushered into the "presence." The Doctor was seated in an arm-chair, and in a sort of black dressing-gown, which to the uninitiated had something the appearance of a scholastic habit; before him stood a large cup half full of tea, a plate which had contained toast and butter, of which one slice still remained uneaten; on his right hand lay piled up a heap of Latin exercises, one selected from which he was correcting.

Facing him was seated she whom I then imagined, and soon after too certainly knew, to be his daughter; her expressive grey eyes, half veiled by the longest and blackest eye-lashes I ever saw, were raised for a moment as I entered the apartment, but in another instant they were suddenly withdrawn and thrown, not as the best-established novelists have it, "under the table," but upon a book which she held in her hand, and "read or seemed to read."

"Emma, dear," said Crowpick, after having bowed to me, and held out his hand with an air of cordiality. Upon hearing which, "Emma, dear," forthwith rose from her seat, and having asked, in the sweetest voice I ever heard, whether her papa chose any more tea, and having been answered in the negative, quitted the room, not, however, without affording me one glance which seemed to say, "I know whom you are, and why you are come here. We shall be very good friends in time."

I had heard a great deal of Dr. Crowpick from my late master's successor, and a great deal about his system of education; but I had never heard a syllable about his daughter. The moment I saw her, I resolved not to quarrel about terms with the Doctor, and even to lower my salary one half for the pleasure of living in the same house with her; little did I suspect her real position in that family.

When the young lady had left us, Crowpick began the conversation which I had previously so much dreaded; the anticipation, however, was not justified by the reality, for, in a very few minutes, I found the Doctor a man of the world, liberal in his views and feelings, and quite prepared to receive me with kindness and good nature.

"We will not talk more of business this evening," said the Doctor. "You will do Mrs. Crowpick and myself the favour of supping with us. When you are established you will find supper always laid in what is called the tutor's room, and where—it is as well to be explicit at once—Mr. Bowman, Mr. Dixon, and Monsier Louvel, the other assistants, will be much pleased to add you to their little party."

I bowed acquiescence.

"I will show you your bed-room," said the urbane Doctor. "I hope you will find it convenient; make no ceremony, if anything is wanting to add to its little comforts, only mention it."

Saying which, the excellent pedagogue lighted a candle and marshalled me the way that I should go.

We ascended a secondary staircase, and passed three or four rooms in which stood many beds. At the fifth door in the passage the Doctor

stopped, and opening it, presented to my view a very neat and agreeable looking apartment.

"This is destined for *you*," said the Doctor. "Where is your luggage?"

"I did not bring any, Sir," said I, "because I was not certain that——"

"Certain," interrupted the Doctor, "you might have been quite certain that, after the testimonials I had received, you would not quit me. Can we send for your things?"

"I have left them," said I, "at Lipscombe's."

"At Lipscombe's!" said the Doctor, "at Lipscombe's!—Umph!—Pray did you see anything there of a Lieutenant O'Mealy?"

I was puzzled. What ought I to say? I had no business to know that the swaggering object of my hatred was called by any such name; yet I did know it. I answered in the affirmative.

"How strange!" said Crowpick. "You had better let me send for them early in the morning."

"I—meant to have gone," stammered I.

"Go!" said the Doctor; "not for the world. You are now settled here; I already consider you one of my family. No, no;—I'll send over for them. What do they consist of?"

"Only a portmanteau, Sir," said I.

"How strange!" ejaculated the Doctor. "Well, I have shown you your room;—now let us go down stairs; I dare say we are expected in the parlour."

The parlour! thought I. What is to be done now?

I implicitly followed my venerable guide. A bell rang loudly. In a moment the scuffling of innumerable feet sounded along the passages.—It was the first time I had heard that bell—would it had been the last.

The Doctor turned half round to me, and said, "That is for prayers. Past nine—boys' bed-time."

We returned to the room in which I had first been, and the Doctor extinguished the lamp which had been brought in, after my arrival. Again he desired me to follow him. I did so, and reached the "parlour."

The Doctor opened the door: I entered. The first person I saw, and to whom I was presented in due form, was Mrs. Crowpick; the second, and whom I scarcely saw while the ceremony of introduction was performing, was Miss Emma; and the third, to whom the Doctor said he supposed he need not introduce me, was—Lieutenant O'Mealy himself.

The Lieutenant looked surprised, not at my appearance, for it turned out he did not recognize me, but at the Doctor's observation upon the non-necessity of an introduction.

"You have met before," said the Doctor to the Lieutenant.

"Not to my knowledge," said the odious Lieutenant.

"I thought," said Crowpick, turning to me rather sharply, "you said you had seen Mr. O'Mealy at Lipscombe's."

"So I did, Sir," said I, a good deal worried at the entanglement of the affair.

"I don't recollect," said the Lieutenant, in a much softer manner than I had heard him speak in the earlier part of the day.

"I came there by the Wonder, and——"

"Oh!" said the Lieutenant. "Ah, you were in the bar, drinking

hot brandy and water; I remember. I did not at first recollect. I suppose the bar-maid told you my name."

I felt myself blush and shudder at the same moment. I said nothing, and affected to smile. I cast my eyes round the room, in hopes of relief, when I beheld the gazelle-eyed Miss Crowpick gazing at me with an expression of archness and pity which I never shall forget. The sequel to this little conversation was more important than might be imagined.

Supper was announced: it was half-past nine. Mrs. Crowpick rose and waddled into the next room—another parlour. Lieut. O'Mealy, with a horrid smile, which exhibited his great white teeth through his black mustachios to the best possible advantage, offered Emma his arm; she smiled too, and accepted it. The Doctor good-naturedly patted my shoulder, and pushed me forward before himself.

The supper consisted of a dish of tripe, fried in batter,—I had never seen such a thing before,—a cold, much-cut leg of roast mutton, ornamented with bits of parsley, and a dish of poached eggs upon a plot of spinach.

The way in which Mr. O'Mealy eyed me as we were sitting down, added to the repast of cold beef at Mr. Bunny's, considerably damped the ardour of my appetite. I resolved that the next day should not elapse without my endeavouring to set myself right with this gallant gentleman, and determined to rally from the embarrassment which his unexpected presence occasioned.

Mrs. Crowpick helped the top dish; Emma took an egg; the Lieutenant took two. The Doctor inquired what I would eat. I scarcely knew what he was saying; but, by an effort, I commanded myself, and answered him, in a tolerably firm voice,—“TRIPE.”

* * * * *

I regret to say that the MS., as I received it, terminates here.

T. E. H.

MILTON'S PROSE WRITINGS.

OF John Milton, what can be now said which may not be familiarly known by all who possess even a superficial acquaintance with the literature of their country? Yet, perhaps, there is no illustrious writer who is so partially read or so little understood. His prose works, surpassing in eloquence all that antiquity has bequeathed to us of Greek and Roman lore, are but just emerging from an oblivion in which they had been buried for nearly two centuries. Their pristine glories, so long obscured, are beginning to shine forth in their original splendour; and while we, in common with all the lovers of genius, hail the auspicious dawn, it may not be unseasonable to mark the causes which produced the long eclipse, and the circumstances which, in the present day, are conspiring to remove it.

That in his own age, and before the publication of his greatest poem, Milton was held in the highest consideration as an author, not only in this country, but throughout the civilised world, we have incidental evidence in his “Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner,” and in his “Second De-

fence of the People of England," as well as direct assurances from many of his illustrious contemporaries. In the former, he speaks of his—

"——— noble task,"

of which, he adds—

"All Europe rings from side to side."

Proudly conscious that his voice commanded the admiring attention of listening nations, he thus commences the latter:—

"Much as I may be surpassed in the powers of eloquence and copiousness of diction by the illustrious orators of antiquity, yet the subject of which I treat was never surpassed, in any age, in dignity or in interest. It has excited such general and such ardent expectation, that I imagine myself not in the forum or on the rostra, surrounded only by the people of Athens or of Rome, but about to address in this, as I did in my former 'Defence,' the whole collective body of people,—cities, states, and councils of the wise and eminent through the wide expanse of anxious and listening Europe. I seem to survey, as from a towering height, the far-extended tracts of sea and land, and innumerable crowds of spectators, betraying in their looks the liveliest interest, and sensations the most congenial with my own. Here I behold the stout and manly prowess of the German, disdaining servitude; there the generous and lively impetuosity of the French;—on this side the calm and stately valour of the Spaniard; on that the composed and wary magnanimity of the Italian. Of all the lovers of liberty and virtue, the magnanimous and the wise, in whatever quarter they may be found, some secretly favour, others openly approve; some greet me with congratulations and applause; others, who had long been proof against conviction, at last yield themselves captive to the force of truth. Surrounded by congregated multitudes, I now imagine that, from the Columns of Hercules to the Indian Ocean, I behold the nations of the earth recovering that liberty which they so long had lost; and that the people of this island are transporting to other countries a plant of more beneficial qualities, and more noble growth, than that which Triptolemus is reported to have carried from region to region; that they are disseminating the blessings of civilization and freedom among cities, kingdoms, and nations. Nor shall I approach *unknown, nor perhaps unloved*, if it be told that I am he who engaged, in single combat, that fierce advocate of despotism, till then reputed invincible in the opinion of many, and in his own conceit, who insolently challenged us and our armies to the battle; but whom, while I repelled his insolence, I silenced with his own weapons; and over whom, if I may trust to the opinions of impartial judges, I gained a complete and glorious victory *."

Of the greatest of Milton's prose works, and of the reception which it had secured in spite of evil men and evil times, down to the period in which he wrote, the earliest and the best of his biographers thus speaks:—

"And now we come to his masterpiece,—his chief and favourite work in prose,—for argument the noblest, as being the defence of a whole free nation, the people of England; for style and composition the most eloquent and elaborate, equalling the old Romans in the purity of their own language, and their highest notions of liberty, as universally spread over the learned world as any of their compositions, and certain to endure while oratory, politics, or history have any esteem among men."

The bright visions of glory, however, which this noble champion of his country's rights and freedom so fondly indulged were soon destined

* How much this passage loses in the translation, will be felt by those who have perused the original.

to vanish from his sight. That champion and that country were stricken down together;—despotism crushed them both at the same moment. The latter has long since recovered from the stunning blow; and as she ascends in the scale of political and moral greatness, her glorious defender follows in her train, and we doubt not will, ere long, become, as heretofore, her oracle and guide.

With the Restoration, an event which Godwin describes as one of unmitigated calamity, disappeared, like the extinction of a luminary, the independence, the strong thinking and generosity of the British people. The most resplendent period of the English nation was that at which the first of the Stuarts came to sway his pedant sceptre over these realms; the darkest and the worst was that in which his profligate grandson returned from exile to take possession of his legitimate throne. The plagues of Egypt, concentrated and inflicted at one and the same moment, could not have been a greater curse to England than the Restoration,—not because monarchy and the ancient forms of government were re-established by it, but because the most odious tyranny took shelter under them, and exercised its remorseless cruelties with their ostensible sanction. The people deserved not to be free; and retributive Heaven suffered them to become among slaves the most abject and despicable. The only greatness England could then boast was that which shone forth to the last in the conduct of her martyred patriots—the mighty spirits of the Commonwealth, whom their ungrateful country abandoned to the fate of rebels and regicides. Among this illustrious band Milton was distinguished, not by the martyr's death, but by that which implies a loftier heroism—the martyr's life. In this view, he presents to the imagination one of the most sublime and affecting moral spectacles ever exhibited in human nature. "My mind," says Coleridge, "is not capable of forming a more august conception than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days,—poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,—

'Darkness before, and danger's voice behind;—

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party *for* whom as by that *against* whom he had contended, and among men before whom he strode so far as to *dwarf* himself by the distance; yet, still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three individuals, he did, nevertheless,—

——— 'Argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bore up, and steer'd
Right onward.

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter day, had his scornors and detractors; and even in his day of youth and hope, that he had enemies would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country."

But was it to be expected that those who trampled on the altar of truth and freedom would reverence its high priest? The licentiousness of the monarch, unparalleled in the annals even of royal profligacy,—the baseness of the court, subservient to his every caprice of profaneness and obscenity,—the mean compliances of a parliament unworthy to represent a free people, and fit only to barter them as slaves,—and, above all, a clergy paying homage, not to Heaven, but to him whom

they impiously styled Heaven's vicegerent, the image of the Divinity upon earth,—completed the degradation of the nation, which could at length be pleased with the ribaldry of Butler, though directed against the very work which alone had given them a name and a place in the world of letters and in the annals of patriotism.

The various treatises of Milton, published separately, and on the spur of the occasion, soon disappeared among worn-out faces and forgotten things. The stigma that attached to "the old Commonwealth man" was more especially affixed to his political and his polemical writings; and when, as a poet, his enemies could no longer withhold from him the tribute of universal admiration, they artfully insinuated, and caused it to be generally believed, "that his merits lay there only, and that his genius deserted him in the cooler regions of prose;" and such is the impression among multitudes to this day. But the very attempt thus to impose so gross a fiction upon the public mind when he was in the full blaze of his poetical glories, is a proof how completely they who hated the man, and dreaded his principles, had succeeded in their diabolical efforts against those of his productions in which both appear to the greatest advantage. They had been, with the liberties of the nation, consigned to an oblivion from which it was vainly hoped they would never rise. A favoured few, however, to whom their country, and freedom, and intellectual glory were still dear, collected the scattered leaves of the sybil into three folio volumes, which were printed (shame to the press of England!) at Amsterdam, and this, too, several years after the Revolution of 1688. But these folios were to be found only in the possession of the learned and the opulent. The pigmies placed the intellectual giant on their shelves, and satisfied themselves with an occasional prostration at his shrine; and though, so lately as the year 1806, a new and complete edition, in six volumes octavo, was published in London, together with an elegant and generously-written life of the author, by Dr. Symmons, descanting at large, and fearlessly, on the merits of these, the noblest efforts of his genius,—yet the prose works of Milton are not among our classics; and one circumstance, to which Mr. Fletcher* has directed our attention, we cannot help referring to, as illustrating the truth of our assertion:

"In the inaugural discourse delivered by Henry Brougham, Esq., on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, is it not remarkable, that, when upon the very topic of eloquence, and that the eloquence of the English masters, and when urgently advising his young auditory to meditate on their beauties, there is not the slightest allusion to John Milton by name? 'Addison,' says Brougham, (this cannot be an enumeration of all the favourites?) 'may have been pure and elegant; Dryden, airy and nervous; Taylor, witty and fanciful (!); Hooker, weighty and various;' but the young disciple hears not once mentioned the name of John Milton, whose writings are most deeply imbued with the spirit of that literature, to promote the study of which was the main object of this very discourse."

We are not disposed, on this occasion, to accuse the Lord Rector of literary injustice; we conclude it was sheer ignorance, though we scarcely know how to imagine that such a work as the "*Areopagitica*" could have escaped the keen and searching spirit of Lord Brougham, or have failed to command his unfeigned admiration.

* The Prose Works of John Milton; with an Introductory Review. By Robert Fletcher. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1833.

That works of so high an order as those of Milton, when once run down by the influential powers of a community, determined, if possible, to quench their hallowed light, should long remain in obscurity, ought not to surprise us, when we consider the inflexible character of political and ecclesiastical institutions, which are formed for the very purpose of giving permanence to whatever is established, and the slow progress of the popular mind to admit as truths the fundamental principles of a wise and enlightened philosophy. How beautifully has Milton represented this in that fine allusion which is disclosed in the following exquisite passage from the "*Arcopagitica*," addressed to the Lords and Commons of England!—

"Truth came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look upon; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, there straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming. He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing those that continue seeking—that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint. We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude, that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of these orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover inward things more remote from our knowledge."

The doctrine here promulgated is that against which the full force of human authority has always been levelled. Erroneous opinion, the result of ignorance and prejudice, and sanctioned by custom, has ever been mighty for evil, and, in the ages that are past, has exercised and maintained an almost omnipotent dominion. Against this usurpation of her throne, Truth has modestly ventured to assert her claims; but her voice has been drowned in the loud clamour of popular indignation, and those who, with superhuman courage, have dared to espouse her cause, have been vicariously immolated to appease the demon invested with her awful and high prerogative. Many a victim has perished in the gloom of a dungeon, and expired on the scaffold and at the stake. The very weapons of truth, as well as her advocates, have been violently wrested from her defence. It has been deemed high treason against established authority to seek her in the exile to which she has been driven, or to make an appeal in her behalf through the various mediums of public and accredited instruction. The pulpit, the press, and the intercourse of social life have been placed under the severe interdiction of uttering an expression or a thought that would seem to favour the most trivial of her interests. The world has never been her friend, nor the world's law; whatever she has acquired have been the laurels of dearly-purchased victories achieved by the prowess and sufferings of her

champions and martyrs. Like her glorious prototype, it has been let to be despised and rejected of men: still, however, in the darkest periods, and amidst the insolent triumphs of her adversaries, a few there have been who have sought her sorrowing, who have paid her the homage of their tears, and who have dared, though their lives and estates were the instant forfeiture, to proclaim her the sovereign mistress of their destiny. Chivalrous and brave, they have loved persecution for her sake; and her smile,—the smile of immortality,—has irradiated with glory the disgrace which settled upon their tomb.

But let it not be imagined that their conflicts and their woes have been wasted in vain attempts to raise a fallen greatness. Not an effort, not a pang has been lost. Error has trembled on her throne, and her prophetic soul even now writhes in dread forebodings of her fate. That throne she must abandon;—the rightful majesty, so long expelled, returns with a crown of insufferable brightness, too dazzling for "the misty eyeballs" of falsehood and her impious train to look upon. The mightiest names are enrolled in her list of worthies. Law she has emancipated from the trammels of feudal barbarism; science from the restrictions of the schools; and religion from the manacles of superstition. Self-evident truths, as they were once deemed, are now denounced as exploded puerilities; and men whose names were synonymous with infamy are beginning to be heard with admiration and reverence. The minds even of the common vulgar are no longer confined within the narrow prejudices which once seemed to be their sad and perpetual inheritance. Bold and singular opinions walk abroad with fearless independence, challenging investigation;—the press is comparatively free, and nothing but licentiousness, treason, and blasphemy are prohibited or restrained. The present age, thanks to the achievements of the wise and good, may be considered as ushering in the millennium of truth. Ancient and forgotten doctrines, which were uttered in unheeding ears, or which were heard only to be reprobated, possessing still the vigour of immortality, which obscurity and neglect could never impair, because they were homogeneous parts of that truth, every particle of which must live for ever, now venture forth, favoured by the spirit of the time, to plead for themselves; and though their progress is confessedly slow, yet every day enlarges the sphere of their influence, and increases the weight of their authority.

But Milton, in breaking the cerements of ignorance, prejudice, and corruption, which sealed him up as in a living sepulchre, had not to contend with these alone,—a host of active and powerful agents were ever and anon heaping some new obloquy upon him, and, as they felt the surface stir beneath their feet, they fortified it with new accumulations which they hoped would for ever impede his resurrection.

Attached to the theory of that simple form of government which philosophers and legislators had rendered venerable by their wisdom, and which the deeds of patriots and heroes had crowned with immortal glory, and with which it was natural for a mind like his to associate all that was beautiful in art and sublime in poetry, Milton has been reproached as a stern Republican, a Leveller, and a Fifth-Monarchy man: with what injustice let his various treatises bearing on all these subjects attest.

The passage we are about to quote, we think, will clearly show that,

and the idea of a true commonwealth, he had not blended any exclusive form of government. What he required was substantial liberty, and he hated the tyranny of Cromwell, whom he condemned as the Sylla of his country, even worse than the despotism of the Stuarts; to kings, as such, he had no antipathy:—

"If I write against tyrants," he exclaims, "what is that to kings, whom I am far from associating with tyrants? As much as an honest man differs from a rogue, so much I contend that a king differs from a tyrant. Whence it is clear that a tyrant is so far from being a king, that he is always in direct opposition to a king; and he who peruses the records of history will find that more kings have been subverted by tyrants than by subjects. He, therefore, that would authorize the destruction of tyrants, does not authorize the destruction of kings, but of the most inveterate enemies of kings."

As a proof of his levelling propensities take the following,—the eloquence of the quotation will constitute the richest gem in our miscellany:—

"He that hath read with judgment of nations and commonwealths, of cities and camps, of peace and war, sea and land, will readily agree that the flourishing and decaying of all civil societies, all the moments and turnings of human occasions, are moved to and fro upon the axle of discipline. So that, whatever power or sway in mortal things weaker men have attributed to fortune, I durst, with some confidence, (the honour of divine Providence ever saved,) ascribe either to the vigour or the slackness of discipline. Nor is there any sociable perfection in this life, civil or sacred, that can be above discipline; but she is that which, with her musical chords, preserves and holds all the parts thereof together. And certainly discipline is not only the removal of disorder, but, if any visible shape can be given to divine things, the very visible shape and image of virtue, whereby she is not only seen in the regular gestures and motions of her heavenly paces as she walks, but also makes the harmony of her voice audible to mortal ears. Yea, the angels themselves, in whom no disorder is feared, as the Apostle that saw them in his rapture describes, are distinguished and quartered into these celestial principedoms and satrapies, according as God himself has writ his imperial decrees through the great provinces of heaven."

That Milton was a devout believer in the Christian millennium cannot be doubted; but that he indulged in any fanatical or enthusiastic ideas on the subject, such as had the least tendency to subvert civil government, or to substitute the visible monarchy of the Son of God in the place of earthly thrones, we have no evidence. Indeed the contrary is apparent from the whole strain of his eloquent discoursings on this high and mysterious theme.

Thus, on one occasion, he pours forth a nation's supplicatory thanksgivings and grateful rapture. We quote only the last few sentences of this inimitable piece of patriotic devotion, unequalled, we are persuaded, in any other language under heaven. After enumerating the deliverances which the omnipotent king Redeemer had wrought as the God of Providence in England's behoof, he breaks out in almost superhuman strains:—

"And now we know, O thou, our most certain hope and defence! that thine enemies have been consulting all the sorceries of the great whore, and have joined their plots with that sad intelligencing tyrant that mischiefs the world with his mines of Ophir, and lies thirsting to revenge his

naval ruins that have larded our seas ; let them all take counsel together, and let it come to nought ; let them decree, and do thou cancel it ; let them gather themselves and be scattered ; let them embattle themselves and be broken ;—let them embattle themselves and be broken, for thou art mightier.

" Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering up high strains in new and lofty measure, to praise and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages ; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and directed to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people, at that day, when thou, the eternal and shortly-expected king, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honours and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shall put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth ; where they undoubtedly that, by their labours, counsel, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones, into their glorious titles, and in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasure for ever."

But that charge which, more than any other, has weighed down the merits of our great countryman, as an expounder of political science and the principles of a generous and noble freedom, is that which arraigns him as a Regicide and a Puritan, and a Puritan belonging to a sect the most virulent, through whose agency Charles the First was brought to the scaffold. This foul calumny, the readers of his *Two Defences of the People of England* are able to refute. Regicide he was not. All that can be urged against him is, that he was the eloquent advocate of tyrannicide, and the whole question of his guilt turns upon this single point. His reasonings on this question amount to little more than arguments in favour of the principle of the Revolution of 1688, which involved the whole nation in its responsibility. It is foreign to our purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of that catastrophe which many enlightened patriots condemn and all deplore. It can be excused only on the plea of necessity. But that it was not the act of a sect, and that the Independents are not specially charged with it, those who are acquainted with the history of the time need not to be informed. Doctor Lewis du Moulin, a Royalist, who lived through that eventful period, says, that " no party of men, as a religious body, were the actors of this tragedy, but it was the contrivance of an army, which was a medley and collection of all parties that were discontented ; some courtiers, some Presbyterians, some Episcopalians ; few of any sect, but most of none, or else of the religion of Hobbes ; not to mention the Papists, who had the greatest hand in it of all." After producing the most decisive evidence, Towgood concludes his admirable essay, by observing, " Hence it is plain that the King's death is not to be charged upon any religious party, or sect of Christians as such ; nor upon the people of England assembled in Parliament, but upon the council of officers and agitators ; who, having been deeply engaged in the transactions of those times, and fearing the King's vindictive temper, thought, it is probable, their own safety could no other way be provided for but by this bold and illegal stroke."

For the Puritans, on whom it was long the fashion to cast the wh

odium of this questionable procedure, it is not now necessary for us to offer an apology. Even Hume, whose prejudices were all against them, has been constrained to acknowledge, when speaking of the authority of the crown in the days of Elizabeth, "that the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone;" and it was to this sect, he adds, "whose principles appeared so frivolous and habits so ridiculous, that THE ENGLISH OWE THE WHOLE FREEDOM OF THEIR CONSTITUTION." In our days, one of the most eloquent of our statesmen has vindicated from reproach these upholders of their country's glory. We refer to Mr. Macaulay and his fine article in the "*Edinburgh Review*," which will be read with delight as long as England continues to be a nation. It was the lot of these men to "fall upon evil times,"—times which they were destined to instruct and to warn. It was their high honour to maintain freedom against tyranny, and religion against superstition. They feared not the despot's power, they were unmoved by the scorner's frown. Considerations which sway the minds of men in general, had little influence in their hearts; they had a mighty task to perform, which demanded the most entire self-devotement. They were summoned to achieve the most glorious deeds, and to endure unparalleled sufferings, without any earthly hope or reward; not only without the sympathy and plaudits of the world, but amidst its hatred and derision. Never did a body of men, in any age or country, give

"Such heroes to earth, such martyrs to heaven."

That Milton should commit himself to their principles and their cause, without assuming their distinctive peculiarities, was to be expected from the grandeur and loftiness of his mind. That he was an Independent, only proves that he could not be shackled by the trammels of ecclesiastical domination, and that he was resolved to breathe the air of freedom.

If sects are dangerous to government—and they are only so when oppressed and persecuted—the very tenets of the Independents exonerate them from the imputation. Mr. Fletcher well and truly observes, "the Independents could not, as such, act in political opposition to the king of England;" they sought only their emancipation from religious tyranny—"herein they acted as Englishmen upon the common ground of liberty, on which alone the Protestant reformers, as against their Papist rulers, could be justified; and on which alone the members of the Church of England could be justified in expelling Pope James the Second from the English throne." But, whatever be the notions entertained of this basely misrepresented section of the Christian commonwealth, Milton is not to be classed with them. He never communed with any church, and therefore stands or falls by his own individual merits, and these his ungrateful countrymen are now beginning to appreciate.

Many have been deterred from studying his prose writings, under the apprehension that they belonged only to the feuds of the troubled period in which he lived, and that they are coarse, violent, and acrimonious. But this, too, is a gross delusion. He was, in this respect, a model to his opponents. His invectives, indeed, often transgress the bounds of modern courtesy, and may offend the fastidious taste of some in this age of verbal decorum. But in this we are bound to hear him in his own defence.

* In times of opposition, when either against new heresies arising, or old corruptions to be reformed, this cool unpassioned mildness of positive wisdom is not enough to damp and astonish the proud resistance of carnal and false doctors; then (that I may have leave to soar awhile, as the poet's use,) Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete armour, ascends his fiery chariot, drawn with two blazing meteors, figures like beasts, but of a higher breed than any the Zodiac yields, resembling two of those four which Ezekiel and St. John saw; the one visaged like a lion, to express power, high authority, and indignation; the other, of a countenance like a man, to cast derision and scorn upon perverse and fraudulent seducers; with these, the invincible warrior Zeal, shaking loose his black reins, drives over the heads of scarlet prelates, and such as are content to maintain traditions, bruising their stiff necks under his flaming wheels."

This is, at least, in better taste, and in a better spirit than his assailants displayed; one of whom, a meek and mitred saint, wrote,—"You that love Christ, and know this miscreant wretch, stone him to death, lest you smart for his impunity."

In spite of all their characteristic vehemence, "These polemical tracts of Milton," says Dr. Symmons, "though, perhaps, some of the least valuable of his works, (he is speaking of his tracts on the doctrine and discipline of divorce,) are so illumined with knowledge and with fancy, and open to us such occasional glimpses of a great and sublime mind, that they must always be regarded as affording an ample compensation for any harshness of manner with which they may sometimes offend."

Perhaps the greatest injustice that Milton ever sustained from literary baseness were the attempts made and abetted by Dr. Johnson, in his life of the poet, and in his patronage of Lauder, whose mean and unprincipled forgeries to sully his high reputation, the lexicographer sanctioned with all the weight of his authority in the republic of letters. We are not surprised, that Godwin and Dr. Symmons, and lastly, Mr. Fletcher, approach this disgusting topic with loathing indignation. It is a foul blot on a deservedly great name, and will remain its inexcusable reproach through all generations. But the mists which so long have clouded the fair fame of our immortal author are now fast rolling away; the sun has dispelled them all; and, we ask ourselves, now that he is shining in his meridian, what will be the effect of this mighty tome, which the liberality of its publishers has bequeathed as a precious legacy to posterity? What will be its immediate influence in these stirring times, when we have become a nation of readers, and when, with an earnest spirit, the people are seeking for instruction rather than amusement? The great subjects which form the materials of this volume are precisely those which at the present juncture most agitate the public mind. But there must be a great moral change wrought in the hearts of those who hold our destiny in their hands, before the works of Milton can yield them real and permanent advantage.

The religious world, as it is called, must get rid of its cant about the sinfulness of meddling with politics, and must feel that they are Britons as well as saints;—they must cease from their pusillanimous abstinence from those discussions which involve the liberty of their country;—they must sympathize in the sublime emotions of Robert Hall, and cherish the love of liberty as a civil and holy principle;—they must not imagine

that their duties as citizens interfere with their devotions in the most hallowed moments of their existence. Patriotism is not incompatible with religion; on the contrary, it derives from piety its noblest sanctions. In those solemn moments, when the spirit holds communion with its God, "factions" and "missions," says Mr. Hall, "cannot, indeed, be too much hushed; but that warmth which animates the patriot, which glowed in the heart of a Sydney or a Hampden, was never chilled or diminished, we may venture to affirm, in its nearest approaches to the uncreated splendour; and, if it mingled with their devotion at all, could not fail to impart to it a fresh force and vigour, by drawing them into a closer communion with that Great Being, who appears under the character of an avenger of the oppressed, and the friend and protector of the human race."

Mere worldly motives can never form a genuine patriot. That spirit of earnest sincerity which will not rest till the institutions of our country are purified from the corrupt influences of a sordid selfishness, can alone be inspired by those lofty principles which are not of earth, but which have their origin in the sublime regions of sentiment, where Truth reveals her transcendent worth, and commands the homage of her faithful worshippers. The mere politician can never be a patriot; the sectarian devotee of the purest church that was ever established cannot be a patriot. The love of country, which seeks the well-being of all whom that country encircles, knows not the name of party or sect. It is itself a religion—a religion which breathes only peace on earth and good-will to men. Its ultimatum is "just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty." The objects of its supreme abhorrence are tyranny in rulers and licentiousness in subjects. Its only aim is to form a state where righteousness is the sceptre of the magistrate, and happiness is the inheritance of the people—where authority and obedience rest on the same basis—the relative virtues which reciprocate and sustain each other.

The political world must also undergo a transformation before Milton's patriotic genius can transfuse its ardour and its purity into their spirit and pursuits. The sceptical atheism, which a very large portion of modern Reformers are not ashamed to avow, may qualify them to be demagogues and radicals; and, disavowing all rule in heaven, they may labour to destroy it on earth; but the substantial liberty of a people awakened to a sense of their power can never be achieved by those who hold the doctrines of an ever-shifting expediency. No political reform can possibly stand which is not based upon the morals of a nation, and there can be no public virtue where a Deity is not revered and adored. We are the enemies of all cant; but we fearlessly avow our conviction that an atheistical philosophy can never bring forth the fruits of social prosperity.

That a wonderful change has taken place, and especially in reference to our present subject, must be evident from the fact that a Bishop of Winchester and the author of "Political Justice" concur in recommending those very works which, in other times, they would scarcely have ventured to notice. The passages to which we refer are too characteristic not to be introduced at the close of an article of which Milton is the theme.

"There is much reason for regretting," says Dr. Charles Sumner, *Jan.*—VOL. XL. NO. CLVII.

(then the courtly librarian of George the Fourth,) "that the prose works of Milton, where, in the midst of much that is coarse and intemperate, passages of such redeeming beauty occur, should be in the hands of so few readers, considering the advantage which might be derived to our literature from the study of their original and nervous eloquence. On their first appearance, indeed, they must inevitably have been received by some with indifference, by others with dislike, by many with resentment. The zeal of the author in the cause of the Parliament, and the bitter personality with which he too frequently advocates his civil and religious opinions, were not calculated to secure him a dispassionate hearing, even from his most candid opponents; but in happier times, when it is less difficult to make allowance for the effervescence caused by the heat of conflicting politics, and when the judgment is no longer influenced by the animosities of party, the taste of the age may be profitably and safely recalled to those beauties of Milton which were not written to serve a mere temporary purpose."

So far the Bishop. Mr. Godwin, as is natural, speaks in less qualified terms. In his nature and his principles he is more Miltonic than the amiable prelate, for whose liberality, however, on this and other occasions, we entertain the most unfeigned respect. "The character of Milton," says the historian of the Commonwealth, "is one of those which appears to gain by time. To future ages it is probable he will stand forth as the most advantageous specimen that can be produced of the English nation. He is our poet. There is nothing else of so capacious dimensions in the compass of our literature (if, indeed, there is in the literary productions of our species) that can compare with the 'Paradise Lost.' He is our patriot. No man of just discernment can read his political writings without being penetrated with the holy flame that animated him; and if the world shall ever attain that stature of mind as for courts to find no place in it, he will be the patriot of the world. As an original genius, as a writer of lofty and expansive soul, and as a man, he rises above his countrymen; and, like Saul in the convention of the Jews, 'from his shoulders and upward he is higher than any of the people.'"

We have only to add, in conclusion, that Mr. Fletcher has performed his task with considerable ability; and we congratulate him that his first literary effort should associate his name with that of the most eloquent writer in the language. He may yet learn much by a careful study of his great model.

THE STORY OF HELEN GILLET.

“ Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.”

It would probably be difficult to find, in the whole course of human events, a more striking illustration of the truth of the above motto than the following history of Helen Gillet, a young lady of Burgundy, who was tried for infanticide, and condemned to be decapitated, in the early part of the seventeenth century. The mixture of the extraordinary, the marvellous, and the horrible in this “o'er-true tale” would, if detailed in a work of fiction, be considered as evincing a want of tact in the writer, from the apparent improbability and aggravated horror of the events, which surpass, in their frightful reality, anything that the author of “*Melmoth*” has, in the wildest debauch of his terror-loving imagination, given birth to. And yet not one of the facts, hereinafter related, but has been faithfully and literally copied from the judicial records of the court before which the trial took place, and from the municipal archives of the city of Dijon, in which were transcribed the official reports of the extraordinary circumstances that occurred at the place of execution. It will surprise, if not interest, the English reader to learn that the said story of Helen Gillet is connected, by a singular coincidence, with a remarkable event in the life of the ill-fated Charles I. of England. The source from whence we have drawn the principal facts of this harrowing narrative is a book written by an advocate of the bar of Dijon,* and of which but a very few copies were printed. Upon one of these, by a fortunate chance, we happened to lay our hand. The documents which furnished the author of this book with the facts detailed in it, he found in the eleventh volume of the old “*Mercur François de Richer et Renaudat*,” in “*La Vie de l'Abbesse de Notre Dame du Tart, Madame Courcelle de Poulans †*,” and in the authentic archives of the *Chambre des Comptes*, and of the *Mairie* of Dijon. From the incontestable truth and authenticity of these sources, it is evident that no narration of past events can rest upon more solid and incontrovertible proofs than do the principal and almost incredible facts of the tragical history of Helen Gillet.

In the year 1624, the *châtelain*, or royal judge, who presided over Bourg-en-Bresse, a little town situated within view of Mount Jura, was Pierre Gillet, a man of noble extraction, upright conduct, austere manners, and unblemished reputation. Pierre Gillet was blessed with an only daughter, named Helen, aged twenty-two, who was equally admired for the beauty of her person and the graces of her mind, as she was respected for the virtue and piety of her conduct. Helen was seldom seen at any place of public resort except the church; and yet there the eye of abandoned and daring profligacy sought her out and marked her for its victim. An individual of violent and reckless passions, unfortunately for poor Helen Gillet, became enamoured of her; and, to

* *Histoire d'Hélène Gillet, ou Relation d'un événement extraordinaire et tragique survenu à Dijon dans le dix-septième siècle. Par un ancien Avocat. Dijon, 1829. In 8vo. de 72 pages.*

† *Par Edme-Bernard Bourrée, Oratorien. Lyon, 1699. In 8vo. de 541 pages.*

obtain the object of his desires, contrived to gain admission into her father's house, under the guise of an instructor of her brother. But being soon convinced, by the purity and unaffected reserve of Helen, of the impossibility of accomplishing his design by the usual arts of seduction, he had recourse to the treacherous collusion of a female servant woman, and to the atrocious and cowardly expedient of a night draught, to achieve the ruin and disgrace of the hapless girl.

This event left no other trace in the mind of Helen Gillet than a vague stupor, and, to her, unaccountable melancholy, unaccompanied with either remorse or dread—

“She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.”

But after the lapse of some time, the sly looks and whispers of the groups she passed on her way to and from church,—the coarse laughter and ribald jests of the young men she chanced to meet,—the fixed and scrutinizing gaze with which the elder and married women regarded her shape, followed by shrugs and upturned eyes, expressing half-pity, half scorn—and the daily falling off of her younger female acquaintance, even including her dearest and most intimate friends, gradually forced upon the conviction of the poor girl that her reputation was suffering under some unknown but terrible taint, and that society rejected her as a worthless and forlorn creature. In a short time but one friend alone in the world remained to her, and in the bosom of that friend—her mother—she hid her face to weep, but not to unburthen her mind, for she had no guilty secret to disclose.

In regard to the birth of the child, of the compassing whose death Helen Gillet was accused, much and inextricable mystery prevailed. In her various examinations, and on her trial, she constantly asserted her ignorance of having ever given birth to a child. She, however, confessed that some time after she had been betrayed by the treachery of a female servant to the brutality of her ravisher, an accident had happened to her which she communicated to a woman in her father's service, who told her that she had experienced a miscarriage. Another account, relative to the child, circulated amongst the people of Bourg-en-Bresse, to the effect, that on the night of Helen's accouchement the only person present was her mother; that Helen was buried in the profound sleep of exhausted nature, whilst her mother, tired out with watching, was in a middle state between slumber and waking. When, towards the break of day, she saw a man enter the chamber, approach the bed, from which he snatched the new-born babe, (for no cradle had been provided for this clandestine accouchement,) and, after wrapping it in the first article of dress that came under his hand, and imprinting a hurried kiss on the brow of its sleeping mother, rushed from the apartment before Madame Gillet, who witnessed, with a kind of dreamy uncertainty, this extraordinary apparition, could recover from her surprise and horror sufficiently to give an alarm (if, under the peculiar circumstances, she had dared to do so), or prevent his departure. This man was supposed to have been the person who had acted for a short time as tutor to the sons of Pierre Gillet, since a person resembling him had been observed anxiously on the watch about the house of the *châtelain* for some days previous to the accouchement, and was never seen afterwards in the country.

However true or false this account may be, the reappearance of Helen Gillet, accompanied by her mother, at church, with the traces of recent suffering, both mental and bodily, on her features, and the recovered plumpness of her shape, gave rise to surmises and rumours of so serious import, that the magistrates thought their duty called upon them to take cognizance of the affair, and Helen Gillet was in consequence summoned to the visit of a jury of matrons, whose report affirmed that she had given birth to a child some fifteen days previously to the said inquiry. The unfortunate young lady was thrown into prison, and criminal proceedings were commenced against her; but, from the circumstance of there being no *corpus delicti* in evidence, (the body of the child not having been found,) the Judges were in doubt how to proceed, when the following occurrence relieved them from the dilemma. A soldier, who was walking in the fields close to the town, was struck by the action of a raven, which, darting from a tree to the ground close to the foot of a wall, began tearing up the earth with its bill and claws, and then flew back into the tree, bearing in its bill a fragment of discoloured or bloody linen. The soldier ran to the spot, turned up the earth with the point of his sabre, and discovered the body of an infant enveloped in a chemise, upon one of the corners of which were the initials H. G. ! This fact being made known to the Judges, the proceedings were resumed, and, on the 6th of February, 1625, Helen Gillet was found guilty of the murder of her child, and condemned to be beheaded (she being of noble blood) instead of being hanged, as would have been the punishment for one of inferior condition.

An appeal from this judgment to the Parliament of Dijon was made by Helen's advocate, on his own responsibility; for Pierre Gillet, the father of the forlorn culprit, had abstained from all interference on behalf of his daughter, and had even expressly forbidden that her name should be pronounced before him, so far had his almost Roman austerity of manners and rigid sense of justice prevailed in stifling the dearest and most powerful of the natural affections. Helen Gillet was led on foot, under the guard of two archers, from Bourg-en-Bresse to the prison of Dijon; and, of all her family and former friends, was accompanied alone on this sad journey by one wretched woman—her mother. It was not that Madame Gillet hoped to influence, by her tears and anguish, the Judges of the court of *La Tournelle*, before whom the appeal was to be pleaded; she had but too recently experienced the inefficacy of these means upon the Judges of the *Présidial* at Bourg-en-Bresse; but she placed her trust in that all-powerful and merciful Judge who can, in His own good time, reverse the short-sighted and often erring awards of man, and shield the innocent, and bind up the wounds of the broken and oppressed heart. Humble as she was pious, she thought herself, alone, not worthy of obtaining the interposition of Divine Providence, but hastened, on her arrival at Dijon, to the Convent of the Bernardines, to beg the prayers and intercession of the holy nuns in favour of her unfortunate daughter. Of this convent a relation of Madame Gillet—Joan de Saint Joseph, for which name, on taking the veil, she had renounced the noble one of Courcelle de Pourlans—was abbess. It was a singular and touching sight to see these pure and innocent virgins on their knees before the altar of the convent chapel, imploring, with intermingled sobs and tears, the pity of the Almighty in behalf of an unmarried mother,

whom the law had pronounced guilty of the murder of her own child, and obliged, in offering up their supplications to the Divine mercy, to mingle thoughts and images, the entertaining of which in their minds, under other circumstances, would have appeared to them a sin and a profanation. It was not on her knees that poor Madame Gillet joined her prayers to theirs, but prostrated upon the cold pavement, and silent and motionless as a corse, unless when from time to time a convulsive throe ran shuddering through her frame.

From this scene of prayer and true charity there was but one of the nuns absent, and she was the most venerable and remarkable of the sisterhood. Sister Frances du Saint Esprit (whose family name was Madame de Longueval) had not for some years previously descended to the chapel, her great age (being then ninety-two) and infirmities confining her to her cell. In the opinion of worldlings she had fallen into a state of dotage, or second childhood; but, in the estimation of her sister nuns and the faithful who frequented the convent, she was looked upon as a privileged being, who had been so long estranged from the thoughts and affairs of this world as to have attained a more intimate communion with Heaven. Such being the belief that prevailed within the walls of the convent, the allusions which Sister Frances du Saint Esprit made (which were of very rare occurrence) to the affairs or interests of this world were received as the suggestions of unearthly wisdom, or as dictated by a spirit of prophecy. However correct or erroneous this estimation of her may have been, her positive and repeated prognostications, justified in so extraordinary a manner by the event concerning the fate of Helen Gillet, stamped with indelible conviction the idea of her superior sanctity and prophetic power upon the minds of her sister nuns and the good Catholics of Dijon.

At the conclusion of the prayers offered up in the chapel for the poor culprit, the mother of Helen Gillet hastened to the cell of Sister Frances du Saint Esprit, whom she found stretched upon her straw pallet, with her withered hands devoutly crossed upon her bosom, and holding a crucifix. From her eyes being closed, and the absence of all motion in her limbs, Madame Gillet, supposing that she was asleep, retired into a corner of the cell and knelt down to pray. But she soon heard herself called by the venerable nun, who stretched out one of her hands to find her, for her sight was too dimmed by age to see objects distinctly. Madame Gillet took her hand, and pressed it respectfully to her lips. "Good! good!" said Sister Frances, with an ineffable smile. "You are the mother of the poor girl for whom our holy sisters have been praying this morning. I declare to you that she is a pure soul and a chosen vessel of the Lord's, who has deigned to hear the prayers of his servants; so that your child shall not die by the hand of the executioner, for Helen Gillet is destined to pass a long and edifying life." Having said these few words, the venerable nun seemed to forget that there was any one near her, and relapsed into her usual state of reverie or listlessness.

On the 12th of May the Parliament of Dijon resumed its sittings, and, on the report of Counsellor Jacob, the appeal from the criminal tribunal of Bourg-en-Bresse was taken into consideration. The sentence was confirmed by an unanimous vote, and with an aggravation of the punishment, it being ordered that the culprit should be led to the place of

execution with a rope round her neck, as a further and disgraceful testimony of the enormity of her crime. The execution was to take place immediately, so that poor Helen Gillet had no longer to live than the time necessary to walk from the prison to the scaffold. The fatal intelligence of the confirmation of the sentence soon reached the convent. The nuns instantly hurried to the chapel, the tapers were lighted, the most sacred relics brought forth, and the whole sisterhood, with the abbess at their head, prostrated themselves before the altar, and, with prayers, and sobs, and loud lamentations, sought to move Heaven in favour of the young and the beautiful one that was doomed to an ignominious and frightful death. After some time, the Abbess Joan de Saint Joseph quitted the chapel and ascended to the cell of Sister Frances du Saint Esprit, to whose prayers and devout intercession she had particularly recommended poor Helen Gillet. She there found the heart-broken mother of the doomed one prostrated on the floor, near the bedside of the venerable nun, voiceless, motionless, and tearless. To an observation made by the abbess, Sister Frances du Saint Esprit, with her accustomed serenity, said, "I have told you, however, that this young creature shall not die by the hand of the executioner, and that long after we shall have departed this life she will remain upon earth to pray for us,—for such is the will of the Lord." Though Madame Gillet seemed to be in a state of insensibility, and unconscious of what had taken place between the abbess and the venerable sister, yet all of a sudden she raised her head with a convulsive start from the ground, and uttered a shriek of horror, for her ear had caught the distant sound of a trumpet, marshalling the soldiers ordered to attend the execution.

"And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd."

Still upon her knees, and supporting herself upon her hands, she listened in mute agony to the death-signal; and again and again did the long-drawn and mournful note break with more thrilling distinctness upon her affrighted ear, as the sad procession neared the convent. Soon other sounds became audible: the noise of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement, the tramp of innumerable feet, and the confused but horrible hum of the multitude, interrupted from time to time by the cry sent forth from ten thousand lips, but seeming as uttered only by one voice, of "There she is!—there she is!" On hearing this appalling cry, the wretched mother, who could no longer doubt that it was her daughter who was passing to death, fell lifeless upon her face on the floor.

"Listen! listen! sister," said the abbess, as she stood wringing her hands in despair near the pallet of sister Frances. "Oh, my God, sister, do you not hear?"

"I hear, as you do," replied the venerable nun, an expression like that of the sweet smile of infancy lighting up her withered features. "I hear the sound of the trumpet and the noise of the horses and their riders; I hear the cries of the people and the chants of the penitents. Yes," she continued, "I hear all that; I know that that innocent creature is approaching; that she is now near the convent; I know that they are leading her to death; but verily I tell you, that this day she shall not die. You may comfort her mother with that assurance."

Poor Helen Gillet walked between two Jesuits and two Capuchin monks, each of whom, in turn, held towards her a crucifix, which she

kissed with devout fervour. Never had she appeared so affectingly beautiful: her dress was spotless white; her long and beautiful raven-dark hair had not as yet been cut off, but was gathered up on the crown of her head, where it was confined by a ribbon. Soon after the commencement of the procession to the scaffold, the ribbon became partially loosened, so that a great portion of Helen's hair slipped from the knot, and fell in graceful and undulating disorder upon her left shoulder, thereby completely concealing from view the ignominious halter that had been placed round her neck. In this some saw only a trifling accident, while others thought they beheld in it the finger of God, thus covering and hiding from the sight the disgraceful addition superadded to the punishment by the Parliament of Dijon. This circumstance of the falling down of the hair led to results of infinitely more serious import than the concealing of the halter, as will be seen in the sequel.

The place of execution at Dijon, to which Helen Gillet was proceeding, was appropriately called the *Morimont*, or the Mount of Death. In the midst of this place stood the scaffold, hung with black cloth; it was constructed of wood, having a flight of eight steps, and was elevated upon a basement of masonry-work, to which there was an ascent of four steps. All round this structure, at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, rose a barrier of strong wooden posts and planks to keep off the crowd. Within this barrier, and close to the scaffold, was seated the King's Procurator-General, attended by his *huissiers d'honneur*; here also were some Jesuits and Capuchin monks occupied in praying for the soul that was about to pass. Within the enclosure, but close to the barrier, were circulating, with slow and solemn steps, six black penitents,* whose appearance was startlingly spectral, from their forms and faces being entirely enveloped in long sable robes, the only features visible being their eyes, which glared upon the spectators from two small holes in each of the pointed hoods which covered their heads. With bare feet, lighted torches in their hands, and a hempen rope round their bodies, these frightful-looking figures went chanting the death-dirge of the poor sufferer, and begging alms in sepulchral and hollow tones for the benefit of the souls in purgatory. Within the wooden barrier was also a little brick building, in which the executioner kept his manacles, cords, flesh-tearing pincers, portable furnace, branding and limb-breaking irons, and all the other inhuman paraphernalia of his hideous ministry. One part of this storehouse of torture was fitted up as an oratory, and served as a *succursale*, or chapel of ease! dependent upon the bloody temple of the scaffold. It was specifically called *La Chapelle*, and into it were led to pray those hardened criminals who, having resisted all the ghostly exhortations wasted upon them in the prison, could only be brought to some sense of their awful situation by the sight of the instrument of their death.

An increased noise and agitation amongst the crowd, and every eye turned in one direction, announced that the sad procession had reached the *Morimont*. Helen Gillet alone ascended the scaffold, and took her station near the block, her eyes raised to Heaven, and her heart, to judge

* A self-constituted confraternity of laymen, who make it a duty to attend criminals to execution in a hideous and appalling masquerade dress. Some of these confraternities are still kept up, and play their lugubrious pranks, in the South of France.

from her apparent serenity, firmly relying upon the justice and mercy of God. For several minutes she remained alone upon the scaffold, "the observed of all observers," for Simon Grandjean, the executioner, had not yet appeared. He had remained behind, praying in the chapel of the prison, where he had taken the sacrament that morning. He at length entered the barrier, accompanied by *la bourrelle*, that is, his wife, or, not to profane the holy name of wife, the female of the *bourreau*, who, on important occasions, aided him in his horrid functions. The executioner was armed with a short, broad-bladed, and heavy-backed sword—the *bourrelle* held in one of her hands a long pair of scissors, to cut off the hair of the sufferer. This woman, who seemed to be actuated by the cruelty of a fiend, hurried up the steps of the scaffold, brandishing the scissors above her head; and yet, when she stood by the side of the victim, she seemed, through some unaccountable cause, to have forgotten the purpose for which she had brought the scissors, so that the beautiful hair of poor Helen Gillet remained unpolluted by the touch of this female demon. At this moment Simon Grandjean advanced to the front of the scaffold, and making a sign to the crowd that he wished to address them, (a circumstance unheard-of in the history of judicial executions,) the hoarse murmur of the multitude was instantly hushed into a death-like silence. The executioner at that instant appeared an object of pity rather than of horror; for, pale and enfeebled from sickness, and emaciated and hollow-eyed from the macerations and fleshly mortifications which he had voluntarily undergone, in order to prepare himself for the fulfilment of his terrible ministry, he was scarcely able to stand upright, and leaned for support on the sword, the point of which he held against the ground. It was evident to all that a fierce struggle was going on in his mind between his duty and compassion for the young and beautiful creature that was awaiting death at his hands. At length, with fear and trembling, he exclaimed—

"Mercy! mercy for me! Your blessing, reverend fathers! Pardon me, men of Dijon, if I should fail in my duty, for it is now more than three months that I have been grievously sick and afflicted in body. I have never yet cut off a head, and the Lord God refuses me sufficient strength to kill this young creature! Upon my faith as a Christian, I feel that I cannot kill her!"

As prompt as the lightning's flash was the reply of the crowd—"Kill! kill!" roared out the savage populace.

"Do your duty," said the King's procurator-general; but this mild expression, pronounced with seriousness and dignity, conveyed the same cruel meaning as the inhuman roar of the multitude—"Kill! kill!"

Simon Grandjean then, with tottering steps, and his eyes filled with tears, approached Helen Gillet, and, throwing himself at her feet, and presenting her the handle of the sword, said, "Noble young lady, kill me or pardon me!"

"I pardon and bless you," replied Helen, as she knelt down, and laid her head upon the block.

The executioner, now excited by the *bourrelle*, who overwhelmed him with reproaches, could no longer defer striking the blow. He raised his arm—a deep drawing-in of the breath by the multitude was distinctly heard—the priests and the penitents exclaimed JESUS MARIA! the bright blade gleamed like a lightning flash in the air, and then descended upon

the neck of the sufferer. But Helen's long hair, which, as has been already mentioned, had fallen down over her shoulders, turned aside the force of the blow, and the sword cut deep into her left shoulder. In her anguish she turned over on her right side, while the executioner, after dropping the sword, went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out to the crowd to put him to death.

Already a furious clamour began to rise from the multitude, whose sanguinary impatience had now changed its object, and turned into rage against the unskilfulness of the executioner, mingled with pity for the tortured victim. Some of the populace had already commenced throwing stones at the executioner, when the *bourrelle*, taking up the sword, sought to fix it firmly in his hands. While she was thus employed, poor Helen Gillet raised herself, and again laid her head, with her hair all dabbled in blood, upon the block. The wretched executioner, now still more confused by the horror of his situation, made another ill-directed blow, which at first took effect upon the head of the sufferer, from which, after inflicting a deep gash, it descended upon her neck, entering it not more than a finger's breadth. Again the tortured girl turned over, and, rolling upon the floor, covered with her body the sword (another providential circumstance) which the executioner had thrown down after striking the blow. The fury of the multitude now rose beyond all control, and the executioner, to escape it, jumped from the scaffold, and ran for shelter to the little *chapelle* already described, whither he was followed by the Jesuits, the Capuchin monks, and the Penitents, as the populace had commenced pulling down the barrier; and stones, no respecters of persons, were beginning to fly from all quarters, accompanied by the cries of "*Save the sufferer, and kill the executioner!*" The masons who were amongst the crowd advanced to demolish the little *chapelle*, the door of which had been shut and barricadoed inside; and the members of the merciful company of butchers, who were present, followed close behind, determined and ready to slaughter the man of blood.*

The monks and holy fathers, who had shut themselves up with the executioner in the little *chapelle*, fearing by a protracted resistance to draw the fury of the multitude upon their sacred persons, opened the doors, and issued forth chanting the hymn for the dead, as if they were going to their own execution, and holding out their crucifixes as if to conjure and ward off the showers of stones that were falling about them. In this guise they crossed the square of the *Morimont*, not without receiving on their bare and shaven heads some of the many missiles that were hurtling in the air above them. Before they had half traversed the square, they heard the dying shriek of the wretched Simon Grandjean, who had been torn by the infuriated populace from the altar of the little chapel, dragged forth into the light and air, for the purpose of being instantly deprived of both, and put to death in a thousand different ways—by a thousand various wounds and weapons.

* These circumstances are not imaginary ones, but are expressly mentioned in the *procès verbal*, or official account of the affair, which was drawn up four days after its occurrence, in the council-chamber of the city of Dijon, and which bears the signature of the *échevin* Bossuet, the father of that brightest ornament of the French church, the eloquent Bishop of Meaux.

Whilst this popular tragedy was being performed close to the chapel, a still more atrocious scene of hellish cruelty was being perpetrated on the scaffold, where poor Helen Gillet was left alone with the *bourrelle*. This fiend, in the shape of a woman, not seeing the sword, which was concealed by Helen's having fallen upon it, took the rope which she had round her neck whilst coming to the place of execution, and again placed it round the sufferer's throat, and tightened it. The unfortunate girl, recovering her senses at the moment, raised her hands, and seized the rope, when her inhuman tormentor kicked her brutally and repeatedly in the bosom and stomach, trampled on her hands, and, drawing her up by the rope, shook her violently five or six times, hoping in that way to strangle her. In this she would most probably have succeeded, but, finding herself at the instant assailed by a shower of stones from the multitude, she dragged by the rope around its neck the half inanimate body across the scaffold, and down the eight steps—the late beautiful features now livid and distorted from pain and strangulation, the once finely-formed head now gashed with horrid wounds, and the once flowing and glossy raven-black hair now a hideously matted and discoloured mass, thick with clotted blood, and gore, and saw-dust!

On reaching the stone basement upon which the scaffold stood, the *bourrelle* suddenly recollected the pair of scissors which she had brought with her to cut off the culprit's hair; and, as if excited to still more frenzied cruelty by the remembrance, she drew them from her girdle, and endeavoured to cut the throat of her victim with them; but failing in this, she plunged them repeatedly into the face, and neck, and bosom of the hapless girl.

The wretch would have certainly, and soon, completed her murderous design, had not, at the moment, two men, who had scaled the barrier, rushed upon her, and rescued poor Helen from her fiendish hands. They took the rope from her neck, and, making a kind of *brancard*, or litter, of their arms crossed, carried her towards the house of a surgeon named Nicholas Jacquin. They had not proceeded far with her, when, coming a little to herself, she complained of a burning thirst, and asked for a little water, which being given her, she said, finding her spirits return, "I knew well that God would assist me."

As the saviours of Helen Gillet were bearing her away, the crowd, getting over the barrier on all sides, rushed upon the *bourrelle*, and soon reduced her vile body, by innumerable blows of stones, hammers, knives, and poniards*, to a hideous and formless mass of bruised and mutilated flesh, and gore, and shattered bones.

At the house of the surgeon Jacquin (whose descendants, and of the same name, still exercise the same profession in Burgundy) Helen had her wounds visited, after permission had been asked of the municipal authorities. Besides the two inflicted by the sword of the executioner, she had six stabs of scissors;—one which passed between the windpipe and the jugular vein; another through the under lip, and by which the tongue and palate were lacerated; one above the breast, which pierced nearly to the back-bone; two deep gashes in the head, and several wounds from stones; and a deep incision across the loins, made by the

* So in the original *procès verbal*.

sword upon which she had fallen. Besides these, her neck and bosom were cruelly bruised and lacerated by the kicks which the *bourrelle* had given her. Whilst they were dressing her wounds, she asked if these were to be the end of her sufferings. She was told to be of good courage; that God and her judges would take her part; that during the fifteen days of vacation, upon which the Parliament of Dijon was then entering, she would have time to petition the King; and that there was little doubt that, after learning the unexampled sufferings she had undergone, his Majesty would pardon her.

Whilst this scene was passing in the house of Nicholas Jacquin, the surgeon, (who was soon able to pronounce that none of the wounds of his poor patient, though serious, were mortal,) her wretched mother was still stretched on the floor of the cell of Sister Frances du Saint Esprit, in the stupor of despair. She was roused by the voice of the venerable nun exclaiming, "'Tis well! 'tis well! All is over! There are the people returning joyfully from the place of execution, for the young and the innocent has not perished."

We shall leave it to the imagination of our readers to depict the meeting between this devoted mother and her beloved daughter, thus miraculously restored to her from the bloody embraces of the most hideous death. But even the joys of this reunion were dashed with bitterness, flowing from the uncertainty which hung over the fate of Helen Gillet, she being still liable to the doom of death pronounced upon her; so that the interval—between the forwarding of her memorial for mercy and the return of the messenger that brought the answer—was a continued agony of terror and suspense for both mother and daughter.

To the other singular coincidences which concurred to rescue poor Helen Gillet from her dreadful fate may be added the circumstance of the day of her execution having been fixed for the eve of the Catholic festival of the Rogation Days, when commenced a vacation of fifteen days for the parliaments and high courts of justice; so that, by the massacre of Simon Grandjean, the functions of the public executioner remained in abeyance during that period, as no successor to him in that odious office could be appointed until the parliament again met. In this interval a memorial in favour of Helen Gillet was drawn up and signed by many persons of the highest rank and most exemplary piety in Dijon.

Powerfully calculated as were the peculiarities of Helen Gillet's case to awake compassion in the royal breast, considerable doubts were entertained as to its success. Louis XIII., the then reigning monarch of France, on whom his flatterers have bestowed the epithet of *Just*, was fonder of wielding the sword of justice than exercising that still more divine prerogative of the crown—mercy. On this occasion, however, he chose the brighter path of his duty, and in due time royal letters of full grace and pardon for Helen Gillet arrived at Dijon. These letters were solemnly received and registered by the Parliament of Dijon, and still exist in the archives of that city. It appears by these letters patent, that one of the causes why the life of Helen Gillet was spared, was to do honour, by an act of signal grace and mercy, to the marriage of the sister of the King of France with Charles I. of England.

The news of the pardon granted to poor Helen Gillet spread universal satisfaction through the city of Dijon; and on Monday, the 2nd day of June, 1625, the advocate, Charles Fevret, after a long speech in refer-

ence to the occasion, presented to the Parliament of Dijon the royal letters of grace and pardon, for the purpose of being solemnly enregistered.

After so unexampled and sad an experience of the troubles and dangers of the every-day world, poor Helen thought, and wisely, that her proper place was no longer in it: she therefore resolved on devoting herself entirely to God, and for that purpose entered a convent at Bresee, took the vows and the veil, and there lived a long, long life of peace, and prayer, and thanksgiving; for, in 1699, when Father Bourrée, of the *Oratoire*, published his "*Histoire de la Mère Jeanne de Saint Joseph, Madame Courcelle de Poulans*," (Abbess of *Notre Dame du Tart*, and a relation of Helen Gillet,) he mentions that the latter had departed this life but a short time before; so that she must have been at least ninety years of age.

It thus appears that Helen Gillet, who was to have been decapitated on the very day that Charles I. of England was married to the sister of the King of France, lived, nevertheless, for half a century after a more steady hand than that of Simon Grandjean, the executioner of Dijon, had stricken off the head of the ill-fated monarch in honour of whose happy marriage her life had been spared. Such are the strange events of life, and the inscrutable dispensations of Providence!



THE FINANCIAL STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

PART THE THIRD.

THE HOUSE AND WINDOW TAXES.

I HOLD it to be the wisest and safest course to repeal the house and window taxes:—FIRST,—Because (as asserted by one of the members of the Government) they cannot be levied in the same proportion on the palaces of the nobility and on the tenements or lodgings of the poor and middle classes*.

SECOND,—Because they are *nominally* † levied on two-thirds of the

* For example of the great disparity which exists in every county in England, and for elaborate details of these imposts, from their establishment, in the reign of William III., to the present period, I may refer to the "*Taxation of the British Empire*."

† *Nominally*, because there are a great number of houses in Great Britain exempt from the tax, the tenants of which have as little right to relief from these imposts, in preference to their brethren, as have the people of Ireland. In 1830, the number of houses assessed to the house-tax in Great Britain was 420,579. The number of farmhouses exempt from the tax, in the same year, was 144,640, that is, one-third of the whole. There were other exemptions in houses, as well as in windows, independent of the recent exemption in favour of shop-windows. All these exemptions are as unjust as they are impolitic; no class has a right to shift a burden from its own shoulders on its neighbours. The number of houses in Great Britain is about 2,500,000, and in Ireland, 287,749: thus, out of 3,087,000 houses, only 420,000 are taxed †

population of the United Kingdom, 8,000,000 (in Ireland) out of 24,000,000 mouths being exempt from the operation of these taxes.

THIRD,—Because they are taxes on *industry*—on *light*—on *air*,—preventing an extensive outlay of capital in modern improvements, in unison with the spirit of the age,—cooping up the people in narrow streets and ill-ventilated tenements, whereby their health and morals are materially injured; as lodgers, their feelings of independence considerably lessened; and, by their dense and immoral congregation*, making the over-populated towns diseased and unsightly wens on the surface of the body politic.

FOURTH,—Because houses are already doubly and trebly taxed, independent of the obnoxious assessment complained of,—namely, the land on which they are built; then the materials of which they are composed,—viz., bricks, timber, glass, paints, &c., as also the raw labour necessary to the manufacture of the same; and subsequently by taxes on their insurance, on leases, mortgages, rent receipts, licenses for carrying on certain branches of business or trade, &c.

FIFTH, and Finally,—Because the people consider the house and window taxes as war† taxes, from which they were to be relieved on the termination of two years' peace, and it is dangerous for a government to let the public think *faith is broken* with them, as it would cost few moral scruples to extend the application of the principle to the summary liquidation of the National Debt, as regards both capital and interest.

There is one more argument (not less cogent, though perhaps not so logical, as any of the foregoing) for the abolition of the house and window taxes, and that is, the progressive inability of the middle and poorer classes to pay them, while they are bowed down to the earth by indirect taxes on almost every necessary and comfort of life, as well as on nearly every article of internal trade or of maritime commerce.

Such being some of the leading arguments for the repeal of imposts, the vexatiousness and inquisitorialness of which is strongly felt by many of the well-disposed part of the community, who have hitherto taken no part in opposing their levy, it becomes us now to inquire what are the stated objections to comply with the petitions of a large part of the people.

* What a blessing to London the abolition of such rookeries as St. Giles's, Gray's Inn-lane, &c. would be! The repeal of the house and window taxes would be almost immediately followed by the annihilation of such dens of infamy.

† Taxes on houses and windows were first levied by the ninth Money Act of William III., Parl. i., sess. 2, at the rate of 2*s.* per annum on every inhabited house, except cottages; and on every such house having ten windows, or more, and under twenty, 6*s.* per annum; and on every house having twenty windows, or more, 10*s.* per annum. An additional duty on houses was granted by the third Money Act of Anne, Parl. iii., sess. 2, being an additional 10*s.* on every inhabited house having twenty windows, or more, and an additional 20*s.* on any house having thirty windows, or more. These additions were granted but for thirty-two years from Michaelmas, 1710; but when the thirty-two years had expired, the promise to repeal them was forgotten.

Years.	England and Wales.		Scotland.		Great Britain. Total.
	Window-Tax.	House-Tax.	Window-Tax.	House-Tax.	
1792 . .	£ 927,630 . .	163,412 . .	£ 31,963 . .	6,702 . .	£1,129,707
1822 . .	2,427,900 . .	1,180,250 . .	150,679 . .	84,504 . .	3,853,233

FIRST.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot afford to lose 2,000,000*l.*, which the house and window taxes in England and Scotland may now be estimated at.

REPLY.—If economy has been carried to the utmost safe and practicable limit, then several other means present themselves, (*vide* "Taxation of the British Empire,")—by which 2,000,000*l.* may readily be raised without pressing on the industry of the country, or irritating the feelings of the people.*

SECOND.—It is alleged in palliation of these taxes that they do not affect the *tenant*, but fall upon the *landlord*—(householder or capitalist.)

REPLY.—This assertion brings us to a consideration of the incidence of the tax, or by whom it is in reality paid.

If a person be desirous of renting a house, his first question to the owner is, "*What rent do you demand?*"—the answer is 100*l.*; the intending tenant then immediately inquires, "*How much are the Government taxes?*"—answer, 25*l.* Should the tenant agree to take the house for a year, or for a term of years, at the rent of 100*l. per annum*, he certainly does not consider the 25*l.* taxes paid by him to the Government to be any part of the landlord's profit; he does not pay them to the landlord,—he struggles as much as possible to get rid of, or to diminish, those taxes (the landlord never troubles himself on the subject); and if they be repealed, the 25*l.* remains in his own pocket, the landlord clearly having no right to a farthing of them. Did these imposts fall on the landlord, he would have no need to separate the amount of them from his rent,—he would be the chief party interested in the repeal, and he would not allow the tenant to benefit by a remission. This point will be rendered more clear by the fact that if a tenant have omitted to pay these taxes, and privily withdraw all his chattels, the Government cannot seize on the empty house, (which is alone the property of the landlord,) in order to meet the defalcation. But in order to set this point in a yet clearer light, no person when purchasing a pound of tea at 6*s.*, whereof 2*s. 6d.* is a tax, supposes that the incidence is on the *grocer*, and not on the purchaser and consumer of the tea; a house is like any other commodity offered for sale; its fixedness makes no difference; for a moveable wooden dwelling on wheels or rollers—provided it be assessed at a certain value, and have a certain number of windows—is as liable to the tax as if it were built of brick or stone, sunk deep in the earth. A stage—or hackney—or hired coach offers a fair parallel;—if a man be desirous of hiring a coach or carriage from a builder or maker in Long Acre, the latter lets the carriage for the time required as a landlord would a house; but the tax levied on stage, hackney, or private coaches is not paid by the maker or builder in Long Acre, but by the person using it, as the tenant of a house does for the *tenement* he inhabits; thus neither the house-builder, coach-maker, nor tea-seller, pay the taxes levied on the respective articles mentioned, the incidence is on the user or consumer of them. We now come to objection—

* It is stated that if the house and window taxes be abolished, the other assessed taxes, viz. on carriages, horses, dogs, &c. must also be repealed, because it would be no use to maintain the machinery now kept for the collection of *all* the assessed taxes; but this argument is of no avail, as the *reliquæ* may more easily be collected by the Stamp-office department than by even the present system, the officers of which have such irresponsible authority.

THIRD.*—No relief would be produced to the community beyond the mere relief from so much taxation.

REPLY.—No doctrine can be more fallacious than the one now broached; the mere amount of a tax is not to be solely estimated in a sound financial point of view, but the capital it keeps out of employ, and, consequently, the industry it checks. If the house and window taxes be repealed, an immense quantity of money and industry will be instantly brought into active requisition; entire streets of old, dilapidated, and filthy tenements would be immediately pulled down; bricklayers, stone-masons, lime-burners, slaters, sawyers, carpenters, painters, glaziers, glass-manufacturers, ironmongers, upholsterers, &c. &c. &c. would be each and all in general demand, and every trade connected with houses would find ample employment; the genius of our architects would be employed in devising new and elegant structures, untrammelled by the number of houses, or the too wealthy appearance which buildings might assume; our streets would be widened and ventilated; and the dense population of England, instead of being herded together in filthy and demoralizing dens of sickness and iniquity, would be scattered over the land, enriching, adorning, and beautifying the country.

Lest superficial or hasty readers should think this article at variance with my observations in No. I. on the advantages of *direct* over *indirect* taxation, I may be allowed to observe, that the house and window taxes have justly become obnoxious, not *because* they are *direct* taxes, but on account of their *partial* and *inequitable* assessments. The example before us demonstrates the advantage of direct taxation, by enabling the people to judge correctly as to the unjustness of an impost: thus the liberty of the subject is better preserved; by indirect taxation *personal freedom* is placed in abeyance, especially if 45,000,000*l.* out of 50,000,000*l.* be raised on the necessaries of life, and on the maritime commerce of the country. If the social fabric of this beautiful island is to be preserved from the consequences of the unholy discord now paralysing the wonted energy of Britons, and if the anticipated blessings of free trade are to be realized, it must be by removing the causes of discontent, and by breaking the shackles which now burden the industry of one of the most active and moral people on the face of the earth.

[*Exposition of the Tea, Sugar, Coffee, and Cocoa Taxes in the next.*]

* By Sir Henry Parnell, who also contends that "beer is a *luxury* to the poor labouring man," and ought to be taxed at its present height!

THE CHARTERED BOOKSELLERS.

MR. CRAIK and MR. KNIGHT appear both to be grievously offended by the remarks which we thought fit to make, in the last Number of this Journal, concerning the "Penny Magazine." The former of these gentlemen has addressed a long and very *complimentary* letter to Mr. Colburn on the subject; and the latter, after communicating to the same quarter his defence in manuscript, has "shamed the rogue" by printing it as an advertisement, which he has threatened to insert in all our contemporary journals. It is due to Mr. Craik to state, that if we have given him any pain, we regret the circumstance much, as we really had no such object in view. He denies being the only, or even the chief caterer for the "Penny Magazine;" and as he deems it essential to his reputation to make the world acquainted with this declaration, we afford it cheerfully all the publicity in our power, assuring him, at the same time, that we by no means intended to depreciate his literary acquirements or industry. As to Mr. Knight, we are at issue with him upon every point which his advertisement has put forth in justification either of himself, or of the corporation under whose patronage he conducts the "British Almanac," the "Companion to the British Almanac," the "Penny Magazine," the "Companion to the Newspaper," the "Penny Cyclopædia," the "Gallery of Portraits," the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and intends, if we be rightly informed, to establish a "Library of Music," together with sundry other periodical works. We are not at all surprised at the sensibility which Mr. Knight has exhibited on this occasion, as few persons are more deeply *interested* than he is, in the issue of the question which we have raised, and which, with his permission, we shall now discuss somewhat more in detail.

But before we enter upon the subject, we beg it to be distinctly understood, that for several of the principal members of the incorporated "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" we entertain unaffected esteem. We have had the good fortune to co-operate with them, generally, in all the great political and legal reforms by which they have secured to themselves the gratitude, as well as the admiration, of the empire. It is with no feeling of pleasure, that we animadvert on the principles of action adopted by an institution which bears upon its front the names of the Lord Chancellor, the Bacon of our day—of Lord John Russell, whose career has already shed new lustre on a noble house already identified with liberty—of Sir Henry Parnell, Sir Thomas Denman, and others, whose attachment to the interests of science, literature, the fine arts, as well as to the cause of justice and freedom, it would be almost dishonourable to doubt. The country, however, cannot long be deceived as to the fact, that the arduous public occupations, which demand the constant attention of the individuals we have named, must of necessity prevent them from exercising anything like a vigilant superintendence over the affairs of the society in question. We believe we may state, without fear of contradiction, that whatever business has been performed

* See the article entitled "Notes on Periodicals," in our last No., p. 426.
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by the committee of that association, for the last three years, has really been executed by five or six individuals, most of whom are wholly unknown to the world. The Lord Chancellor's *fiat* as to all matters concerning the Society is snatched, as it were, from his lips, without the possibility of due reflection upon his part, and thus in his *name*, as well as in those of his more distinguished colleagues, real commercial enterprises are carried on, very profitable to those who are immediately concerned in them, but ruinous to most of the respectable private booksellers in the kingdom, and to the real advancement of literature.

Let us examine a little into the history of this anomalous institution. In the year 1826, an association, consisting of some hundred individuals, was formed in London for the purpose, as the prospectus states, of "imparting useful information to all classes of the community." The attainment of this object was proposed to be effected by "the periodical publication of treatises, under the direction, and with the sanction, of a superintending committee." It was arranged that each treatise should contain "an exposition of the fundamental principles of some branch of science," and that the greater divisions of knowledge should be subdivided in such a manner as to render each capable, if possible, of being explained in a single treatise. An enumeration of the subjects originally intended to be discussed is then given, from which it appears that they were expressly confined to matters of a purely scientific description.

No reasonable objection could be urged against the scheme of a publishing society, strictly limiting its operations to the view which the prospectus thus disclosed. When an association of noblemen and gentlemen, who disclaim the acquisition of personal gain, comes forward for any desirable public object, and enters into a branch of general trade already carried on by private individuals, we apprehend that, in justice to those individuals, it must be shown that the particular department of a trade so taken up is attended with a degree of risk, which the merchant would not be willing to encounter. It must be a line of business attended with pecuniary loss, otherwise it should be left to ordinary commercial enterprise. It is the prospect of loss that justifies the formation of the society, and calls for the subscriptions which are necessary in order to qualify any person to be one of its members. Unless this principle be admitted, there is no trade safe from the interference of amateur associations. The community is composed of mechanics and merchants of every degree. The lawyer is a merchant who sells his skill and knowledge. Suppose the general opinion to be that his charges are too high, and that an association of amateurs were created for diffusing penny law throughout the land, would he not have some right, in the present state of all other professions and trades, to complain of their proceedings? In the same manner, the bills of the butcher are said to be *artificially* kept up. Reduce the price of meat to twopence per pound by means of a society, and you do an apparently great public good. But who are *you* that effect this good for the public? Perhaps a physician, perhaps a haberdasher, perhaps an agriculturist, perhaps a chemist, perhaps an importer of foreign produce. Then "look at home," as Liston says, for, according to the "rule of three," your own turn ought to come next. Nothing can, in fact, be sold at what may be deemed a *natural* price in a highly civilized society. In such a state of human intercourse every interest is of necessity founded on an artificial basis, on the proverbial

principle, "Live and let live." Taxes, rents, charges of a thousand different kinds, must be met by every individual in a greater or less degree, and he is fairly entitled to fix a value, in proportion to all other things, upon his land or the produce of his industry, which may enable him to enjoy, as well as his neighbour, the fruits of his honest avocation.

It does not appear to us that individual enterprise, which is the very life-blood of every commercial community, was at all repressed, or in any way interfered with, by the original plan of the Diffusion Society. It is very well known that our old books of science sold to a very small extent, and that, previous to the establishment of that body, those works were far from being of a popular description. The treatises of the Society, numerous as they have been, have indeed left much to be done in this point of view, for it cannot be denied that they are frequently too abstruse, and altogether very imperfectly executed. Nevertheless, the design was commendable in every respect, and we only regret that it has not been exclusively adhered to.

As the association gathered strength, its leaders made some additions to their first plan, which are also, in our opinion, free from just censure. They organized, in several of the county towns, local committees, which afforded efficient aid in the circulation of the treatises. Advantage was very properly taken of the existence of such committees, in order to institute statistical inquiries, to investigate the rules and proceedings of "friendly societies," with a view to their amelioration, and also to collect data with reference to the progress of education among the lower classes of the people. In order to assist in the accomplishment of the latter object, a "Quarterly Journal" was announced, which deserves all praise. Now, here were four great objects upon which the labours of the Society might have been bestowed, not only without injuring any branch of trade already in existence, but with great and permanent advantage to every part of the community;—the diffusion of science, the compilation of statistics, the improvement of the friendly societies, and of education in general, might have nobly occupied the attention of the first men in the country, and would doubtless in the end have abundantly rewarded their labours. But from these high grounds, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have latterly descended, deserting their original object altogether, and entering into competition with a variety of traders, whose interests it was the duty of the Lord Chancellor, as well as of his colleagues, to protect and not to destroy.

The treatises of the Society met with an unprecedented sale. Nevertheless, some persons, to whom we shall at present only allude, observing that the influence of the celebrated names connected with that body, as well as its extensive ramifications in the country, might be turned to their own pecuniary advantage, suggested that the Committee should apply their efforts to subjects "*of more extensive interest than pure science.*" Mr. Constable, the well-known publisher of the "Waverley" novels, had already commenced a miscellany of entertaining works, upon a scale of economy before that time unexampled. The Committee of Diffusion soon after entered upon a similar undertaking, which they entitled "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge." On the wrappers of each number of this Library the names of every member of the Committees, in town and country, were artfully printed in the most ostenta-

tious manner. The vanity of many men was thus flattered, who found themselves associated with public characters of the first eminence. They were, therefore, engaged by their pride to extend the circulation of the books in their different circles. But this was not all: the appearance of such a list of names on the wrappers was calculated, and intended, to make the public *believe* that the persons so held forth had, in fact, lent the aid of their talents to each and every publication so graced by their names or titles! This was a splendid imposition against which poor Constable had no means of contending. It cost him a little fortune to advertise his publication through the newspapers. The Society had no occasion to advertise at all. Their name was in itself an advertisement. Their committees in town and country pushed the circulation of the "Library" in all directions, and gave their services gratuitously. Constable had to pay everywhere for agency of an infinitely inferior description. The Society rented a room or two in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and engaged a secretary at a small salary, (since increased five-fold,) and a messenger and collector upon the most frugal terms. Constable had to meet the rent and taxes of extensive premises in Edinburgh, and to defray the salaries of a number of clerks and other servants. His correspondence alone was of necessity attended with great expense; while every letter addressed to the Society was sent under cover to a member of the Committee in either House of Parliament. Was it possible for a private merchant to sustain the competition of the Society with such tremendous odds as these against him? We need hardly say that the MISCELLANY was soon SUPPLANTED by the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge!"

Every body is acquainted with Mr. Pinnock's school-books. They are all excellent of their kind. At least, none of them that we have ever met with appear to be liable to any objection on the score of morality or usefulness. The Society next formed a plan for publishing a series of similar books for children; and, though they have not yet carried it into execution, they will doubtless convert much of Mr. Pinnock's property into WASTE PAPER, unless they be driven from their improper interference with PRIVATE TRADE by the power of public opinion.

The circulation of the almanacs published by the Stationers' Company offered, however, a temptation which, in some quarter or other, was not to be resisted. It was represented to the Committee that those diaries of various classes were susceptible of great improvement, and, above all, that they sold to THE EXTENT OF NEARLY HALF A MILLION. The outlay in stamps, which the commencement of such a publication required, was very considerable. The Society had not means competent to the undertaking. But those means WERE FOUND by Mr. KNIGHT, who, by good fortune, had a strenuous friend in an active member of the Committee: the Committee forthwith divided itself into sections;—the sun was given to one; the moon to another; the tides to a third; the eclipses to a fourth; one bureau had the care of the chronology; another of the holidays; another of the public offices and both houses of Parliament; and, in little more than a fortnight, towards the very conclusion of the year, the "British Almanac" was prepared and sent to the printer.

Now, observe, the "Almanac" was declared by the Society, in the first instance, to be an "experiment," entered into with the view of affording an example of improvement in that class of publications. It produced the desired effect. The almanacs of the Stationers' Company were altogether remodelled; and although one of them (continued to gratify old people in nearly its former style) may be open to some objection, the "Englishman's Almanac" is undoubtedly the most useful and comprehensive production of the kind in existence. "It may safely be asserted," say the Society in their Report for 1830, "that no experiment has ever more precisely answered the calculations of those who made it; and that LITERARY COMPETITION has in no instance produced effects more speedily, decidedly, and extensively beneficial to the community." If this be the fact, does it not follow that the Society, having gained the desired object of compelling the Company to reform the almanacs, ought, from that moment, to have ceased all further interference with the legitimate trade of a commercial body? They admit that they had entered into a literary competition with it. What! is it indeed the business of Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Bedford, and Sir Francis Burdett to keep up a competition in the trade of literature with the booksellers, and Stationers' Company? Such seems to be the case. The "British Almanac" and the "Companion" to it were found to be both highly profitable to Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT; and, by a mysterious *sequitur*, the Society resolved "to continue these two works."

GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS, and MAPS OF THE HEAVENS, next engaged the attention of the Committee, and they have produced a series of both, which they have been enabled to sell so cheap, that the established chart publishers throughout the kingdom might as well quit their business at once. It is understood that some, the most eminent amongst them, have already sustained serious losses, in consequence of the "competition" of the Society. There is no subject that did not, after these open deviations from their original plan, come within the labours of the Committee, certainly the most indefatigable *coterie* that ever worked without pay—if it be true that no pay they received, and that they really did attend to the business with which they were thus abundantly supplied. They issued a series of books for the use of the farmer, which treated, "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," the horse, the ox, the ass, the mule, the fox, the polecat, the badger, the weasel, rats and mice, goats and bees, rabbits and fish, stabling, shoeing, yoking, diseases, remedies, milk, butter, cheese, hop-planting, road-making, bridge-building, hens, geese, ducks, breeding, eggs, and feathers! So much for the farmer! For all other classes of mankind the Committee prepared also works on brewing, political economy, medicine, commerce, the rights of industry, the rights of property, division of employments, exchanges and equivalents, population and poor-laws, taxation, banking, Herculaneum and Pompeii, the Elgin and Phigalian marbles, and all manner of wild beasts, in addition to tales, apologues, histories of all countries, lives of all eminent persons, and a countless variety of other productions!—The Committee did all this!

"Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego: namque Deos didici securum agere ævum."

Which Philip Francis hath thus magnified in English :—

“ The sons of circumcision may receive
The wondrous tale, which I shall ne’er believe ;
For I have better learn’d, in blissful ease,
That the good Gods enjoy immortal days ! ”

THE LITERARY UNIVERSALITY which has now become the design of this all-engrossing institution can no longer be a matter of doubt ; or, if it be, we might refer the sceptic to various recent resolutions of the Society,—for they keep up, in due form, the farce of an annual meeting,—in which, for the words “ Useful Knowledge,” the more comprehensive terms “ Useful Literature,” or publications in general “ adapted to the wants and tastes of the various classes of the community,” are SUBSTITUTED. These publications such men as Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. Wilbraham, Mr. Otway Cave, and other equally influential Members of Parliament, are found pledging themselves to circulate through their individual circles. Recommendations are also given to the Local Committees to “ extend the sphere of the Society’s usefulness, by interesting a greater number of persons in its labours ; ”—to associate to themselves “ as many gentlemen, in their respective towns or neighbourhood, as should be willing to subscribe to the Society, or, *without subscribing*, to promote its views ; ”—to take measures “ for extending the circulation of the Society’s works ; ”—and, above all, to promote the formation of “ *Reading Societies* in the country,” for the purpose of taking in the Society’s publications. It is not possible to measure the extent of influence which such recommendations as these, proceeding from Lord Suffield, Lord Brougham, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Fazakerley, Lord Ebrington, Earl Gower, and other noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank and character, must exercise upon those individuals in the country to whom they are addressed ; nor can we require a more decided proof of the power which a society thus organized, and assisted by the great rapidity and certainty of intercourse now established between the metropolis and all parts of the three kingdoms, must necessarily possess, than the single fact, that, within a month after the commencement of the “ Penny Magazine,” it attained a circulation of one hundred and thirty thousand copies. If this be not A SOCIETY TRADING IN LITERATURE, the language in which we write is, to us, altogether unintelligible.

We do not retract a single observation which we have made on the character and tendency of that Journal. We stated that the SOCIETY knew just as much about it as the mandarins of the Celestial Empire. That statement WE REPEAT. The Committee is not a representation of the Society, but a self-constituted body, which fills up vacancies in its own number by its own power of election, without consulting the Society. It may be true, that the proof-sheets are sent, for the sake of formality, to “ certain members of the Committee.” But who are those *certain* members ? Are they two, or three, or more ? Are they Mr. KNIGHT’S ESPECIAL FRIEND and a coadjutor or two, who themselves write either for the “ Magazine,” or the “ Companion to the Newspaper,” or the “ Penny Cyclopædia,” or the “ Library of Entertaining Knowledge ? ” Who are the “ responsible editors ? ” Are they members of the self-constituted Committee ? The “ Magazine ” is called “ The Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Know-

ledge," thereby intimating that the work is actually prepared, revised, and corrected under the immediate care of the Lord Chancellor, and the other eminent members of the Society, whose names are usually referred to as being its leading members. But instead of that being the case, we find it now to be admitted, that the "Penny Magazine" is prepared by appointed editors, of whom the publisher is one, and then revised, or pretended to be revised, by *certain* members—not even a *quorum*, of the Committee!

We asserted that the "Penny Magazine is published under the fiction of its being the property of the Society, whereas, in truth, it is the property of CHARLES KNIGHT and Co." What is the answer which that gentleman gives to this charge? An extract from a report which is as follows:—"The publisher, to whom these works are committed, incurs the *whole* expense of them, including authorship and embellishments, and makes to the Society, in the shape of *rent*, a payment determined by the sale beyond a given number." According to our understanding of the law, as well as of the usual practice, if a publisher incur the whole expense of a work, including authorship and embellishments, it is his own. The copyright is legally the property of him who purchases and pays for it. Now Mr. KNIGHT does incur the whole expense of the "Penny Magazine," including authorship and embellishments; therefore the "Penny Magazine" is HIS PROPERTY, and it is a pure INVENTION to say that, under such circumstances, it is the Magazine "of the Society."

"The agreement," adds the report, "with the publisher is the same as that made by any other proprietor of copyright, who reserves to himself a payment for the use of his copyright, and in no way involves the Society in any commercial speculation." This is perfectly true; but it does not even pretend to assert that the copyright is, or ever was, *in the Society*. The report is most cunningly drawn up, and leaves the reader to infer, if he likes, that the Society is the proprietor, but there are no words to sustain any such conclusion upon the slightest examination. We are told that the arrangement in question "in no way involves the Society in any commercial speculation." Then whose speculation is the "Magazine?" Is it not that of Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT? Are we not correct, therefore, in describing that periodical as "NOTHING MORE THAN A BOOKSELLER'S SPECULATION?"

We have made the *amende honorable* to Mr. Craik: but we do not the less think the "Penny Magazine" to be "an abridgment of all sorts of matter," an "*olla podrida*" often of the most contemptible nature. Mr. KNIGHT enumerates "all the books that have ever been reviewed or epitomized in the 'Penny Magazine,'" and from the comparative paucity of these, as compared with the numbers of the publication, he flatters himself that he derives a most triumphant answer to our criticism. Would he have the goodness to favour the public with a list of all the ORIGINAL ARTICLES, that have ever appeared in his penny periodical? Would he perfect his list by adding to it the titles of the books, from which paragraphs have been extracted with or without acknowledgment, and also those of which hundreds of pages have been EPITOMIZED, without EVEN ONCE ALLUDING TO THE ORIGINAL? By confining his catalogue only to those works which "have been reviewed or epitomized," he shelters himself under the miserable subterfuge of

specifying only those which have been professedly analyzed. But he omits altogether the staple manufacture of the journal, which is composed of shreds and patches gathered from all quarters : of such articles, for instance, as "Organic Remains restored," "Coal," the "Zoological Gardens," the history of the "old Travellers," descriptions of different countries and public buildings, all compiled, with very little trouble, from books which already exist, though the books so plundered may not have been reviewed or *totally* epitomized in the Magazine. We take up at random two numbers of this "*olla podrida*;" in one we find nearly two columns *extracted* from "Crabbe's Parish Register," and yet Crabbe is not named in Mr. Knight's list, simply because that author's productions were neither epitomized nor reviewed in the worthy successor of the "THIEF." In another, we meet with nearly three columns of matter, descriptive of the mode of "catching turtle," abridged from Count Lacepède's history of oviparous quadrupeds; and we observe that, in his list, Mr. Knight makes not the most distant allusion to the name of that celebrated naturalist. In the very same number in which the operatives were edified by an account of catching turtle, which we apprehend they very seldom taste, there are long paragraphs extracted from the "North American Review" and "Henderson's Iceland;" but are these works mentioned in the list? We imagined that Mr. KNIGHT had been more adroit in the use of his weapons, and feel surprised that he should have laid himself open to an *exposé* of this unanswerable character.

As to the remark, made in the way of "a puff indirect," about the value of "a notice not to be purchased at any price," we believe it to be literally true, simply because nobody would be so simple as to *pay* any price for a *review* of his work in the "Penny Magazine." Surely Mr. KNIGHT must well know that the opinions of his journal have no weight whatever with any human being who is able and willing to buy a new book! Does he really suppose that any man of ordinary intelligence, who happens to see what is called "a notice" in the "Penny Magazine," does not also, at the same time, very clearly perceive that the said notice is inserted for the sole and exclusive purpose of filling up the columns of that paper? Certainly we have never observed in it a review that deserved to be so styled, either for the display of talent, taste, learning, or any other qualification which may entitle one writer to criticize the productions of another. SHEER PLAGIARISM, under the pretext of "a notice," is the real object in the contemplation of the publisher; and we cannot understand how even a good review, if any such thing were there, would induce the readers of his compilation to purchase so much as a single copy of the "Wealth of Nations," of "Mundy's Sketches," the "Commercial Dictionary," "Calabria, by a General Officer," or any one of the works which have been "reviewed or epitomized in the 'Penny Magazine.'"

Here then we have a periodical journal of no originality and of very little merit, carried on in the name of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, who receive a RENT FOR THE LOAN OF THAT NAME, and through whose agency a particular FAVOURED PUBLISHER is enabled to push the work into an enormous circulation. We ask whether this is not an unjust interference with the exertions of the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, and other individuals engaged in the trade of periodical literature? But the grievance, for such it is, by no means stops here.

We perfectly well remember, that some time before the "Penny Cyclopædia" of the Society was ever thought of, a similar publication had been projected by a respectable man, who was struggling, in a declining trade, to maintain a young family left, by the death of their mother, to his sole care. He proceeded with his plan, but it was too good a thought not to become the PREY OF THE COMMITTEE. They actually had the AUDACITY to issue an advertisement stating *their* intention to publish a "Penny Cyclopædia" of their own, and insinuating, in no modest terms, that the rival work was a kind of apocryphal undertaking, which deserved no portion of the public patronage! Really it makes one's blood boil with indignation, when one sees the property of a set of poor orphans trampled under foot in this manner by another trader, who, because he has the name of the Society painted on his sign-board, seems to think himself entitled to throw off all the ordinary restraints to which fair rivalry in trade is subject. And yet he talks about THE CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN!

By the way, the Committee are remarkably elaborate in their prospectus of this "Cyclopædia." They profess a particular regard for the voluminous publications already known under that title. "To abridge their contents," says the Prospectus, "and thus destroy their value, would be unjust; it is therefore intended to recast the whole circle of knowledge; to present, under an alphabetical arrangement, *every* information that an inquiring person can naturally seek; and to constitute the 'Cyclopædia' a *complete* book of reference." Is not this an attempt to substitute the "Penny Cyclopædia" for the voluminous works referred to, and to perpetuate the very injustice which, in words, they disavow? Now, what is this process of recasting of which the Report speaks? It is simply cutting up all the Cyclopædias now in existence, and reproducing, in an abridged form, the most popular portion of their contents, interspersed with the spoils of all the new works on geology, astronomy, physics, geography, and the other sciences, as well as the arts, which have been published within the last ten years. The scheme of a new Cyclopædia might be very properly entertained by any private trader, because, if he hoped to succeed in it, he must produce the names of GENTLEMEN of science and literature, distinguished by great attainments, who are capable of giving an original character to every thing they touch, and incapable of descending to the system of UNIVERSAL PLAGIARISM; but with respect to the "Penny Cyclopædia" the case is very different. The eternal list of the Committee, displayed upon its wrappers, stands in the place of every other species of guarantee. There they are, *supposed* to be perpetually superintending every thing, from the description of the steam-engine to the breeding of a kitten; and under this HYPOCRITICAL MANTLE may be concealed an OBSCURE LITERARY DRUDGE who has not a second idea in his head, save what he FILCHES from the BRITISH MUSEUM. The trick is too gross to be endured any longer. It reminds us of a poor Spaniard whom we once met in the Gardens of the Tuileries, wrapped in a very fine cloak. An ill-timed blast of wind threw the cloak open, and showed that the apparent grandee was destitute even of a shirt underneath.

But of all the encroachments upon the rights of private trade, of which the Society stand guilty, we think that their "GALLERY OF PORTRAITS" comes out in bold relief as the most FLAGRANT. "The high price of

engravings," they say in their Report for 1831, "is *artificially kept up*; and the Committee (those never-ceasing maids of all work!) have conceived that they may render a useful and acceptable service to the public by *superintending* the preparation of a series of engravings from the portraits of celebrated men, to be accompanied with biographical notices, four of which, *of the size of Lodge's Portraits, and as carefully executed*, will be sold for about two shillings and sixpence. It is in contemplation, afterwards, to publish engravings from celebrated paintings, with notices of the artists, and the particular work." The impartial reader must be shocked by the INDECENCY of the comparison, which is here introduced, between the intended portraits of the Society and those which had been already, for some years, in the course of publication by Messrs. HARDING and LEPARD. It is saying, in other words, "we shall give four portraits, quite as large as Lodge's Portraits, and executed with equal skill, for about a fourth of the price which the proprietors of that series charge for one." Here is an open and avowed attempt by the Society, therefore, to RUIN THE TRADE OF THE MOST EMINENT PRINT-SELLERS OF THE KINGDOM. The Society do not state that they have no establishment to support—no rent and taxes to pay—no advertisements to meet—no charges for agency in town or country to disburse—no capital whatever in trade—they leave it to be inferred that they meet Messrs. Harding and Lepard upon equal terms of competition, and that they will, nevertheless, drive them effectually out of the market. And so they will, undoubtedly, if they have not done so already; and not only those respectable merchants, but every other throughout the empire engaged in the same trade.

If the members of the Society, insensible to the voice of justice, and relying upon the political influence which their leaders possess, are shortsighted and obstinate enough to persevere in the improper courses upon which they have been impelled by the SELF-INTERESTED PERSON WHO RENTS THEIR NAME, it would seem, at all events, but reasonable that they should be placed upon the same footing as the other traders, whose rivals they are in spirit as well as in substance. In the year 1832, they obtained a CHARTER from the king, by virtue of which they are now constituted a body politic and corporate, under the name of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," having "perpetual succession and a common seal," and authorized "by the same name to sue and be sued, implead and be impleaded, answer and be answered unto in every court of the king, his heirs and successors." "By this incorporation," says the Society in their Report of that year, "their transactions will be *facilitated*, and their purposes *materially aided*." Never was any assertion better founded than this, for the effect of the charter is to protect the members of the Society from all pecuniary responsibility whatever, beyond THE SOLITARY SOVEREIGN they subscribe, respectively, to the funds of the corporation. If it be true, as unquestionably it must be, that a charter of this description does facilitate and materially aid the transactions of this commercial Society, why should not a similar charter of pecuniary irresponsibility be granted to every private trader in the kingdom who chooses to demand it? Why are the members of the new body politic to be deemed entitled to privileges, which are denied to all others of his Majesty's liege subjects? Why are they to be shielded by the peculiar favour of the crown, from the necessity of submitting

to the laws of insolvency or of bankruptcy, in case they should be unfortunate in their mercantile dealings?

The committee acknowledge that, upon the average of five years, their income, from annual subscriptions, did not exceed the sum of 125*l*. They must, therefore, have conducted their extensive transactions by means of their *profits* in trade. Thus they are dealers and chapmen, buying and selling, earning gains, and liable to losses. But the bankrupt laws cannot touch them, because they are a corporation. They were actually insolvent in the year 1829, to the amount of 750*l*., which they were obliged to borrow and pay up, because then they had no charter, and each member was personally responsible for all the debts of the association. But now they are guarded by their charter from any unpleasant consequences of that description. They may destroy every commercial house in the country with which they may think fit to compete; but they will remain themselves uninjured by the ruin which they shall have wrought around them.

It is asserted as a matter of triumph in one of the Reports (for 1831) "that the organization of the Society enabled them in a few days to prepare, publish, and circulate 20,000 copies of a particular volume, through the most useful channels, followed by a sale of more than 120,000 copies besides." These copies, be it remembered, were not given away gratuitously—they were all sold, yielding, upon that vast sale, a large return. What private firm can stand, we ask, against such a system of machinery as this, which ensures to the Society a boundless market at all times for books, which, though cheaper than all others in the world of letters, bring back, on account of the vast number disposed of, a much larger proportion of profit, than those of a more expensive nature issued by any private establishment?

We take leave to put one question to Mr. KNIGHT, to which we trust he will not shrink from giving an immediate and unequivocal answer. Why do not the Society state in any of their Reports the actual amount of *rent* he pays them for the LOAN OF THEIR NAME, which he so freely uses in the "Penny Magazine," the "Penny Cyclopædia," the "Companion to the Newspaper," the "Gallery of Portraits," and his other publications? The Committee state they have abstained from bringing the rent, or rather *rents*, into account, because those receipts are engaged in other publications! There is a *reason* for you! They will wait until the money is *spent*, and then they will tell the world all about it. But is it not the true cause of this mysterious concealment, that a disclosure upon that point would, of necessity, reveal the HUMBUG which is now palmed upon a credulous public?

The time for such delusions has, however, passed. They have had their day, and they must disappear from the stage. It will become the duty of all other established book and printsellers in the three kingdoms, to PETITION THE THRONE, and if that will not do, THE PARLIAMENT, for the purpose of getting the charter of this unlawful corporation CANCELLED, and the Society itself DISSOLVED as the greatest NUISANCE that has appeared since the extinction of the renowned Constitutional Association, which, under the pretext of diffusing a love of order, attempted to destroy the liberty of every man in the country.

C. H.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF A LATE UNREPORTED MEETING.

O'CONNELL was correct; the reporters who burked his bulls, and hid the effulgence of his eloquence, by the infamous accusation of inaudibility in the gallery—these men, these extinguishers of the lights of Ireland, these concealers of the gems of wisdom, are pursuing their career, effectually stopping up the avenues of knowledge, and daily allowing orators to “blush unseen;” or, in plainer terms, to make unreported speeches. Let no one think lightly of their crime—’tis an envious, a deadly one; think, good reader, of the throes of Mr. Muggle of Candlewick, who, after three weeks’ study, is perfect in an extemporaneous speech, and goes forth, in gorgeous garments and high hopes, to “the meeting at the Castle and Falcon;” who (having judiciously selected his friends, and given them their cues for the “hear, hears !”) succeeds to a miracle, and sits down in that state of mental elevation that makes

“Cicero, Cæsar, and he seem one :”

think of the bitterness of that man’s feelings, when, on the following morning, waking at six for the purpose, he seizes the still reeking “Times,” and finds that he is unnoted; that even his name has been omitted, or mistaken by some “villain of a reporter.” If there be an extenuation for man hating his fellow-man, assuredly this must be one. But this is an instance of individual injury; what if we say that the most important meeting ever known in London—one, too, on a subject deeply interesting to the citizens—has been denied a channel of publicity? that “the gentlemen of the fourth estate” have burked the fact? One reporter, happily, remains,

“The solitary green spot on memory’s waste,”

willing to save his quondam coadjutors from indelible infamy, and he gives to the world,

THE MEETING OF THE BUILDINGS.

(*House and Window Tax.*)

A meeting took place on Tuesday night, in Copenhagen Fields, to take into consideration the house and window tax, as it pressed upon those most affected by it. Several public buildings had declared, at a private meeting, that, as the inhabitants seemed apathetic, it became imperative on the buildings suffering so much to look to their windows; it was unanimously agreed to call the meeting at night, as the crowded state of the metropolis would render it inconvenient for such large bodies to move in the day. By eleven o’clock, at least five thousand streets and buildings were upon the ground. At a quarter after, the Queen’s Head came with the King’s Arms; the White Horse came in a cab; Shoe and Leather Lanes on foot; the Blind School unfortunately lost its way in the fog, whilst the Three Tuns were taking a glass together with the Cheshire Cheese at the Glo’ster Coffee House; the Green Dragon and Blue Boar came with the Spotted Dog; the Swan with Two Necks arm in arm with the Windmill; the Sun Fire Office, being very old, was car-

ried by the Atlas ; the Norwich Union (Life and Fire) came separately, and the Hand in Hand one after another. By twelve o'clock all the principal buildings were present (except the East India House, which said though *itself* in the habits of *going out after tea* it would *not* do so if *others* went.)

St. Paul's Cathedral was unanimously called to the chair.

The venerable Chairman said there was scarcely a building in London that was not disordered in its *lights* under a paltry pretence of decreasing its *panes*; the very cess-pools paid assessed taxes; these evils existed in Bishopsgate Street Within, without comparison; the taxes too were unequally levied; at Saint Giles's they did not pay one shilling in the pound.

(A shabby old fellow, who we understood to be Saint Giles' Pound, complained of this as personal.)

St. Paul's proceeded: he had reason particularly to complain of his *doom*; he had no peace for the *railing* around him; those only who dwelt at a dancing school could imagine the annoyance of having continually a *ball* over one's head; and it couldn't excite surprise if he (St. Paul's) showed a little *cross* upon it. A tax on light was a heavy calamity, it was equivalent to putting out the eyes of the buildings; it was peculiarly dreadful in his case from the complaints of his neighbours, for the great bell, if unmuffled, would, by its tone, break all the windows in the Church-Yard, which, in times of taxation, would make it the most expensive of all the City Bells.

("No, no, *not of all the City Bells*," from the Mansion House.)

The Great Bell of St. Paul's was asked whether *he* vouched for this, but said he didn't *know* he was only *toll'd*.

The Chairman spoke at great length, but in so low a tone as to be frequently inaudible where we stood (close by Highgate Archway); and concluded by proposing an appeal to Parliament by petition, and to the public through the press.

Smithfield said it would employ some able *pens* for the latter purpose; but represented the anomaly of a petition from the *streets* and *buildings*, being sent to the two *houses*. Why—(said the Market energetically)—why is not "*The Commons* here?"

The Broadway (Westminster) remarked, the Commons being untaxed was not affected by the question.

Smithfield was astonished to find the Broadway taking this narrow view of the subject. The Commons *was* interested if it wished to preserve its credit or consistency, which it really appeared regardless of in this case. The other House might be excused, as the meeting was not called on the Lord's day. The eloquent Market concluded by negating the proposition of petitioning.

The Old Bailey, on the contrary, was willing to give the thing a *trial*.

The Monument was wholly uninterested in the question; but if an appeal was made to the newspapers, he would supply a *long column*.

Here the meeting was disturbed by a quarrel between the Old and New Post Offices, which was fermented by the Three Cups, the Cross Keys, and Wapping. The Green Man and Still was particularly noisy, and there was much muttering between the Hummums. In the confusion, the Mansion House and Bank left the meeting.

The Jews' Benevolent Society wished the Bank would *stop*. It be-

hoved it, and, indeed, all Threadneedle Street, to have an eye to the proceedings of that evening. He (the Society) was sorry to observe any dissension between the Post Offices; such conduct was derogatory to persons of letters. ("Hear, hear!" from the Office in Gerrard Street.) He could have wished to have seen a larger assembly. One speaker had asked why the Commons did not attend? (A voice answered that Commons wouldn't come to crowded meetings, as they dreaded being inclosed.) The speaker continued. He meant the House of Commons. He would ask where were the Bridges—Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster? He excused New London Bridge, which was too young to know any better; and Southwark, which was not a legitimate building.

The Bricklayers' Arms said that was mere irony; it *had* been built, —ergo, it was a building.

The White Horse couldn't draw such a conclusion. Southwark and the other bridges should have attended.

The Bricklayers' Arms suggested that had the Bridges left their places, he and his eloquent friends, New Bedlam and the Elephant and Castle, couldn't have crossed the water to the meeting. It was time to bestir when the windows were vanishing before the innovating hands of the bricklayer and tiler.

"What Tiler?" from Smithfield, who had been talking to the East India Docks.

"If," resumed the Bricklayers' Arms, "the tax continues, we shall be reduced to the Cimmerian darkness of a primitive state; the gloom of bricked-up windows will make the metropolis resemble 'Lethe's dismal strand.'"

The Strand and Pickett Place rose at the same instant. St. Paul's said the latter caught his eye first: however, the Strand proceeded. He complained of the ungentlemanly allusion of the Bricklayers' Arms. The term "*dismal strand*" was exceedingly inapplicable, when so much had been lately done in the way of improvement that he (the Strand) actually didn't know himself. It was true, Exeter Change had been removed; but an arcade for a menagerie made the change no loss. Cateaton Street complained of the destruction of the *Mews*, (King's Mews,) and it might make the *quondam* village of Charing cross; but St. Martin's Church would bear testimony to the utility of that alteration. All the neighbourhood concurred in the improvements. ("No, no!" from the lower part of St. Martin's Lane; on which Northumberland House said he would conclude for the Strand. St. Martin's Lane—"You say so now; but the lion has a different tale.")

When the confusion had subsided, a wretched-looking foreigner (in old Italian garments, which had evidently *once* been gorgeous) stepped forward. As well as we could understand, for he spoke English very imperfectly, he described himself as a refugee of the name of Herculanum; said he could speak as to a deprivation of light, having been nearly 2000 years underground. ("Question, question." Was it by taxation?) "No, by lava," which was an intolerable burthen, and so was the tax. (Hisses, during which the old gentleman requested the Hercules (Leadenhall Street) to intercede for him, but the learned Coach Office denied all knowledge of Herculanum; he had no such name in his books.)

A question arose as to who should report the meeting. Johnson's

Court (Fleet Street) offered his services; but the Temple said there was a *bar* to Fleet Street. Paternoster Row suggested the Author of *Lights and Shadows*; but it was ultimately settled that the report should be made by Cannon Street.

On the question of drawing up the petition, the Inner Temple offered his *gratis* services. (Bravo from Chancery Lane. "I wish you may get it" from Furnival's Inn.)

Lincoln's Inn Old Square said, the flippancy of Furnival's Inn (a mere *bar*) was unworthy of reply. The venerable parent of the present Furnival's Inn, whom many must recollect with awe and adoration. (Hear! hear! from Staple and Barnard's Inn); *that* venerable building never descended to ribaldry. The offer of the Inner Temple was *peculiarly* liberal. ("Werry peekooliar" was here *whistled* by Furnival's Inn; a disturbance ensued, and the Opera House knocked Furnival's Inn down. "Bravo" from the Ancient Concert Rooms.) Many had offered their services to prepare the petition. The Elephant said, he could *draw* anything; the offer from Drury Lane and Covent Garden he treated as ridiculous, as it was well known *they* had long ceased to *draw* altogether; it could not be in better hands, for the Temple had itself existed in very dark ages.

The late Equitable Loan Office spoke in favour of *pledges*; and, after a short speech from Long Acre, the resolutions were passed.

Aldgate Pump moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his impartial conduct. (Carried.)

St. Paul's returned thanks in a neat speech, and the meeting broke up.

[We are truly sorry to add that much confusion occurred in returning. The Adelphi behaved in a most unbrotherly manner to the theatre of that name. Petticoat Lane got tipsy with Holywell Street (the latter, by the by, said his home was in a street near the Strand, yet he didn't know *which street*!). Smithfield, being dreadfully intoxicated, talked in a very revolutionary manner. Skinner Street kindly undertook to see the Market safe, as far as the corner of King Street (alias Cow Lane), then Long Lane took charge of it (Smithfield), but ultimately left it and ran into Barbican and Aldersgate. St. Paul's School missed its way, and got to Birchin Lane. The Wheatsheaf wandered to Cornhill; and Old St. James's Palace was so frolicsome that he said he "didn't care whether he got home or not," and actually talked of an excursion to Windsor and Brighton. By 6 o'clock, however, all were at home and in their proper places, with the exception of the English Opera House, which has not yet appeared, and considerable doubts are entertained whether it will ever be seen again.]

W. R. L.

BACKGAMMON *versus* CHESS.

I AM just come away from a terrible dispute with my cousin Kate on the relative merits of backgammon and chess. Kate patronises chess; I stick up for backgammon; and to hear us at our argument you would think Bedlam was broke loose outright. I say *our* argument, because I am a gallant fellow; though, to put modesty on the shelf for once, the ratiocination is pretty nearly all on one side—mine, of course. Yet, I don't know how it is, I can never bring Kate to my way of thinking—may, she has not unfrequently the assurance to say that I am the vanquished party. Women are certainly the worst of arguers in the world; they never know when they are beaten. You may assail them with logic, you may batter them with syllogisms—what care they? You think you have got them fairly into a *reductio ad absurdum*—you have driven them to Point Nonplus—you have left them with not so much as a leg to stand upon—and straightway they take up their old position just as if nothing had happened. That's always the way with Kate, at least. When I have outwangled her till I am nearly black in the face, and she is reduced to a positive nonentity, calmly she spreads out her wings, like a regenerated phoenix (excuse the staleness of the simile!) and from those cinders of argumentation, rises up in all the pride of unruffled plumage. This puts me in a pet—well it may, indeed!—and then we get to “high words;” and then Kate laughs; and then I bounce out of the room; and, running to this little den of mine, set-to to vindicate myself in an essay.

That's the best way of disputing, after all—the pleasantest, at any rate. You can then give your arguments fair play. If there is a weak point in your adversary's reasoning, what fine tearing work you can make of it! And if a tough objection comes in your way, how easy to misunderstand it, or skip it over altogether! Commend me to your pen-argument, there is none can compare with it. It is like a grand field-day and review, where the troops are all on one side: or, if you are obliged, for candour's sake, to give yourself a few heavy linges, no fear but you will find means to parry them—like the cat in the kitchen, you need not care being tossed head over heels a little, for there is no danger but you will come down on your legs again.

How any one can like chess moves my especial wonder. It is the dullest, the puzzlingest, and the tediousdest game under the sun. There they sit, Kate and James, posing and prosing over those horses'-heads and fools'-caps hour after hour, night after night. They speak but once or twice in an evening, and then only monosyllabically, “Check!”—and it seems as if a chair or a table had been suddenly endowed with speech. They can't talk themselves, and they can't be talked to. You cannot ask the civilest question but they give you a sulky answer—if, indeed, they condescend to give you an answer at all. They call it *playing* at chess, monstrous perversion!—to me it seems harder work than algebra. It is the most lacklustrous of all games—it is no game at all, in fact—it is a labour, and a labour, too, the most irksome that can well be imagined. It is like those “instructive games” invented for children, where they are required to twirl the tee-totum and ascertain

the height of John Chinaman in a breath; where the drawing of a card or the throwing of a die leads you to the depth of the Mediterranean or the longitude of Pernambuco. Poor dear children! who could have so miserably mistaken the nature of play—who could have forged such fetters for their souls? But, bless them! they despised the cheat—they spurned the starved snake—they tore the false sheet into ten thousand tatters—they shivered the tee-totum into ten thousand fragments! But look at the chess-players, motionless as a brace of mummies! And yet they describe their game as “very exciting.” Ha! ha! only observe their faces—not a curl of the lip, not a twinkle of the eye—they have not mustered so much as a smile betwixt ’em this half hour! Once or twice, indeed, they have been “excited” to a most portentous frown; and something very like a half-suppressed “damn it” has every now and then been heard on James’s side of the board. They tell you it is the game of kings—war in miniature. If kings like it, well and good; one seldom hears of them playing at it. I have been a constant reader of the daily papers this—no matter how many years; I have read of his Majesty taking an airing in the Park, playing a quiet rubber at whist, sailing on Virginia Water, and going to look at the harriers at the Devil’s Dyke; but I never heard of the king playing at chess. As for its being an image of war (no great credit, by-the-bye), so is backgammon—so is cribbage—so is fox-and-geese. Query:—do kings ever play at fox-and-geese?

I have mentioned backgammon. Yes, backgammon *is* a game. What life—what spirit—what merriment—what variety! Rattle, rattle, rattle, go the dice—*bang*-sixes! Bravo! take you up—cover my own blot—take you up again, and complete the last point in my own table. Ha, ha! if that is not enough to make any one die with laughing, what is? Throw again—six and three—obliged to leave a blot—fours—by Jove, you take me—there again—up I go, two men mast-headed in a moment, and my adversary grinning from ear to ear. Ha, ha, ha!

That’s what I like in backgammon. The reverses are so sudden—the ups and downs are as quick as in running hand. You have not time to brood over your ill luck, and your enjoyment is the keener for the shortness of your triumph. It is like a game at fisticuffs, where you shake hands with your antagonist before you set-to, and pledge his health in a bumper when all is over. The other one is far more vicious—downright French and English—war to the knife—thorough “good hating.” In backgammon, you have not time to be angry; in chess, ill-blood must needs grow from so long brooding. I would not willingly walk out in the dark with a man whom I had beaten at chess. You may believe it or not, as you like; but I once knew a young fellow who lost his mistress and forty thousand pounds by indiscreetly taking her queen with one of his pawns; and my uncle, who is as fond of backgammon as I am, assures me that he has heard of a person who, having been stale-mated when on the point of winning a long-contested game, took it so much to heart that he cut his carotid artery three weeks after. For my part, I never could properly understand chess—it is such in-and-out, three-cornered work. The rooks, bishops, and pawns I could manage well enough; but those horrid horses’ heads, they always perplexed me. And then that *castling the king*, I never could remember, from one time to another, how it was to be done; and never

saw the use of it when it was done. Most people, I believe, play at chess because they think it fine to do so ; young ladies, because they fancy it argues a masculine mind—young men, because it hides their stupidity—retired tallow-chandlers, because they consider it genteel. I was once fool enough to be dazzled by the glitter of the red and white, and went to Phillidor, and went to see the automaton. But the fit was not of long duration—I soon cut my wisdom-teeth—I soon returned to dear old backgammon ; and I wish, reader, you and I could have a hit together at this moment. I can never tire of backgammon. It is like "Sweet Home," (the song, I mean,) you cannot have too much of it ; the appetite here "grows by what it feeds on," (really our quotations and similes are shockingly antique) ; it is like bread-and-cheese, of which it is said, the more you eat the hungrier you get. It unwearies the mind, and *rectifies* the spirits. It turns a Nero into an Augustus, and a Cymon into a Cæsar. The very sight of a backgammon-board is enough to put me into a good humour. Those stripes of crimson and grey, how pleasant they be, like the glowing clouds of a summer sunset, or the brilliant coruscations of the Aurora Borealis ! How different the arena of the chess war ! It always puts me in mind of the symbol on an alehouse window. It deserves no better than to be played on a shutter.

Backgammon is essentially a gay game. It is not to be played with solemn thoughts and sour faces. You ought to laugh every time you throw, and if you have not a jest ready for every "doublets," you don't deserve to throw doublets again as long as you live. As backgammon is a game almost entirely of chance, it will scarcely be in good taste to make much stand upon your skill. Less is it to be endured that you should be constantly referring to Hoyle, for the maintenance of some vexatious rule or foolish courtesy. If a man stand shilly-shallying over a blot, or hesitates to take one of your men, for fear of the consequences, beware how you lend him your money, or entrust him with the title-deeds of your house ! If a man insults you by pedantically quoting and resolutely maintaining antiquated laws, such as, "If you touch a man you must move it, and if you relinquish it you cannot recall it," shut the board in his face, ring for your slippers, and go to bed. I was once called in to bail a fellow with whom I had long been on terms of intimacy. We played a game or two at backgammon in the spunging-house. I threw sixes, one on one side the board, one on the other. He protested it was against the rules of the game, and insisted on my throwing again. I took up my hat, left the room, and suffered my friend to go to prison. Did I not serve him rightly ?

The only objection I ever heard against backgammon was its want of sociality,—only two can play at it. This is the objection of my very good friends, the whist players. But I don't consider it an objection : far from it—it is an advantage. There is seldom more than one person in a company that you care to concern yourself about ;—a friend, perhaps, or a sweetheart. If a friend, how delightful an opportunity it affords you for a *tête-à-tête* ! You go on playing and joking, rattling the dice and squibbing off puns, as pleasantly as sunshine in a hay-field. The game no more interrupts your thoughts than a gale disturbs the serenity of the deeps. It is to your discourse what the accompaniment is to a song : it is as animating as a trumpet to a war-horse, or a view-hollo to a fox-hunter, or a pair of bagpipes to a Scotchman. In the case of a

sweetheart, the game is positively invaluable. To the lady herself what opportunities it affords for the display of a well-turned arm; how daintily her little fingers curvet about amongst the men; how brilliantly glance her bright eyes, smiling over some lucky throw! And to *you*, a *fête champêtre*, or a fancy ball, gives not half the facilities. I never was in love but once in my life, and then I always used to pay my addresses through the medium of the backgammon board. Oh! Mary Rose W——! (Mrs. Jacob Jenkinson now,) Oh! Mary Rose! (Rose-mary I used to call you in our more playful moments,) what billings and cooings have we had over that mock “History of England” of your old aunt’s! What tender things have we said under cover of the dice-box! what sighs have we mingled with the rattling of the men! how very close have we brought our lips (all but kissing) under pretence of disputing a throw, or ascertaining the length of a six-and-five! How often, too, when your poor aunt has looked up from her “Whole Duty of Man,” and seen us leaving blot after blot, and throwing helter-skelter, and playing into the wrong table, and taking up our own men instead of our adversary’s;—how often has she startled us with her old favourite exclamation, “Heyday! how now?” and how have you blushed, Mary, at being convicted of a sigh or an ogle! and how have I stammered out an excuse for my fingers, which were haply caught playing themselves amongst your jetty ringlets, or for my toe, which was making love to *your* toe under the little rosewood table! Oh! Mary, Mary! those were happy days!—my heart and your heart, Mary—— But, as I said before, you are Mrs. Jacob Jenkinson now, and I mustn’t say a word of tenderness in your matronly ear, lest that old stock-broking husband of your’s should take it into his head to sue for damages. Oh! Mary, Mary, how *could* you think of marrying into the 3 per cent. Consols,—to be dinned to death with the slang of Capel-court, —to give birth to nothing but bulls and bears?

I have known a game of chess to last two, three, or even four evenings. That seems bad enough; but what must one think when it comes to be spun out for as many months,—to be played through the medium of the General Post-office, and hundreds of miles intervene betwixt each move! Madness, madness! I was once challenged to play a game through the Twopenny, but I declined with indignation. The challenger showed me a letter he had that morning received from an adversary in Edinburgh, and he expected another, he said, by the next vessel from India. The Edinburgh letter ran thus:—“Dear Phil,—By moving pawn No. 4 one square forward, you will very much oblige,—Dear Phil,—your’s very sincerely,—John Johnstone.” This fact alone is, in my mind, enough to damn chess. What affectation! what folly! Did any one ever hear of a game of backgammon being played after such a foolish fashion? Never, I’ll be bound for it. Then, the airs of superiority the chessites assume over us poor backgammonists, and the utter contempt they profess for our game! Why, the fact is, that our game is as superior to their’s as silver to sawdust. In chess, two players must either be equal or unequal. If equal, they see through each other’s manoeuvres in a minute; and the game (if not prolonged till both parties are heartily sick of each other, and so dropped from mere weariness) is lost at last by an oversight,—the loser not considering himself beaten.

If unequal, a certain number of moves places the weaker party *hors de combat*, and that as often as the game may happen to be renewed.

In backgammon nothing of this sort takes place. The most practised player may be beaten by the veriest tyro. Old grandpapa may be gammoned by his little curly-headed granddaughter. Luck's all. Fortune governs throughout: conjecture is positively dumbfounded. A chancery suit or an action for libel can scarcely be more uncertain in its results. At backgammon all men are fatalists. Many fine moral lessons are contained in its leafless book. The "Talmud" and the "Koran" are not more full of ethical instruction than those two volumes of anti-types. They teach us how vain are all our calculations of the future,—how foolish it is for man to trust to his own predictions in matters over which himself has no control. They counsel us to look with suspicion on present good fortune, yet never to despair in the midst of adversity. Let no man be puffed up with pride; his pride may have a fall: let no man despond at the presence of poverty; he may throw sixes! Backgammon instils into our minds the rudiments of honourable competition; of course, it is no game for the St. Simonians: it teaches us that all mankind are equal,—black and white. It is a microcosm, in which the men represent the brute matter, and the dice the informing principle. If chess is a game for kings, backgammon is a recreation fit for the immortal gods themselves.

A noble game is backgammon,—as I think cousin Kate will acknowledge when she comes to cast her fine black eyes over this most veritable and unsophisticated essay.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Incendiarism—The late Trial for Murder—Sir Peter Laurie—The new Fiddle-player—The Pantheon, Balloons, Bazaars, &c.—Emigration: Tax on Absentees—St. James's Palace Clock—Quick Travelling to India—The Affair at "Lloyd's"—Desecration of Churches—The Trades' Unions—The new Governor of Jamaica—Fashions from France.

INCENDIARISM.—We regret to find that this crime is still on the increase; and what renders it more interesting to the Londoners (whose feelings upon most public questions are regulated by the consideration of how far they may themselves be affected by the results) is the fact, that conflagrations are beginning to be common on the skirts of the town. A farm at Camberwell—we scarcely flattered ourselves that Camberwell remained so rural—has been fired, another near Staines, another (the celebrated Oxgate Farm) at Willesden, and another near Acton. One of the miscreants, who was convicted of setting fire to various stacks and ricks, and out-buildings, and who has expiated his crime on the gallows, admitted his inducement to have been the reward of six shillings and sixpence, which he got for giving the alarm and fetching the engines. For the sake of this moderate premium he had been the means of destroying upwards of twenty thousand pounds worth of property. In the annals of selfishness this worthy ought to hold a very distinguished place.

THE LATE TRIAL FOR MURDER.—We last month noticed the curious coincidence which existed between the circumstances connected with two murders, which had then recently taken place. The trial for one of those murders has ended in the acquittal of the prisoner. The evidence given in the case would form matter for one of the most interesting of the *Causes Célèbres* of the country, and exhibited to the jury and the public, not only the unequivocal innocence of the accused grandson, but the most extraordinary instance of paternal hatred and inveteracy on the part of the prisoner's father that can well be imagined. The motives for this inveteracy must have been extremely strong, and the necessity for referring to those motives acutely painful to him who, in his own vindication, was compelled to attract particular attention to them. Whether the necessity of this reference will lead to any further measures against the unnatural parent, we know not; certain it is, that there must be a yet unremedied defect in the practical part of our criminal law, for upon the occasion of this trial, in the first instance, the difficulty—and at last it was matter of compulsion—in getting anybody to prosecute, was enormous. Whether a similar disinclination in the second instance will leave matters as they are, we cannot pretend to say, but really the circumstances and conversations which were in evidence on the trial of the young Bodle, appear fully to justify an investigation into the conduct of the elder one.

SIR PETER LAURIE.—The corporation of London have voted the late Lord Mayor, Sir Peter Laurie, their thanks for his conduct in the chair during his year of magnificence, and we believe, from what we hear from those who understand the thing, and care about it, that no chief magistrate ever conducted himself with greater assiduity, urbanity, and, above all, *civically speaking*, hospitality, than Sir Peter. The corporation, however, anxious as they were to express their sense of the worthy Alderman's services, thought proper to qualify their praise with a little censure, as the brewers embitter their beer with hops to make it more palatable; in the present instance they failed in their attempt to be agreeable.

They made an allusion, in the vote of thanks, to Sir Peter's manner of examining prisoners at the Mansion-House, against themselves, that is to say, to his putting such questions as, if fairly answered, must criminate the party answering, and maintaining his right to elicit the truth by any means in his power. Sir Peter, in acknowledging the tribute to his merits, replies in a bold, manly manner to their reference to his defect; and, avowing the goodness of his intentions, appeals to the fact of several convictions of swindlers and vagabonds, of all descriptions, as a proof of the advantages derivable from his system.

Now we of ourselves have a very strong opinion as to the extent to which police examinations should be carried. It is quite clear that, upon the principle at present generally adopted at the different public offices, the prisoner is tried there in the first instance. He comes attended by barristers sometimes, and almost always by an attorney, who displays all the trickery of his craft—not to protect his client upon his trial before a jury of his countrymen—but to evade the questions of the magistrate, and avoid—not exculpation after evidence—but detection in his rogueries.

Upon the guilt or innocence of an accused man a jury of his country-

men are to decide. Even before he reaches that tribunal, a grand jury is to pronounce whether there be sufficient evidence against him to warrant his being submitted to its judgment. Surely this is barrier sufficient between the accused and his accuser. At present, a man detected in a theft clear as noonday—discovered in pilfering or purloining, or in swindling or in cheating, is, by the tact of an attorney, made to fence with the magistrate, and take every possible legal advantage of circumstances to check the course of justice. No man will say that which will criminate himself, and therefore the asking criminals questions may be useless; but certain it is, that the pleadings of lawyers in the first instance ought not to be permitted. Let the prisoner deny the facts, and then send him, if the case be sufficiently strong, to the two tribunals which we have already mentioned, before which the evidence will come clear and distinct, and either be confirmed or refuted, and a verdict given accordingly.

We go even farther. We doubt either the wisdom or justice of permitting the police reports to be published, even if the offices are continued to be open to the public. In a vast many cases, the publicity of the reports defeats the ends of justice; and in a vast many more, prevents culprits of various descriptions from being brought before the magistrates. If the reports were given *verbatim*, and without any editorial observations, this part of the evil might be altogether got rid of; but, as the case now stands, any man or woman, remarkable either from circumstances, or in personal appearance, or by name, would rather quietly put up with robbery from a thief, extortion from a hackney-coachman, or (which is more common than either) insolence from a turnpike-man, than subject himself or herself to the "funny" observations of the reporters. Just conceive a respectable couple, who had been cheated and robbed, having secured the culprit, and appeared against him at Bow-street, being exhibited to the newspaper-readers of the next morning in something of this sort:—

"*Bow-street. Tuesday.*—Yesterday a 'werry curos' sort of long-legged animal, not much unlike a giraffe in stature, rejoicing in the name of Shufflebotham, accompanied by a squat, squabby young lady, a Miss Hickathrift, appeared before Mr. Halls, to prefer a charge against Charles Jarvis, driver of the hackney coach 2850.

"It appeared that, notwithstanding the disparity of their age and size, the long-legged Shufflebotham was the acknowledged lover of the diminutive Miss Hickathrift; and being a 'real' gentleman, and wishing 'to behave as sich,' hired the coach 2850, in order to treat his dumpling Dulcinea to Sadler's Wells, in order to agitate her gentle bosom with the agonies of the *Bleeding Nun of Hossenburg*. The gentle converse of the young couple on the road was so interesting, that when they quitted the carriage, Miss H. left her bag (containing a smelling-bottle, a handkerchief, a gold thimble, five halfpence, and half a sheet of whity-brown paper) on the seat, and never missed it until the sorrows of the stage rendered the application of her handkerchief to her eyes absolutely necessary. Immediately on discovering her loss, Mr. Shufflebotham chivalrously rushed down stairs in order to the recovery of the objects. The coach he found, but the bag was missing, and all the recompense he got for his trouble was that of being laughed at.

"In his ire, having secured the number of the coach, he proceeded to

summon Jarvey for extortion in having demanded and received 1s. 6d. instead of 1s. which was his lawful fare, but about which he had not intended to say anything if the subsequent robbery—as he emphatically called it—had not aroused his revengeful feelings,—indeed at the bare recital of the loss of the bag, poor Miss Hickathrift burst into tears, and was only soothed by the tender looks of the venerable giraffe, who kept whispering, ‘Don’t, my dear,’ ‘Never mind, my love,’ to the infinite amusement of the auditors.

“The prisoner, who was attended by his solicitor, denied the charge altogether. He saw nothing of the bag, nor did he believe the lady ever had a bag when she got in——

“Here the gentle Hickathrift exclaimed, ‘Oh, you wicked man!’ in a tone which convulsed the hearers.

“—— and, in addition, rather rejoiced,” as his professional friend said, “in having the opportunity of stating that the shilling, which Mr. Shufflebotham had given him in payment of the fare, was a *bad ’un*.”

“Here a general roar of laughter ensued, and the attentions of the ‘lean and slippered pantaloons’ to his fussy companion became quite moving.

“Mr. Shufflebotham stepped forward, and, with a face which would have done honour to the tabernacle, made a long and solemn speech, denying the possibility of his having passed a bad shilling—when the magistrate put a stop to his preaching, by telling him that nobody believed the story of the coachman, who was fined 20s. for the overcharge, but discharged as to the bag.

“Still poor Miss Hickathrift seemed to cling to the hope that her bag might be forthcoming,—the halfpence,—the handkerchief,—the thimble,—the whity-brown paper,—all gone. However, her long friend offered her his arm, which she accepted, and they quitted the office; and as they passed through the passage, a good deal of laughter was excited by the complainant observing ‘that he was convinced the coachman stole the bag, and that was the long and the short of it.’ This unfortunate expression was too applicable to the parties themselves to be overlooked; and, as they went out, half-a-dozen of the bystanders cried out, ‘There they go; there’s the *long* and the *short* of it.’ By which names, we have no doubt, the unhappy couple will be known for the future all over Camden Town, where they reside.”

Now the plain facts of the case are, that Mr. Shufflebotham, a retired merchant, living in Camden Town, thought proper to take his niece, Miss Hickathrift to Sadler’s Wells; that he hired a coach; that the young lady left her bag in the coach; that the coachman overcharged them in the fare, insulted the old gentleman, and finally accused him of passing bad money; and yet, because these respectable people chose to punish the fellow who had robbed and cheated them, they are, for the sake of making a funny paragraph, to be called giraffes and fubsies, and nicknamed for ever in the neighbourhood where they live.

This, we say, is a fault,—and that is the “long and the short of it.”

THE NEW FIDDLE-PLAYER.—The news which appears,—out of the political world,—to attract most of public attention, is that of the arrival here from Calcutta, of all places in the world, of a magnificent fiddle-player, of the name of Masoni. If we had not seen his pedigree in the

newspapers, we should have thought him a plain English Mr. Mason, who had italianized his termination, and given himself, like Mars,

“An *I* to threaten and command.”

However, he is no more an Englishman than Sue Kelly, or Tom Brown, as Zuchelli and Tamburini are called; but is, in every respect, a regular-built foreigner. He melted the South Americans,—astonished the Candians,—bothered the governor-general in council at Calcutta,—upset Bombay,—and drove Madras—as it is, by the way, literally—half *mad*;—the Hottentots were enchanted with him at the Cape, and the yam-stocks of St. Helena nearly danced over the edge of their hay-cock island for delight at hearing him.

At Brighton, he has received the sanction of royalty; and the “Morning Post” tells us that Sir Andrew Barnard and the Queen’s band approved of him. He is now in London; and at the rehearsal of the Academy’s music last week, he condescended to ravish the ears of all the students. He is to ruin Paganini in public favour: this he will perhaps not find occasion to do, since the Medusan Orpheus has already got enough change for his *notes* to render his return to this country unnecessary. It is said—which, by the way, is not uncommon in puffing—that his performance, to be understood, must be heard. In short, Masoni is the *bow ideal* of fiddlers.

THE PANTHEON — BALLOONS — BAZAARS, &c.—The Pantheon in Oxford-street, once the resort of gaiety and fashion, but which never recovered its tone of elegance after the original building was burned down in the year 1792, is undergoing the same sort of repair which Lamprey’s cousin-german in Ireland proposed to give Mr. O’Callaghan’s pen-knife, which he undertook to make as good as ever it was in all its life, for the cost of nothing more than a new blade and a new handle. It is, in fact, rebuilding,—a process rendered necessary by failures in various parts of the structure, marked more particularly to the eye of the passenger in Blenheim-street by round plates of iron, as the waggeries of authors are underscored to attract the reader’s especial attention.

The original Pantheon was opened in the year 1772, and was, it is said, a most beautiful and elegant building. There is a print of its interior extant, representing the exhibition of Lunardi’s balloon, which was hung inflated in the centre, while the intrepid aéronaut himself promenaded the circle, dressed, as we have heard him described, in a scarlet coat embroidered with gold and lined with pea-green, the admiration of the ladies and the envy of the men. Like all other pursuits, flying has become so common, that Mr. Green, or Mr. Graham, might go unkissed and unworshipped to the day of their deaths, if they had not the luck to have two Mrs. G.’s to propitiate them at home. In 1784—the Lunardi year—in an account of a birth-day ball, the Prince of Wales (our late gracious sovereign) is stated to have appeared in a “pink balloon satin coat”—the ladies assumed the shape of balloons—wore balloon curls and balloon bonnets—and, in fact, every thing was “balloon.”

In 1790, the Pantheon was converted into an opera-house, in consequence of the destruction of that in the Haymarket by fire, and, in 1792, itself was destroyed by a similar calamity. It was rebuilt upon an enlarged scale, but incumbered with those pests of such pro-

perties, a body of renters—stones in the pockets of the unfortunate speculator, which, while they hang about him, effectually prevent his keeping his head above water. About twenty years ago, the new Pantheon, like the old one, was converted into an opera-house, and Braham and Mrs. Billington, and we believe Catalani, all sang there. This, however, lasted but one season, and the building thenceforward became occasionally devoted to the Saturnalia of half-guinea masquerades, in which vice strove effectually for the mastery with dulness, noise, stupidity, and vulgarity.

At length, what with the quarrels of the proprietors and the unsoundness of the walls, it was abandoned by the public, and in part reverted to one of its original uses, and became a balloon manufactory. It is now destined for a bazaar, which, considering the great success of that in Soho-square on one hand, and the small success of the Queen's Bazaar on the other, seems to be as hopeless a speculation as need be. It would have formed a particularly good site for a third regular theatre, and have much enlightened the population north of Oxford-street, who, at present, mingle in the recreations of London only when they descend in parties, like Oriental travellers, in caravans—we do *not* mean Paddington omnibuses. We suspect that the *entrepreneurs* of the present concern will find, when the bills come in, that, instead of a *Pantheon*, it will turn out to be a *Pandemonium*.

EMIGRATION: TAX ON ABSENTEES.—Emigration to the Continent continues to a frightful extent. Lord and Lady Jersey are now gone—Lord and Lady Chesterfield—Lord Pembroke—Lord and Lady Louth—Lord and Lady Monson—the Duke of Devonshire—Lord Hertford—Lady Sandwich—Lord and Lady De Tabley—Lady Tankerville—Marquis of Anglesea and family—Marchioness of Conyngham—Lord and Lady Clinton—Lord and Lady Strathaven—Lord and Lady Sidney—Lord and Lady Rivers—Lord and Lady Francis Egerton—the Countess of Clare—Earl and Countess of Beverley—besides a host of those who, in fact, are even more essential to the prosperity of the country, and the actual comfort of their immediate and constant neighbours—we mean country gentlemen and their families. Surely our ministers, who are likely to be hard run for taxes to supply the place of those which they have been forced voluntarily to repeal—or, at least, promise to repeal—might find a most seasonable succedaneum in an income-tax on absentees, which would either force them to contribute to the necessities of the country whence they derive their income, or induce them to return to their homes, where their presence and influence would be of the greatest advantage to their tenants and the surrounding inhabitants.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE CLOCK.—We are rejoiced to find that the clock over the gateway of St. James's Palace is replaced. A general outcry was raised upon the subject, and so the clock is restored, and raised too. It is now hoisted up far out of ear-reach of the maids of honour and ladies of the bedchamber, who were previously annoyed by its noise. It does not look so graceful in the attics as it did below, still it is clear in view. We cannot, however, admire the shape selected for its face; it has exactly the appearance of a hatchment, and reminds us of Hogarth's joke—"We must"—placed upon a dial in one of his prints, signifying

thereby "We must" *die all*. It is a great convenience, nevertheless, and will afford a moral lesson to those *middle-aged* gentlemen who, as they descend St. James's-street, cast a glance at its figures; for it may serve to remind them, in their peregrinations, how fast a man, at their time of life, goes down hill.

QUICK TRAVELLING TO INDIA.—There seems really a probability of establishing a regular communication between Bombay and Europe, by Suez; and although the idea, now for the twentieth time started, of cutting through the Isthmus, and thus uniting the Red Sea and the Mediterranean by means of a canal, is not likely to be realised—indeed in the prospectus it is not even entertained—the facilities which have been afforded and are promised hold out great hopes of abbreviating the voyage to India in a manner which, half a century—nay, a quarter of a century ago—when we all thought ourselves vastly fine fellows, and extremely learned and clever into the bargain, never would or could have been contemplated.

Mr. Waghorn, who, it appears, is a man of great talent and indefatigable industry, has arrived at Bombay *via* Alexandria, and has obtained a promise from the Viceroy of Egypt to build a halting-place between Cairo and Suez, and, if necessary, at his own charge, to construct the rail-road between those points. The course Mr. Waghorn proposes is, that steam-vessels should carry the mails, and passengers of course, from Falmouth to Malta; that other steam-vessels should convey them from Malta to Alexandria; while another company, in India, should provide vessels to run from Bombay to carry the mails to Suez, and wait their return; the bags and passengers being conveyed from Cairo to Suez by the projected rail-road. He intends that a postage of five shillings upon each letter should be received by the post-offices of England and India, who, in return, should pay a certain sum of money to the Company for conveying the bags, which, with the passage-money of travellers and the freight of cargoes of light goods, would amply repay the projectors—the companies, on *their* part, undertaking to pay the dues and duties claimed by the Viceroy of Egypt. To start this undertaking, Mr. Waghorn calculates 24,000*l.* only to be necessary, and of that 12,500*l.* is already subscribed. The patronage of this active and most energetic advance in communication, personally or by letter, with some of our remote possessions, is solely attributable to the energy and activity of the Right Hon. Charles Grant, who has exerted himself most laudably in the promotion of the undertaking, and in fixing upon the different ports for the purpose of carrying it into effect.

THE AFFAIR AT "LLOYD'S."—There never was known so long a continuance of tempestuous weather at this period of the year as we have had during the last month: the ravages it has made amongst our coasting-vessels, and vessels outward-bound, still near our shores, has been awful. Steam-vessels have been lost, as well as sailing-vessels; and a second shipwreck has occurred at Boulogne, rendered less dreadful than the last only by the smaller number of the sufferers. All that were on board perished, under the eyes of crowds of the inhabitants, who were wholly unable to render them the slightest assistance.

It is apprehended that the losses to the underwriters will be far greater

than in any preceding year: this, with the misfortune—for so we consider it—of losing their able and respectable Chairman, will make this, to them, anything rather than a merry Christmas. With respect to the resignation of Alderman Thompson, we admit that, after the ballot, and when he found the majority in his favour only five out of a division of five hundred, he could do nothing but retire; and, therefore, perhaps that result justifies his original resignation. For our own parts, having the highest respect for the worthy Alderman, and for his character, we cannot but think his retirement uncalled for. The Sunderland Company, of which he is a vice-president, and upon which vice-presidency the subscribers to Lloyd's founded their objections to his conduct, is, although transacting, as a branch of its business, marine insurance in a certain degree, intended to embrace objects of various sorts, none of which enter into the speculations of Lloyd's; and certain we are that Mr. Thompson's personal interests in the one establishment would never have been permitted to interfere with the general interests of the other.

The subscribers to Lloyd's Coffee-house—and, strangely enough, they are recognized in their corporate capacity as a public body—appear to be extremely jealous of their rights; but we are yet to learn why any other set of gentlemen who choose to effect marine insurances are not at perfect liberty to do so, without either *their* "leave or license." The Sunderland Company may become a formidable rival, for all we know; and now that Mr. Alderman Thompson is relieved from any delicacy upon the subject, he may direct his energies with considerable effect in extending its powers and increasing its influence.

DESECRATION OF CHURCHES.—A circumstance occurred on the 23d of December which ought to decide at once, and for ever, the question of appropriating churches to other uses than those for which they are built and consecrated. The wardmote of Portsoken Ward was held, for the purpose of electing Common Councilmen, in the parish church. It was known long beforehand that the discussions arising out of the claims and protests of Mr. Scales, who has been elected Alderman, and rejected by the Court, would be noisy and stormy; and so, indeed, they proved to be. High words passed, great confusion ensued, and the Lord Mayor was compelled to call in a body of police to preserve order. This in the church. But, as if to place the indecency and indelicacy of such proceedings in the strongest possible light, in the midst of the uproar there arrived a couple of persons to be married.

It was decided that political matters should give way to religion, which, under the circumstances, was rather surprising, and the service of matrimony was begun. But, in the midst of the ceremony, and at the period when these two persons were solemnly pledging their faith to each other before God, Mr. Scales made his appearance, and was received with shouts and cheers, as was also Mr. Alderman Harmer. The clergyman could not proceed; language the most violent and intemperate passed between the conflicting parties; and, amidst oaths, and yells, and shrieks of applause and derision, a posse of constables entered the desecrated building; and in the midst of all this the couple kneeling at the altar were united.

Nothing can be more disgusting—nothing more shameful; and, certainly, at a period when the church is attacked from almost every side,

it does seem the height of indecency to permit such proceedings to take place. Would it not be possible either to obtain from the different companies the use of their halls for these elections; or, if not, might not hustings be erected for the purpose; or might not a tavern-room suffice for the business? The Bishop of London, whose opinions and feelings upon such subjects are pretty generally known, might surely put a stop to these outrages, (for we can call them nothing else,) and save the churches, so peculiarly under his care, from such exhibitions in future. We should think that, without going to such high authority, the incumbents of the livings themselves might prevent them. Upon this point we are not so sure; but, independent as the citizens of London may be, we do hope that the prelate of the diocese has yet sufficient influence to put an end to a system so indecent, and so subversive of all moral as well as religious feeling.

THE TRADES' UNIONS.—A most alarming evil is growing up in the metropolis at an exceedingly rapid rate, and which threatens the most serious consequences—we mean the formation of *Trades' unions*. These combinations are proceeding in every part of town, and bid fair, at no very great distance of time, to place the population of London entirely at the mercy of what are called, in the new-fangled language of modern political economy, the “*operatives*.”

It is a subject which, we are aware, is occupying much of the attention of Government; but flagrant and evident as the mischief is, and sure and certain as are its perilous consequences, it seems impossible to check it. In Scotland, where the system is more advanced, the most horrid outrages are committed upon those who decline entering into the compact: at Glasgow, a poor woman was violently assaulted by some of the members of the unions, who threw a quantity of sulphuric acid over her, and deprived her of sight; and on the same day, the foreman of the Lancefield Spinning-company, in going to the factory from his own house, was felled to the ground by a tremendous blow from a heavy and sharp weapon, which wounded him desperately on the head.

In London, their operations are more concealed; the members pay one shilling per month, and are *sworn to secrecy*; and to prove the extent to which the combination is going, it is only necessary to state that, in the week before Christmas, no less than eight hundred and seventy journey-men tailors were sworn in, *in one day at one house*. The *avowed* object of these men is an advance in wages; which demand on their parts, coupled with a cry—which will become overwhelming after Parliament meets—for a repeal of the corn-laws, will place the country and the Government in a position of extreme delicacy and difficulty. The most curious part of the thing is, the parity of proceedings here with those adopted by the *operatives* of Paris. We last month noticed this extraordinary *sympathy* between France and England in the case of incendiarism, and here we perceive it again in the operation of these unions. Appearances would almost lead one to imagine that there might at least be master-spirits at work among the journeymen to whom might be traced the effects visibly and simultaneously produced on either side of the channel.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.—The Marquis of Sligo is appointed Governor of Jamaica, and proceeds immediately to the seat of his domination. It is generally stated that Lord Mulgrave, on his return to England, will succeed the Duke of Devonshire as lord chamberlain of the household.

The Marchioness of Sligo—his lordship's mother—was daughter and co-heiress of Richard Earl Howe, and was a widow in the year 1812; at which period her ladyship's son was tried at the Admiralty sessions, before Lord Stowell (then Sir William Scott), for inducing English sailors to leave the ship to which they belonged, in order to complete the complement of men for his yacht in the Mediterranean. Upon that occasion the Marchioness went into court to intercede for her son;—the appeal, as far as the legal proceedings went, had not the desired effect; for, having been found guilty, the Marquis was sentenced to an imprisonment in Newgate of some months, which he underwent; but the impression made upon his upright judge, by the manners and affectionate conduct of his lordship's mother, was such, that, in a very short period after the trial, she became his wife. The Marchioness died in 1816.—This is one of the histories of real life, in which the romantic largely mingles, and tends to prove what some of our most popular writers have frequently asserted, that the improbabilities of fact are very frequently more remarkable than those of fiction.

FASHIONS FROM FRANCE.—Velvet, they say, is to be the fashion in England during the next season—it *has been* the rage in France, and therefore the “proud islanders” are to become the copyists of their neighbours, and discard silks and broad-cloth, for softer and richer garments. The change will have one disadvantage, if it really should take place; foreign velvet will be of course the favourite, and thus a new source of discontent amongst the operatives will be opened. Of one thing we may be pretty certain, and that is, that the revolution in habits will not be speedily universal; and we further suspect that, in the present day, when dandyism does not consist altogether in dressing, there are very few young men bold enough to “break the ice,” and appear in public in velvet coats. The ladies have made their “state more gracious” by reducing the size of their bonnets; for which relief much thanks. When the sleeves shall have recovered from the swellings with which they have now been so long affected, our beauties will look more beautiful yet; for when it is recollected that, in military tactics, eighteen inches is the space allowed for a soldier's breadth in line, it must seem rather disproportionate in a lovely girl of eighteen to occupy at least three times as much ground as a grenadier. Fashion so wonderfully reconciles the eye to the most preposterous absurdities, that the wonder is, how we who now bear with acres of bonnets and mountains of sleeves could have endured the costume of other days, when it was the object of ladies to look more like thread-papers than anything else; as a proof of this mutability, in the Suffolk-street Gallery, at this moment, there hangs a beautiful picture of Mrs. Orby Hunter, by Hoppner, in a dress unquestionably most popular and most fashionable at the period at which it was painted. Let any lady walk into a drawing-room in that costume this winter, and she will cause a greater sensation than any lioness of the season. Yet it is infinitely more simple and more natural than the

reigning fashion, which, when carried to its extreme, gives every blooming belle the appearance of an hour-glass—the difference between the two figures is, as we have just said, the most powerful illustration of the force of habit, and the easy reconciliation of the eye to that which is constantly before it.

* Although, before our Commentary is published, merry Christmas will have passed, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of wishing our readers a “happy” new year. It is gratifying to know that the observation of this season of mingled piety and gratitude and mirth and gaiety is still maintained in high places with all its ancient splendour.

The magnificent castle of Belvoir contains within its walls upwards of three hundred guests; at Apethorpe, the venerable Earl of Westmoreland is entertaining a crowd of visitors; at Woburn, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford are “holding wassail,” and have collected round them all the branches of their extensive family now in England, for the enjoyment of “quips, and cranks, and jollity;” Gorhambury boasts a noble assembly, and Hatfield is thronged with the gayest of the gay.

At Arundel, Belton, Croxteth, Burghley, and many other noble residences, the same gratifying reminiscences of the olden times are in full force; and most gratifying is it to know that these splendid banquets and lighted halls are but the open evidences of the season when the more important yet more concealed benevolence of the great and good is at work, securing the comfort and happiness of the poor and humble. The extent to which charity is exercised by our nobility is inconceivable; indeed, the only way in which the public generally are enabled to form even a faint opinion upon the subject, is by observing whenever a fraudulent begging-letter man or woman is brought before the magistrates—then comes out the truth; and in all the cases which have yet met the public eye, the facts detailed in evidence have shown how constantly, how readily, and how liberally the nobility have contributed to the alleviation of the imaginary wants of their artful deceivers.

Long may that state of things exist, which gives to each his proper station and attributes, and which, under the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, has raised up an aristocracy to whom the poorer classes may look up with confidence for support, while able to earn the honest bread of industry, and for aid and consolation when time and age shall have deprived them of the power of working! Long may our country flourish, and long may we, and future chroniclers after us, continue to refer with gratitude to the past merry Christmas, and propitiate our friends and countrymen with the sincere wish that they may enjoy in happiness and comfort the year to come.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—Horat.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—Having for some time past observed in new works upon the various branches of natural history and other scientific pursuits, the constant demand for new appellations and terms, many of which evidently appear to have cost the authors infinite labour, and to have occupied an undue proportion of their valuable time, in their researches in dictionaries and lexicons for the purpose of forming the same,—in order to obviate such inconvenience for the future, I beg leave to offer myself to the notice of the scientific world as a poeisthalogist, or, as we should express it in the barbarous and uncultivated language in which it is our misfortune to utter our ideas, "a maker of words;" and shall be happy to supply them at per dozen, according to the language they may be required in.

I would also state, that the subject had long engaged my most serious attention; and the result of a very long and close application has led to the discovery and production of a language at once sonorous and expressive, and which combines simplicity, conciseness, and lucidity, with the utmost precision of meaning, and is besides so peculiar, that it admits of incorporation into any language whatever; in short, it may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of scientific language. In corroboration of which, I have subjoined a specimen from a new edition in *English* of a British Flora, of which I have the honour of superintending the publication, under the auspices of "The Association for Promoting the Diffusion of Scientific Unintelligibility among the Scavengers, Costermongers, and other Operatives of this vast Metropolis"—the first number of which, price One Farthing, will be ready on the 1st of April, 1834. It will be seen in this, that in conformity with the now universal and exceedingly commendable practice of altering the old names, I have assumed the same privilege, and doubt not but that I shall be considered as having greatly improved the same, both in sound and expressiveness.

BOUTYRODEPAS., BUTTERCUP, *Vulg.*

Synon. Ranunculus, Lin., Juss., Smith, Hooker, and everybody else.

Poter Heseपालated—*nonmakroteratedrated*. *Flophyllens*. *Heate* or *Iodate*—*Melitopolegnismedrated*. *Omegrostamenated*. *Spernisdochions Oö-nated* *Subsynthleboomenated*—*Orismezantoakonated* and *Strongulatocephalated*—*Rizadesmated*.

By way of contrast to the elegant simplicity of the above, I give a learned professor's description of this genus, whose descriptions I have generally followed, both in this and other instances.

Ranunculus, Lin.

Calyx of 5 *Sepals*, not elongated at the base. *Petals* 5—10 with a nectariferous scale at the base. *Stamens* numerous, *caripside*s ovate, somewhat compressed, ending in a short horn or mucro, arranged in a globular or cylindrical heul, root fascicled.

I have also to inform you, that I am closely engaged upon what I propose calling "The Universal Polyglotto Scientifico Tongue," being a compilation of terms, compounded upon peculiar principles, and of the most select description and varied sound, from the most sonorous words and syllables in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindustani, Persian, Coptic, German, Dutch, French, and Italian languages; and I confidently flatter myself, that it will be most eagerly bought up by the scientific world in general, and more especially by naturalists, as it will ensure a constant and plentiful supply of words of almost every possible sound, and of a variety the most *recherché*; and should this not be sufficient to afford the requisite number of new, elegant, and appropriate appellations, which the present very improved state of science renders so imperatively necessary, I shall have no objection, for a reasonable consideration, to undertake a course of study for the purpose of incorporating the various branches

of the Celtic, the original and Anglo-American dialects ; and the richly emphatic figures of speech of the native and emancipated "Niggers," with the same which, when expressed in a universal character, formed from that of the Chinese, grafted upon the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians and Mexicans, combined with the mystical alphabets of the Gnostic and Rosicrucian philosophers, cannot fail in having the effect of rendering this language as universal, erudite, unique, and unintelligible, as the most fastidious of modern philosophers can desire.—I am, Sir, with the utmost respect, your very obedient servitor,

HANS ANTOINE GIUSEPPE HALI EBN SPITJABBER,

Philological Professor to the A.P.D.S.U.

Philological Coffee-shop, Musty Court, Rag Fair.

A NONSENSE PROLOGUE.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist having hazarded an opinion that the constant habit of getting words by heart (as in the case of an actor), although it improved the memory, tended to render certain other faculties of the mind less acute; his position being disputed, he undertook to give unquestionable proof of its truth. The following prologue, therefore, was composed, and given to one of the most sensible and judicious actors on the stage; and, although it does not contain two intelligible lines, he actually, in the usual course of his professional duties, learnt it by heart. This fact, however, does not prove the correctness of the position: 'Your true no-meaning puzzles more than wit'; and, led away by the smooth flow of the verses, and the occurrence of images and expressions, the commonplaces of prologues in general,—perplexed, also, by the occasional glimmerings of something, resembling sense,—it is scarcely to be wondered at that any one should have fallen into the snare.

As for the prologue itself, considering the utter uselessness of even the most sensible and dull of this species of composition, the soft-sounding nonsense of the present, aided by the solemn suit of black and the impressive cocked-hat, might just as well be delivered whenever such an appendage to a play may be required.

PROLOGUE.

When first the Stage, by rigid Fancy reared,
In Grecian splendour, unadorned appeared;
Imperial Rome, all-conquering and admired,
With gentle gales her emulation fired:
Thence, like Jove's eagle, from barbaric toil,
Her golden plumage waved o'er England's soil;
The trembling Graces wandered, hand in hand,
And one meridian blaze o'er-canopied the land!
But cold and cheerless, in refulgent night,
One dreary chaos bound the Drama's light,
Till, nobly daring, with empyreal flame,
Enrobed in clouds, IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE came!
The Tragic Muse, translucent to his lyre,
Struck deep the strains of energetic fire;
Each nameless Grace in fair Thalia's train
Confessed his force, and gambolled o'er the plain!
Now smiles Favonian at his mandate glow,
Now pitying streams in rills pellucid flow;
Nature his nurse, he sways the Classic Nine,
Bids brighter fires above Parnassus shine,
But rears in *British hearts* his chosen shrine!
O! might our Bard, whose trembling bark to-night
Steers its lone course o'er billows gay and light,
Upraise the banners of illusive Hope,
O'er realms restricted by a partial scope,
Your plaudits, then, might waft him o'er the main,
And tempt his vessel to these shores again.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington.
London. 1834. 8vo. 1 vol.

These Conversations having so recently appeared in the pages of the "New Monthly Magazine," renders anything like a critical or extended notice of them, now that they are collected into a volume, a very delicate and somewhat hazardous expedient; we shall, therefore, decline the attempt. Self-praise is no recommendation; and were we to assume the air of an impartial severity, we should be laughed at for our ridiculous affectation. The truth is, we were happy to possess, in any form, literary treasures, the intrinsic and the adventitious value of which we had sagacity enough to perceive the moment we understood the source from whence they would be derived, and the subject of inexhaustible interest to which they referred. We are happy to know that public opinion coincides with our own, and that Lady Blessington's addenda to the former notices of Lord Byron are considered as far more characteristic, and as throwing far more light upon the real sentiments and disposition, of the noble poet than even the productions of those who had undertaken the ambitious task of writing his memoirs, or the more questionable one of *attempting his life*. Byron was, after all, a very ordinary personage. Allowing the transcendency of his poetical genius, he cannot be ranked among the great men of his *species*, whatever may have been his relative importance as compared with those of his *time*. That he has created a deeper interest towards himself than, probably, any former writer, may be accounted for from the state of society when he commenced his career—the peculiar class to which he belonged—the remarkable and sometimes mysterious circumstances in his life which brought him so strangely before the public—the apparent noble sacrifice which he made of himself on the altar of freedom—and the violent collision produced by his works between the great parties in politics and religion which, on their first appearance, divided the civilized world. Lady Blessington has made the most of her subject; and if we are sometimes offended with Byron, we are always charmed with her. On occasions when he appears anything but amiable, when something absolutely repulsive makes us shrink from a nearer acquaintance with the perverseness of his wayward nature, she contrives to bring him off with the best grace imaginable, without compromising her own sense of justice, or sacrificing, to an affected candour, her love of truth and virtue. But even Lady Blessington finds it impossible to make a great man of her hero. He is clever—he talks with vivacity—is frequently piquant—sometimes startling and paradoxical—occasionally grave and severe; but never serious—never in earnest. You can never judge of him by what he says, or by what he appears. The weakness of the spoiled child of literature, as well as of the nursery, is apparent in every mood which he assumes. But the vice of his character is insincerity, and the form of it that which he denounces so perpetually in his confidential and more public writings—CANT. Yes, we repeat it, there is no writer, no man of his age, more directly chargeable with this despicable abuse of human confidence and goodness than Lord Byron. If ever he was truly himself it was when he was theoretically decrying the opinions which he really entertained, or practically belying the virtues to which he was naturally inclined, or committing the vices to which he had no other propensity than was induced by the knowledge that they would make him the talk and the wonder of the world. He frequently indulged the cant of misanthropy, when his heart really felt the slightest appeal to its compassion; he would disparage Christianity, sneer at all future hope, and treat the notion of another life with scorn, and all the while tremble in secret at the apprehension of the terrors which death might disclose. He did not hate his enemies with half

the malignity which he pretended. His friends he allured into his confidence, and betrayed them the next moment to derision and contempt; and as for his love, it was neither the impulse of passion nor the generosity of esteem; he intrigued by means of money, and married for the sake of it; and in the particular instance, where the *liason* might have been attributed to attachment, he takes pains to prove that, on his part at least, it was the mere indulgence of pride or vanity, or of something even less pardonable.

The numberless pens that have been employed in giving sketches and characters of Lord Byron and his works, all written under the influence of greater or less advantages, have furnished us with nothing contradictory of this, which we have assumed as the single governing principle of his moral nature; in these conversations it is perpetually seen. Whether a larger experience, the fruit of a longer life, and a more intimate acquaintance with the better portion of mankind, would have improved him into a being that all might admire, and safely trust, and highly esteem, and which would have rendered his biography an instructive portraiture of all that is great, and noble, and virtuous, it is not for us to divine. Had his mother been a Lady Blessington, or had this highly-gifted woman, or such an one, stood in a still more endearing relation to him, and at an early period of his life, we believe that both his character and his fame, his genius and its influence, would have reflected nothing but honour on his country, and that his aristocratic birth and dignity, even in his own estimation, would have been among the meanest of his distinctions.

From the intimacy which subsisted between the fair reporter of these conversations and the noble poet, we have some confidence in believing her assertion, "that there was that in Byron which would have yet nobly redeemed the errors of his youth and the misuse of his genius, had length of years been granted him;" though we frankly confess no indications of this happy tendency appear in any view we have been permitted to take of his Lordship through the representations of those who have undertaken to make him known to the world. He broke down in the cause of Greece: the struggle upon which he was about to enter, had he survived it, we fear, would only have added to his chagrin, and mortified his self-love. But it is in vain to speculate on what might have been,—we only know what was; and we deeply regret that a man, "whose productions have formed an epoch in the literature of his country," should have exhibited so little in his conduct to entitle him to their just esteem. As a poet, we are not insensible to his merits; but have been struck with the application, both to the man and the writer, of the following passage, descriptive of a namesake, in the pages of our immortal dramatist, the unrivalled delineator of human nature, under every form in which it has appeared:—

"Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit!"

Love's Labour Lost.

Pindar, in English Verse. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A.M.

This version of Pindar is neither introduced by a preface nor accompanied by notes; all that we are permitted to know about it is, that it is the work of the translator of the "*Inferno*." The just fame acquired by that undertaking, it might have been presumed, would ensure a favourable reception to any similar one by the same writer; yet we do not like presumption, though it may sometimes be excused. By the appearance of it in the present instance, Mr. Cary does not defy criticism; he only silently disdains it. Of all the Greek writers, Pindar is least understood in a lan-

guage different from his own. Poetry of the highest order is untranslatable: it is impossible to convey its sublimity, or to reveal its exquisite touches of beauty. We may recognise the form and the dress; but where is the living spirit? In the opinion of Horace, Pindar soared far above the reach of imitation; and he who cannot approach the original in its divine and glorious conceptions, must for ever despair of conveying any adequate impression of them by merely translating the language which is essential to their very existence. Thus, in the work before us we have the subjects of the original, the metaphors by which they are illustrated, the deeds celebrated, and some of its noble thoughts, which glimmer rather than blaze upon us; but we cannot say that this is Pindar,—not Pindar according to the fine and glowing description of the Roman bard, beginning with the well-known line—

“Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari;”

and which is thus given by Mr. West, as introductory to his own version of the old Grecian, and which obtained considerable celebrity in its day:—

“He who aspires to reach the towering height
Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him who, falling, named th' Icarian main.
Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden skies,
And hope above the clouds on waxen plumes to rise!
Pindar,—like some fierce torrent swoll'n with showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,—
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.
The Delphic laurel ever sure to gain,
Whether, with lawless, dithyrambic rage,
Wild and tumultuous roves the sounding strain,
Or in more ordered verse, sublimely sage,
To Gods and sons of Gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain and dire Chimera sings.
Or whether Pisa's victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed,
Who, from the banks of Alpheus' sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed!
And from their bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptured brass or imitating stone.
Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear
He mingles soft his elegiac song;
With Dorian strains to deck th' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom, fair and young;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with starlight radiance blaze.
When to the clouds, along the ethereal plain,
His airy way the Theban swan pursues,
Strong rapid gales his sounding plumes sustain;
While, wond'ring at his flight, my timorous muse
In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
And in sequester'd shades and flow'ry gardens sings.
There like the bee, that from each od'rous bloom
Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
With painful art extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honeyed dome to build,
Exerting all her industry and care,
She toils with humble sweets her mansion new to rear.”

This translation, we are aware, is not so good as it might be; Mr. Cary

could favour us with a much better; but it shows the English reader the difficult task Mr. C—— has imposed upon himself: and he will feel that whatever elegance and occasional strength the translator of Pindar has wrought into his version, it will afford him very little idea of the original as thus described.

Pope caught the very spirit of the illustrious Theban in the following lines:—

“ Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced and pinions stretch'd for flight;
There, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race;
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
And fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.”

Of Mr. Cary's work we, in conclusion, remark, that it does not at all detract from his well-earned reputation as a correct, harmonious versifier. As a translator he decidedly stands high; but Pindar—this is not Pindar. Yet if it be intended to assist the student in his researches into the original, it is invaluable; but for the unlearned reader it does not convey the information necessary to enable him to understand a single Olympic.

The Indicator and the Companion; a Miscellany for the Field and the Fireside. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols.

We welcome, at this cheerful season, these well-known friends of other days. We had long lost sight of them, for we entertained them one by one as they were introduced to us at certain intervals, or rather, they entertained us, and departed: we confess, with shame, we did not think to inquire after them. But they have now come upon us all at once, and we are delighted with their improved appearance: they talk as eloquently and as pleasantly as ever, and we shall certainly keep up their acquaintance during the Christmas holidays; and as we know where to find them, and they are always at home, we shall pay them frequent visits. The “Indicator and the Companion” were a series of papers originally published in weekly numbers; they have been long out of print, and repeated calls having demanded their republication, the author has here made a selection, comprising the greater portion of the articles, omitting several, for reasons which he has assigned. Mr. Hunt concludes his modest advertisement in his usual spirit of kindness and good-will. He tells us, and we believe him, that—“Both the works were written with the same view of inculcating a love of nature and of imagination, and of furnishing a sample of the enjoyment which they afford; and he cannot give a better proof of that enjoyment, as far as he was capable of it, than by stating that both were written during times of great trouble with him, and both helped him to see much of that fair play between his own anxieties and his natural cheerfulness, of which an indestructible belief in the good and the beautiful has rendered him, perhaps, not undeserving.” As a specimen, and because it bears directly on the subject of the preceding notice, we transcribe the following:—

“A WORD ON TRANSLATION FROM THE POETS.

“Intelligent men of no scholarship, on reading Horace, Theocritus, and other poets, through the medium of translation, have often wondered how those writers obtained their glory, and they well might. The translations are no more like the original than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough. It is the same with the versions of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Petrarch, of Boileau, and in many respects of Homer. Perhaps we could not give the reader a more brief yet com-

plete specimen of the way in which bad translations are made, than by selecting a well-known passage from Shakspeare, and turning it into the commonplace kind of poetry that flourished so widely among us till of late years. Take the passage, for instance, where the lovers in the 'Merchant of Venice' seat themselves on a bank by moonlight:—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Now a foreign translator, of the ordinary kind, would dilute and take all taste and freshness out of this draught of poetry, in a style somewhat like the following:—

"With what a charm the moon serene and bright
Lends on the bank its soft reflected light!
Sit we, I pray; and let us sweetly hear
The strains melodious with a raptur'd ear;
For soft retreats and night's impressive hour
To harmony impart divinest power."

Eugene Aram—No. XXXIV. of the Standard Novels.

That this series has now reached its thirty-fourth volume is sufficient evidence of its popularity, and, with *one* exception, ("The Hunchback" of the clever, brilliant, but gross, and profane, Victor Hugo,) it, in every instance, deserves success. We have now before us "Eugene Aram," with a portion of a Tragedy by the same extraordinary writer.

Perhaps there never was a greater triumph of genius than that Mr. Bulwer has achieved in this novel. The story was common and well known. Mr. Hood had published a poem, and a beautiful one, on the subject; upon its announcement "everybody said" if Mr. Bulwer does not invent a new catastrophe, "the book will be a failure;" but everybody was wrong. Mr. Bulwer retained the sad story with all its unfortunate circumstances, and yet gave to the world his most interesting, if not his best production. There is no other living author who could have done as much: his triumph was complete. People read "Eugene Aram,"—first, because of the author's fashion, and, above all, to see how he managed the difficulty, —afterwards, because of the feeling, the wisdom, and the fascination of its exciting pages. There may be more philosophy in the "Disowned" and "Devereux," more "fashion" in "Pelham," more (we wish he had never written it) earthly *diablerie* in "Paul Clifford," but nothing in the novelist's calendar can surpass the devotedness of Madeline,—the knowledge of human nature wrought out in the sweet character of Ellinor,—or the manly dignity that, if we regard it in a moral point of view, sheds too purified a halo over the crimes of the wretched, but magnificent murderer. The quiet humour of the sapient Bunting is not surpassed by any description in ancient or modern literature; it is perfect in its way,—cut out of mortality with a sharp, keen instrument, whose utility can only be known to the most perfect mental anatomist.

But perhaps the feeling, of all others, that at times almost overpowers the reader, is the dread that Walter will discover in Clarke, the murdered man, his own father: how truly do we hope that this may not be the case! Despite all our admiration for the persevering youth, we pray that he may be disappointed. The Tragedy, only published in this edition, as far as it is carried, presents no new feature apart from the novel, for which our meed of praise is all too small.

We wish it finished. If Young had not left the stage, his acting would have honoured both himself and it, as the Scholar; and the other characters, as far as we can judge at present, would not be difficult to sustain. The stage has almost the claim of an adopted child on Mr. Bulwer, for it must never be forgotten that his strenuous efforts have done more on behalf of dramatic authors, than was ever before effected in the house of which he is so distinguished a member.

Stories of the Study. By John Galt, Esq. 3 vols.

When we reviewed, in the October Number of the "New Monthly," Mr. Galt's Autobiography, we expressed our apprehension, knowing the then precarious state of his health, that that would be the last work with which the world would be favoured from his pen. Mr. Galt himself shared the same apprehension at the time. We rejoice to find that both his and our fears were groundless. Here is another work by the author of the "Annals of the Parish,"—a work extending to three goodly volumes. We welcome it no less for Mr. Galt's own sake, proving, as it does, that, amid the violent and repeated shocks his physical constitution has sustained, his intellectual faculties remain unimpaired,—than as a valuable addition to our already ample stores of light literature.

As the title implies, the work does not, like the generality of publications of a similar class, consist of one connected story, but of a number of tales of a very dissimilar kind. The principal stories are, "The Lutherans," "The Dean of Guild," "The Craniologists," "Baillie Daidles' Jaunt to Greece," "The Greenwich Pensioner," "The Stage Coach," "The Seamstress," "The English Groom," and "The Deluge."

The first tale,—namely, "The Lutherans,"—occupies as much space as all the others put together. It extends to a volume and a half. We wish it had been compressed into much narrower compass. It would have told with far better effect had it only possessed half its present fair proportions. Notwithstanding its length, however, it is a tale of much merit. The interest of the reader is wonderfully kept up until the *dénouement* bursts upon him. It abounds with graphic descriptions: that of the scenery in the vicinity of the cavern in which Ambrose, the hermit, secludes himself from the world, is charming. We were much struck with many of the moral aphorisms which Mr. Galt, as if unconsciously, drops every now and then in the course of his story. These show that he possesses the reflective as well as the imaginative faculty. He is not, however, always correct in his theological information. He repeatedly puts into the mouths of the leading characters in his tale, both Catholic and Lutheran, observations altogether at variance with their sentiments. In page 97, for example, he represents Fleury, one of the Catholic polemics,—for much of the story relates to a discussion between the Catholics and Lutherans,—as holding the notion that, if a man be only sincere in his belief, no criminality attaches to his entertaining erroneous opinions on the subject of religion. This notion is very general in the present day among those who are of what is called a liberal way of thinking; but it certainly is no part of a Catholic creed. It was far less so in the days of the Reformation,—the time to which "The Lutherans" relates. The church of Rome, so far from viewing as harmless the holding of erroneous notions, at the period in question, shut the gates of mercy on all who did not entertain precisely the same opinions as herself.

"The Dean of Guild" follows "The Lutherans." It is, perhaps, the best story in the book. In it Mr. Galt is quite at home. It is written in the same style, and with scarcely less felicity, as "The Ayrshire Legatees." Our English readers, we fear, will think the picture of the Scotch functionary, and his colleagues of the self-elected town council, greatly overcharged. We assure them, from a rather extensive and very intimate personal acquaintance with such "burgh authorities," that it is, on the whole, true to the life. Did we not know that such characters as Mr. Galt has here drawn were quite common under the fostering care of that system of self-election now abolished, we should have supposed that the original of his portraiture was some of our own northern acquaintances.

In the remaining stories of the second volume, there is nothing that calls for particular remark, either in the way of praise or blame. They are possessed of the average merit of Mr. Galt's works of fiction, but nothing more.

The third volume opens with "The Jaunt," which extends to 120 pages. The idea of his story is happily conceived, and the execution is also excellent. Bailie Daidles, a Scotchman, seeing that the passing of the Reform Bill necessarily insured the speedy extinction of the salt-petron system in the town council, and, consequently, his loss of office, determines, *en jaunt* with his wife, to Greece, in the hope, no doubt, that the change of scene and other circumstances would have the effect of diverting his mind from the painful contemplation of the impending close of his magisterial career. Never having travelled before, every thing of course appears "wondrous strange" to the Bailie, and he very naturally resolves on taking notes, with the view of becoming author on his return home. "The Jaunt" consists of a record of what he saw in the course of his journey from the "Land of Cakes" to the classic shore of Greece. Mr. Galt makes the worthy Bailie tell his story in his own words, which he does in a highly characteristic and very amusing manner.

The remaining stories possess different degrees of merit. Neither "The Craniologist" nor "The Horoscope" is much to our taste; but if they are deficient in interest, that deficiency is amply compensated by the gratification derived from the "The Stage Coach" and "The Deluge."

If the "Stories of the Study" proceeded from any other pen than Mr. Galt's, we would feel every disposition in the world to rate the author somewhat roundly for the quaint phraseology with which the work abounds. Mr. Galt, however, from long usage, has almost acquired a prescriptive right to be as quaint as he pleases. The public have now been so long accustomed to his peculiarities of style, that, "with all its faults, they love it still," or rather, perhaps, see no fault in it.

Once more, we sincerely congratulate Mr. Galt on his re-appearance, under such auspicious circumstances, in the world of letters. We trust the public are destined to receive many more such volumes from his pen as those we now recommend to their notice. In such a case, we shall be among the first to greet them with a cordial welcome.

Peter Simple. 3 vols.

Three volumes full of perils by land and perils by water—now an escape from an enemy's battery—and now an escape from an enemy's prison—one year we are in the West Indies, the next cruising off Copenhagen—now in the gun-boats in the heat of an attack, and now tried by a court-martial—all the salted provisions are excellent, but the fresh ones are not of such high order;—or, to drop metaphor, the author is capital as far as the sea is concerned; but when he gets upon land, his adventures, unless they happen in a sea-port, seem rather taken out of some old novel, those transcripts of daily life—they are both exaggerated and improbable. People are not shut up in Bedlam, children do not tumble out of window, just in the nick of time as they are here represented. The *dénouement* is forced and absurd to the last degree; and were we to judge it merely as a story, these three volumes might be dismissed in two words, and those words would be—very bad. But as a nautical autobiography, it is excellent; there is the graphic character which truth, and truth only, can give. We like Peter himself so much, and the Irish Lieutenant O'Brien is invaluable. We beg also to commend the boatswain, with his natural turn for gentility; the carpenter, with his for philosophy; and Captain Savage, as a fine specimen of "sea chivalry;" and, leaving land out of sight, we doubt not but that Peter Simple and his reader will meet, sail together, and part with great satisfaction.

Poems by John Galt, Esq.

Mr. Galt here appears in a new character, namely, that of a poet. It is but fair, however, to state, that he does not make any great preten-

sions to it. He speaks of his poetical attempts with much diffidence. Indeed, he expressly disclaims, in his dedication, having any exalted notion of their merits. In these circumstances, it would be unfair to subject them to any very rigid ordeal. Some of them are possessed of considerable merit, and so far serve to show that, had Mr. Galt assiduously cultivated an acquaintance with the nymphs of Helicon, he might have risen to distinction as a poet. It is but candid, however, to add, that we see nothing in the pieces before us, that could justify the opinion, that by any application, however intense, he would ever have attained the eminence as a poet he has reached as a writer of prose. Mr. Galt's success in the latter capacity is so great, that he can well afford to dispense with the reputation of a first-rate poet.

Dilemmas of Pride. By the Author of "First Love." 3 vols.

There is a strong and excellent moral beginning at the first page, and continuing to the last of this novel, which, in a great degree, atones for a revolting and painful plot. The talent exhibited in individual portraits is excellent; and there is a good deal of quaint, yet genuine humour in the description of the Salter family, dozens of whom are to be met with at every watering-place. The mother of the twin sons, Lady Arden, is well and truly portrayed. A fond and tender parent, ever hovering between the advantages derived from high and rich connexions, and deep anxiety to see her children happy, is no uncommon person; and yet the new reading given by our author to the part is forcible, and deeply interesting, from its truth, more than its imagination. We cannot help wishing that the amiable author had chosen a gentler theme—her path lies more amid flowers than weeds—she is more fitted to cull the one, than to trample the other—greater strength than she possesses is necessary to deal with pride. And she appears aware of this, by so often recurring to, and even sermonizing on her subject. Nevertheless, the moral is excellent, and the volumes may be safely placed in the hand of young females by the most careful parents.

Gale Middleton. By the Author of *Brambletye House*. 3 vols.

Well do we remember the exceeding pleasure afforded us by the right excellent tale of "*Brambletye House*," and many a cheerful hour did we pass amid its pleasant pages. There was much that was good, and a great deal that went far beyond what is usually denominated "interesting," in the narrative, and it was worked out with considerable skill. We are sorry that "*Gale Middleton*" is not of that ilk; not so much in that we believe Mr. Smith's forte lies in detailing the romances of former days, rather than the scenes of every-day life, as that we are sorry when the dealers in tales of by-gone days become defaulters, and enter upon what even Mr. Smith's talent cannot renovate. We are heart-sick of tales of "*Parvenus*"—and aristocrats—and young ladies—blues, and in blue—and all the namby-pamby of what authors choose to denominate "high life." We are wearied of fates, and fools, and follies; the present age is, of all the ages that ever shone upon England, the least interesting to write about. There is no possibility of a lady's elopement producing a sensation, nor any chance of a good robbery causing anything except a trial by jury. "*Eugene Aram*" was the last of our poetical murderers, and even he required all Mr. Bulwer's talent to make him interesting. "*Gale Middleton*" ought to have been born a century ago, and then Mr. Smith could have managed him better; then he might have been really a hero,—now he is little more than "a very nice young man." Nevertheless, there is so much point, so much bustle, and so much excitement in the volumes, that those who are not acquainted with the superior merits of "*Brambletye House*" will be delighted with "*Gale Middleton*." With us, the one stands out from amid all the books we ever read—a thing to be remembered all our lives; the other is amusing,

brilliant, and sufficiently attractive for the present, but will only live its season. Mr. Smith is a man of unquestionable talent, a clever mimic, and an admirable caricaturist—a literary Cruikshank; when he chooses, capable of doing great things, but often content with accomplishing small ones. Knowing this, we are angry with him for aiming at any thing short of perfection; and vexed, that, to save himself the labour necessary in the production of a story of other times, he should tread the turf where hundreds of little pattering feet have already destroyed the herbage. If we expected a greater treat than “Gale Middleton” has afforded, Mr. Smith must only attribute it to the very high idea we have always entertained of his abilities. That the volumes will charm the many, we believe, for they are written in a popular and effective style, and cannot fail to excite much laughter and a few tears; and we hope to meet Horace Smith again, where he will pleasure *all* who are capable of estimating his excellence—where the race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong.

The Club; or, a Grey Cap for a Green Head. A Dialogue between Father and Son. By James Puckle.

We beg our readers clearly to understand, that we do not, by any means, consider ourselves “Green Heads,” and yet we have tried on the “Grey Cap” with pleasure, and, not being above being taught, with profit also; it is in truth a quaint, wise, and beautiful little volume, embellished by some of the most exquisite engravings on wood we have ever seen. The designs and drawings are all from the pencil of Mr. Thurston: and are done ample justice to by the engraving of Branstons, White, Thompson, and others of nearly equal skill. The beautiful moral of the whole is admirably illustrated by the pictorial embellishments; and the printing and getting up do great credit to the Chiswick press. We cordially recommend this valuable *cap* to all *green heads*—at this and every season of the year—as a protection against moral evil, and a guide to the virtues and proprieties of life.

The Conchologist’s Companion. By Mary Roberts.

This is, in every sense of the word, an exquisite little volume—exquisite in design and execution. We know not whether the fair author is wedded or single, so we shall take leave to call her by her own sweet name of “Mary;” and to assure her, that we have rarely met with any book so small affording us so much satisfaction. She has proved, indeed, that “to gather shells and pebbles on the sea-shore is no frivolous amusement.” She has already spent much time in—

“Seeking whate’er of beautiful or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offered to her view
To scan with curious and romantic eye.”

All her works bear the stamp of active, yet gentle, research, and breathe a spirit of unostentatious piety, mingling with a firm and energetic philosophy as delightful as it is uncommon. Not proud in her own conceit, she

“Looks from nature up to nature’s God,”

and is ever intent upon illustrating the beauty and wisdom of his works—not in setting forth her own attainments in the knowledge thereof. Whatever she writes must succeed, because it is written in a right spirit.

We wish the excellent Mary all success, and will present her volume forthwith to a certain favourite of ours, who knows how to appreciate both the spirit and execution of her task. We recommend all parents and guardians to follow our example.

The Miscellany of Natural History. Vol. I. Parrots.

The best of this book is its frontispiece—an admirable and spirited like-

ness of John J. Audubon, the indefatigable American ornithologist; it is quite beautiful, and does credit both to the artist and engraver. The advertisement sets forth, that Mr. Kidd, whose abilities are well known as an artist, has done the designs for the present volume. We would say, that the talent required to paint in oils and design book plates is decidedly different. The drawings before us are proofs of this; for though, generally speaking, correct, they are clumsy, and, without any exception, the most vilely coloured things we have seen for a long time;—this latter fault is no fault of Mr. Kidd's. And we must in honesty add, that the whole getting up of the volume is a good foil for another exquisitely-conducted little work on natural history published in Edinburgh, and commencing with the history of humming-birds—the only one we have received. The plumage of the parrot tribe is magnificent, and it is a sad pity to see the poor birds daubed over in the manner before us without any attention to their real colours;—the work will not answer unless this department is materially improved. The biographical sketch of Audubon is highly interesting.

Familiar German Exercises, and Key. By A. Bernays, Ph. Dr.

The number of our elementary works on the German language has of late increased at a very rapid rate; and this branch of literature, from being, within a very recent period, one in which the English student was most destitute of the requisite assistance, has suddenly become, if not more ample, certainly more practical in the means of progression than any other of the modern languages. The quick succession of new works and new editions affords a pleasing indication that this language, rich in lore, and beautiful in form, has a daily increasing number of admirers and students. Eagerness of desire, however, is not always fed with facility of means. We have had occasion, from time to time, to notice the genuine elementary works of Dr. Bernays, and they have, without exception, attracted our approbation. We feel it due to him to avow to the public our earnest conviction that, in his books, will be found the most efficient aid accessible to the English student. The work, the title of which is above, is not simply a new edition of the Exercises formerly published, but, in consequence of the numerous alterations, additions, and improvements, might, strictly speaking, be called a new work. This, too, is adapted to the last edition of the Doctor's Compendious Grammar, which is very important. The Key is published separately, under the title of German Examples, &c., for the use of those who prefer it in that form, but it is also bound up with the Exercises. One peculiarity strikes us throughout in the books of Dr. Bernays: we constantly remark that he ever strives, and he is an able teacher, to render his work useful and convenient to those who choose to study without a master; and we are sure that any person, of even moderate capacity, might, with ordinary patience, by the use of these books, soon acquire intimacy with the language. There are four works connected with and constantly referring to each other, forming together a complete and excellent system of instruction—they are the Grammar, Reader, Exercises, and German Examples, or Key. We earnestly recommend them, one and all.

Love and Pride. 3 vols.

Mr. Hook has certainly taken in hand the two most powerful principles of our nature. Most persons have been in love some half-dozen times; and as for pride it is our familiar friend, or more than a friend, for it is for ever at our side. These qualities are developed in two stories, light, lively, and amusing. The first is in middle life; the second in the upper ranks; blending as usual a keen eye to the truth, with a pleasant caricature. The Marquis of Snowdon is an excellent portrait; but all his foibles are placed in an advantageous light. Nothing can be more sentimental than all the true love

affairs here developed; and, if the course does not run quite smooth, at least the termination is all that can be wished. If we now dismiss Mr. Hook with a brief notice, it is only because we purpose discussing the subject at greater length in our next.

Cecil Hyde. 2 vols.

Bright, lively, and sparkling, we have seldom met with a more pleasant and amusing story. "Cecil Hyde" is a marvel of goodness, and yet not an improbable, or rather impossible marvel—being a right, gentlemanly, clever fellow; one who knows the world, and yet is not contaminated by the knowledge; a man of fashion, and a man of sense; a sort of union of the gay and serious antipodes; a mingling of January and May; a wise head, and a kindly heart; in short, a gallant whom we hope all our readers will become at once acquainted with. One only objection have we to make—Clara had no business to marry St. George. We should have overlooked the first—but the second!—Cecil should never have permitted his sister to marry such a —. We do not wish to offend the eyes of our fair readers, by stamping on this honourable page an odious word; but this we must say to our female friends, as they value their happiness, to discard the pernicious belief "that a reformed rake makes the best husband;" it is an error that needs flogging, and we shall castigate it one of these days to our heart's content. We hope soon to see something more from this clever writer.

The Book of Beauty. 1834. Edited by the Countess of Blessington.

The Annuals have been of late somewhat hardly dwelt with. A few years ago they were lauded on all sides. Now they are as generally, and, we think, as unwisely, condemned. There has been what soldiers and statesmen call a reaction, and the consequence is exceeding peril to a pleasant if not a profitable race. An able writer in *The Court Journal* gave them a desperate blow not many weeks since; but the attack was made as if under the conviction that the world rested its hopes of literary prosperity upon the books in "silk attire;" and that, therefore, it became the duty of the critic to commence a war of extermination. This is altogether a mistake. As agreeable gifts or pretty toys for the drawing-room, they have their value; but if they are made to advance higher claims, their failure is certain. We are not to forget that they succeeded a very paltry class of Christmas presents; and until they find successors more apace with public demand, let them at least flourish without sustaining the doom that follows the question, "Why cumber they the ground?"

"The Book of Beauty" is one of the most excellent of its class; containing—if we except two "Imaginary Conversations" from the pen of Walter Savage Landor—a name that unhappily we rarely meet with—tales and poems, all above ordinary merit, and some of surpassing excellence. It is true that the authors, for the most part, are not authors by profession; but if they lack something of the art and mystery of scribbling, there is a degree of raciness in their compositions for which we might look in vain in the productions of those more practised in the "trade." They have all written *con amore* in a double sense—their most valued offerings have been presented to the beautiful and accomplished woman under whose editorial management the work is produced; and the collection is one that may be compared with the best that this or any past year has sent forth at the season when readers are far more disposed to be satisfied than critical. Lady Blessington has not sought for aid among the favoured of science, or the more deeply learned. Her object has been, like that of other caterers for the public, to publish a volume the chief end of which should be amuse-

ment. She has done wisely. We do not look for heavy tomes beside our Christmas fires. Her *Book of Beauty* is an excellent volume, and will not be welcomed alone by the aristocracy. Among the annuals it may take a foremost place—whether for its rare gems of art, its elegant and substantial binding, its high literary merit, or its *fitness* for all classes of readers, because of its pure tone of feeling and morality.

The book opens with an admirable sketch by the author of "*Pelham*,"—the object of which is to prove the vanity of seeking to be great and good, and *beloved*. This is succeeded by a tale—"Margaret Carnegie"—by Viscount Castlereagh, written in a style of considerable elegance, and setting forth the wretchedness that waits on ill-considered love. Lady Blessington has furnished several contributions in poetry and prose. The favourite will doubtless be "*Mary Lester*." It is one of the sweetest compositions we have for a long time read—moving us even to tears at the blight to which young and true affection is doomed. "*The Coquette*," from the same elegant pen, has a moral of another kind, but one that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of the gay creatures who sport around the perilous flame of fashion during "the season" in London. The story of "*The Friends*," by Mr. H. L. Bulwer, is full of deep interest. We have seldom met with the name of this gentleman, except while discharging his public duty in the House of Commons; but his genius is obviously of a high order, and we have no doubt that he will be ere long better known in the world of letters. "*Rebecca*," the tale of a Jewish maiden, although published anonymously, is evidently the production of an accomplished writer; it is told with much power and dramatic effect. The heroine—a high-souled woman—is admirably portrayed. One of the most attractive and best-written stories in the work is, we understand, the production of Charles Matthews, jun., the author of a deservedly-popular piece, "*My Wife's Mother*," it is entitled "*The Black Riband*." Among the poems, which, however, are chiefly accompaniments to the prints, we would especially notice that of "*The Phantom Guest*," and that of "*Francesca*," by the author of "*The Heliotrope*," both of high merit. The other poetical contributions are from the pens of Lord Morpeth, R. Bernal, M.P., Lady E. S. Wortley, John Galt, James Smith, J. H. Lowther, Esq., and the fair editor.

We have already noticed the beautiful embellishments. Altogether the work is well entitled to the large success which, we understand, has attended it. Its claims are many, and will be readily acknowledged by all who examine its pictorial or its literary contents.

Turner's Annual Tour. 1834.

We have already noticed the splendid collection of prints which illustrate this volume. Mr. Leitch Ritchie has again furnished the accompanying letter-press. He is always a pleasant writer, and some of his short stories are the very essence of Romance. It is not, however, we think, a wise or satisfactory arrangement by which in the month of November he produces twin volumes—"Turner's Annual Tour," and "*Stanfield's Picturesque Annual*."

The Keepsake. 1834.

We have occupied so much space with "*The Book of Beauty*," as to have but little for the "*Keepsake*." It has this year no new feature, and its character is sufficiently known. The lords this, and that, and the other, are still its protectors, and some of them maintain a fair claim to distinction in the walks of literature, as well as in the paths of fashion. They are, however, associated with some, whose aristocracy is only that of the world of letters. Lord Albert Conyngham has contributed a spirited

translation from the German ; Mr. Grattan, a fine "Episode of Waterloo;" Miss Landon a splendid story, "The Head;" Sheridan Knowles a pathetic tale, "The Widowed Bride;" and Mrs. Charles Gore one of the most touching and exquisite productions of her skilful and powerful pen, under the title of "Sir Roger de Coverley's Picture Gallery." But what in the name of wonder could have tempted the editor to insert the silly rhymes of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams and my Lord Holland upon "Sukey, Susan, Susanna, Susy, and Sue;" and, on what ground was he induced to give admission to the lines of J. H. L., "The Alloy," except, indeed, he considered them as "an alloy" in reality? These, and a few other blots removed, the book would be a good book, and deserve success.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

1. The Swiss Song of Meeting ; sung by Madame Malibran, written and composed by F. N. Crouch.
2. Zephyrs of Love ; sung by Mrs. Crouch, composed by F. N. Crouch.
3. Ask me why, Bacchanalian song and chorus ; sung by Mr Seguin and Mr. Bedford, composed by F. N. Crouch.

Mr. Crouch (primo violoncellist at Drury Lane and Covent Garden) is too well known in the musical world to need any eulogy from us. Though young, he has already attained an eminence often denied to a lengthened course of practice. Nothing but the most decided talent could have achieved this ; and, though we believe Mr. Crouch now, for the first time, appears before the public in the character of a composer, no one will be likely to deny him equal power in the creation, as in the execution, of "music's magic strains." Of the three pieces before us, we decidedly prefer the second,—perhaps because we are so English in our taste as always to feel a predilection in favour of our national ballad, and in some degree, perhaps, because the recollection of Mrs. Crouch's plaintive warbling of the same is still fresh upon our mind. It is just that sort of song one would wish to have sung to one by the beautiful girl of all others we love best, when she sits down at her grand horizontal, and ungloves her *not still*, small hand for our especial bewitching. Sweet, soft, and heart-stealing, it is exactly the strain to be breathed from a pair of young lady-lips ; and, backed by a pair of bright eyes *that know their business*, we would not be answerable for any young gentleman's freedom who should be exposed to the fascination. To the ladies we need not say more,—“a word to the wise:”—but young gentlemen! have a care of your hearts when you see “Zephyrs of Love” fluttering over the ivory keys.

“The Swiss Song of Meeting,” we perceive, is one of Malibran's adoptions ; and, though we were never lucky enough to be present at her performance of it, we can easily believe she would make it very effective. For our own part, we are no great hands at the *Rams de Vaches* ; and, consequently, cannot do justice to its merits. To those who have the advantage of us in this respect we strongly recommend the song before us.

No. 3 is a jovial Bacchanalian song, with a jolly laughing-chorus, and in a style to give additional lustre to the red goblet. It is of that blithe and spirit-stirring nature that makes one grow bibulous to hear it, and we expect it will play the very deuce among the Temperance Societies at this merry Christmas season.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The History of the Middle Ages, Vol. II. : being Vol. XLIX. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, 6s.

An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, on a plan entirely new, by John Oswald, 18mo., 7s. 6d., bds.

Dr. Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, 7th edition, 8vo. 18s.

The Moral of Flowers, with coloured Plates, by a Lady, royal 8vo., 30s.

Loudon's Encyclopædia of Gardening, new edition, No. 1., 8vo., 2s. 6d.

The Club, or a Gray Cap for a Green Head, by Jas. Puckle, 12mo., 7s. 6d. cloth ; on India paper, 18s. cloth.

Love and Pride, by the author of " Sayings and Doings," 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Book of the Unveiling, an Exposition, with Notes, 12mo., 4s.

Reminiscences of an old Traveller through-out different parts of Europe, 12mo., 6s.

Encyclopædia Metropolitana, 3d Division, History and Biography, Vol. 111., 4to., 2l. 2s.

Hood's Comic Annual, 1834, 12mo., 12s.

The Dark Lady of Doona, by the author of " Stories of Waterloo," being Vol. IX. of Library of Romance, 12mo., 6s.

The East India Sketch-Book, Vols. III. and IV. post 8vo., 21s.

Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, Vols. I. and II. 2d edition, 28s.

Naval Adventures during Thirty-five Years' Service, by Lieut. W. Bowers, 2 vols., post 8vo. 21s.

Letters from Switzerland and Italy during a late Tour, by the Author of " Letters from the East," 8vo., 15s.

Finden's Illustrations of Byron's Works. Vol. II., royal 8vo., 30s. hf.-morocco ; 4to. Proofs, 2l. 17s. ; India Proofs, 4l. 2s.

Aldine Poets, Vol. XXVIII. ; Swift, Vol. II. 5s.

Stories of the Study, by John Galt, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington, 8vo., 14s.

Turner's Annual Tour, 1834 ; the Seine, 8vo., 21s., bd. ; royal 8vo. Proofs, 3l. 2s.

Travelling Memoirs during a Tour through Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Germany, &c., by Thomas Dyke, 2 vols., post 8vo., 14s.

Fanaticism, by the Author of the " Natural History of Enthusiasm," 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Gale Middleton, a Story of the Present Day, by the author of " Brambletye House," 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

A Narrative of the Naval Part of the Expedition to Portugal, by Capt. Mins, 8vo., 10s.

Gage d'Amitié ; the Northern Tourists, containing 73 Views of Lake and Mountain Scenery in Westmorland, &c. 4to., 21s.

Forty Years' Residence in America ; or, the Doctrine of a Particular Providence exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn (the original Lawrie Todd), written by himself ; with an Introduction by John Galt. 12mo. 6s.

Barnadiston ; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

Olympia Morata ; her Times, Life, and Writings, by the Author of " Selwyn." 12mo. 8s.

Zara, or the Black Death ; a Poem of the Sea, by the Author of " Naufragus." 8vo. 7s. bds.

Bampton Lectures for 1833 ; " The Analogy of Revelation and Science established in a Series of Lectures," by F. Nolan, 8vo. 15s.

Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War. Vol. III. 2d edition, 8vo. 20s.

LITERARY REPORT.

The first comprehensive account yet offered to the public of the British Colonies, is about to be furnished by Mr. Montgomery Martin, after long-continued labour and research. The magnitude and wealth of our transmarine dominions will be illustrated by many facts not previously published ; and original Maps of each Colony will accompany the whole. The first volume, embracing the British possessions in Asia, will appear early in the present month. The entire publication, extending to five volumes, under the title of a " History of the British Colonies," is to be dedicated, by special permission, to His Majesty.

" The Curate of Marsden, or Pastoral Conversations between a Minister and his Parishioners " by E. and M. Attersoll, authors of " Thomas Martin," " The Contrast," &c., will appear very shortly.

A work of fiction, describing the grand and romantic scenery of Southern Africa, and the Indian Ocean, will shortly appear. It includes

the extraordinary history of the Prophet-Chief-tain Mukanna, after whom it will be named.

Nearly ready, Egypt and Mohammed Ali ; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile : containing a Description of all the remarkable Ruins, and other Monuments of Antiquity, in Egypt and Nubia, from the Mediterranean to the Second Cataract, with a Comparison between the Greek and Egyptian Schools of Art ; together with an Account of the Government and Personal Character of the Pacha, his Harems, Palaces, Gardens, Baths, &c. By James Augustus St. John.

Mr. Bucke, author of " The Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," is engaged in writing " Memoirs of the Regency and Reign of George the Fourth."

A History of English Literature, by Mr. D'Israeli, may be expected. It has, we are aware, been the object of his studies for many years, as most of his works have already shown.

Mr. Valpy announces, in monthly volumes,

(uniform with the works of Byron, Scott, &c.) the publication of "Hume and Smollett's History of England," with a Continuation from the accession of George III. to 1835, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, with Portraits of the Sovereigns, and Historical Illustrations, &c., &c.

"Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country," by Mr. Keightley; with Engravings from Brooke's designs.

"The West India Sketch-Book; and also Sketches of the Feathered Tribes of the British Isles and the surrounding Seas," by Mr. Mudie, assisted by eminent Naturalists, and illustrated with Plates.

Mr. Picken's posthumous work, "The Black

Watch," will appear about the end of the present month.

Mr. O'Brien announces his "Prize Essay," with considerable additions, to be entitled the "Round Towers of Ireland, or the Mysteries of Free-masonry, of Sabalism, and of Buddhism," for the first time unveiled.

"Hymns for Childhood," by Mrs. Hemans; and "Lyrics for Music," by the same sweet poet.

We perceive that Lady Blessington's "Conversations" have been already translated into French, and published in Paris. The translator, M. Le Tellier, writes in terms of high admiration of the accomplished author.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON the 10th, the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, the president, presented the usual annual medals to the several students to whom they had been awarded.

The subject for historical painting was "Thetis consoling Achilles for the death of Patroclus." There were only two competitors, and the gold medal was not adjudged to either of them.

The subject for an historical group in sculpture was "Leucothoe giving the fillet to Ulysses." For this there were four competitors; Mr. Papworth was the successful one, and the gold medal was adjudged to him.

Mr. Paine obtained the gold medal for the best architectural design.

There were five candidates for the silver medal, to be given for the best copy in the school of painting; the subject "the Marriage of St. Catherine," by Vandyke. Mr. Slous carried off the prize; and also received the silver medal for the best drawing in the life academy, against five competitors.

Mr. Kendal received the silver medal for the best architectural drawing (a copy); and Mr. Wright another for the next best.

The candidates in the antique academy were numerous. The subjects were "the Apollo Belvidere," and "the Head of Ajax." Mr. Swayne obtained the silver medal for the best drawing; Mr. Lemon another for the next best; Mr. Wyon received the silver medal for the best model.

The President then addressed the students. He especially recommended to their attention correctness of drawing, as the foundation of all excellence in art. Colouring, chiaro-oscuro, and execution, were qualities not to be neglected; but they were much less valuable than the intellectual qualities of invention, composition, design, character, and expression. Adverting to the various schools of art, he expressed his regret that in this country the love of the Venetian and Flemish schools seemed to have triumphed over that of the Florentine school. This was in a great measure to be attributed to the application of commercial principles to the pursuits of taste, and to the want of a patronage, similar to that which the old masters received from the church. Great praise was due to the Caracci, who had endeavoured to effect a combination of the qualities which distinguished the different great schools. Their success had been only partial; but he strongly advised the British students to pursue the same course, and to try to accomplish the important object which the Caracci had in view. It was not to be concealed, however, that the times were very unpropitious to the progress of art in this country, and that it was greatly depressed. Better prospects, however, would, he hoped, soon open; for it was for the interest as well as for the dignity of the state, to afford the motives, as well as the means and opportunities, for cultivating the higher departments of art.

[We understand that the elder and present students of the Royal Academy have resolved to associate themselves as a body, in order to become better acquainted, and to keep up an intercourse with one another, and with the other professors of the arts. We heartily wish success to this, as to all other plans for cherishing kind and friendly feelings in society.]

PUBLICATIONS.

The Dance of Death, exhibited in elegant Engravings on Wood, with a Dissertation on the several Representations of that Subject, more particularly on those ascribed to Macabee and Hans Holbein. By Francis Douce, Esq., F.A.S.

The nature of this volume is sufficiently indicated by the title, which we think well adapted to secure it the attention not only of every lover of the fine arts, but of every one who deems the usages and moral culture of our forefathers subjects worthy of consideration. The former will find in it, among other illustrative engravings, very able fac-similes of the celebrated and beautiful woodcuts which have for so long a period been identified with the name of Holbein. While the historical student will possess, in the dissertation prefixed to them, not only an argument which appears to us to disprove satisfactorily the claim of the jolly burgher of Basle to their invention, but also a fund of curious and recondite information, such as no one but the learned editor himself could have amassed—not only upon the immediate of those far-famed productions and their prototype the “Danse Macabee,” (here explained for the first time,) but which likewise throws a light upon the origin of all compositions of this class, in those times when the unlearned were instructed by symbols and pictures, as well as sermons and homilies.

We cannot, of course, enter into any details, but must content ourselves with referring to the volume itself for full particulars of their origin and object, which appear to have been the impressing upon all—that, as Shirley sings—

“The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows unsubstantial things:”

and to exemplify the justice of Providence, by exhibiting to the poor and the beggar how

“Death lays his icy hands on kings.”

What Johnson said of Goldsmith, “*nihil tetigit quid non ornavit*,” may, with slight alteration, be applied to the editor of the work before us, who enjoys an European reputation for his consummate knowledge of the middle ages—“*nihil tetigit quid non illustravit* ;” witness his two volumes on Shakspeare. We wish Mr. Douce would give us a new edition of them, or if his hand at what would be indeed doing good service to early English literature, “*Illustrations of Chaucer*.”

THE DRAMA.

THE early period at which we are compelled to go to press, precludes the possibility of our giving any account of those magnificent tom-fooleries—the Christmas pantomimes. A description of the gorgeous nonsense may probably be given in our next.

The only novelty in the dramatic world during the last month has been the revival of Morton's farcical, though clever, comedy of *Secrets worth Knowing*. The absurdities of Rostrum, and other overstretched points that occur, most sadly deteriorate from its claim to genuine comedy. The performance was, on the whole, respectable,—perhaps as much so as anything we have yet

witnessed at those miscalled "great houses." The April of Dowton was a beautiful piece of acting, being natural and hearty. The Nicholas Rue of Blanchard was very well as the representation of a tottering old man, but beyond that it has no claim. Mr. Blanchard plays the Welchman Fluellen and the cunning Nicholas Rue just as though they were the same characters. Mr. Brindal did well as Greville. Would this gentleman but determine to feel his part more, and feel also confidence in himself, it would be the better for him. He appears always afraid (and it arises, doubtless, from a sensitive taste) of overstepping the correct line, and, consequently, does not always act up to it. We were sorry to see Miss Phillips in the character of Mrs. Greville.

The *Coriolanus* of Macready has not attracted. Those who remember Kemble, sigh when they see Macready, as those used to sigh at Kemble who remembered, or said they remembered, Garrick. It is, however, certain that *Coriolanus* is not Mr. Macready's happiest effort. His passion was too waspish, and his scorn too bitter. Irritability appeared to be the ruling characteristic of the man, and not the dignity of pride. Mrs. Sloman, as Volumnia, was particularly noisy, and took very long steps—as tragedy queens doubtless should. Mrs. Lovell, as Virginia, looked and acted like anything but the wife of the noble Roman. The part of the Lady Valeria was performed by pretty Miss Lee.

Drury Lane has been much better filled than previously, though it is still not uncommon to see an almost empty house at the commencement. Covent Garden has been well attended, Gustavus having decidedly proved a great attraction.

We are compelled to omit any notice of the minors this month; they are all doing well; the Victoria in particular.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

HIS Royal Highness the President, in delivering the annual address, observed that his late Majesty, through Sir Robert Peel, then secretary of state, placed at the Society's disposal two gold medals, of the value of fifty guineas. Mr. Chantrey, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Lawrence, was appointed to prepare a design for the die. Either from delicacy, or that procrastination for which the late President of the R.A. was so remarkable, the design was never furnished, although it was a frequent and favourite theme of conversation with him. It was, moreover, found that no funds had been placed at the disposal of the Society's treasurer to defray the expense of the medals. Owing to these and other causes, they had not been completed when the demise of his late Majesty took place. Under such circumstances, his Royal Highness, as the president of the Society, deemed it to be his duty to suggest a suspension of any future award of the royal medals, until the opinion of his present Majesty, through his legal advisers, was ascertained. That inquiry terminated in the most satisfactory manner; and steps were immediately afterwards taken to redeem all the pledges made by George IV. to the Royal Society. Mr. Wyon has executed a die, having on the obverse the head of his present gracious Majesty, the patron of the Society, and on the reverse the celebrated statue of Newton at Cambridge. The medal struck from this die is remarkable for its boldness and depth, and delicacy of finish. Ten medals of the foundation of George IV. had been awarded to the following individuals: viz. Dr. Dalton, that venerable philosopher, to whom was owing the development of the atomic theory: although at the eleventh hour, it was gratifying to know that he was acknowledged as its author both at home and abroad. To Mr. Ivory the second of these medals was awarded. This gentleman was the first

English philosopher who introduced to this country the beautiful and refined discoveries of La Place, La Grange, and other foreign astronomers. To Sir H. Davy and Dr. Wollaston medals were awarded, as testimonies of the high sense the Royal Society entertained of their distinguished services in science. The same honorary reward was voted to Professor Struve, for his researches respecting double stars; and to Professor Encke, the greatest, perhaps, of modern astronomical calculators, and the discoverer of the comet which bears his name. The medals for 1829 and 1830 were awarded to Sir C. Bell, Professor Michterlicht, and Sir D. Brewster. The medals on the foundation of his present Majesty are to be awarded annually, as the others; certain rules and regulations for their distribution have been submitted to the King, and received his sanction. Astronomy, physiology, geology and mineralogy, physics, mathematics, and lastly, chemistry, are the sciences which come within the scope of these regulations. The medals for the present year are awarded to Prof. De Candolle, of Genoa, for his work on vegetable physiology; and to Sir J. Herschel, for his on double stars.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Mr. Hamilton read an extract from a letter from Sir W. Gell, mentioning the arrival of Mr. Wilkinson in Italy, on his way home from his long sojourn in Egypt, and announcing a fact of great interest to the philosophical inquirer. Mr. W. had procured means to ascend the famous statue of Memnon, the musical wonder of more than two thousand years, and the subject of so much ingenious speculation. And he had discovered that all these learned theories were like that of the different effect between live and dead fish in a vessel brimfull of water, *i. e.* without the fact on which to raise the hypothesis. In short, Memnon has not emitted sounds in consequence of the rays of the sun falling in any direction upon his morning head; but in his mighty breast there is inlaid a sonorous stone, and by it a concealed niche in which was placed a man with an iron rod to strike the stone, which consequently emitted those mysterious and priestly sounds which helped to uphold the solar adoration, and the wonder of an ignorant and idolatrous people! The statue itself had been broken, probably by Cambyzes, and afterwards repaired; but the secret was taken good care of.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Kempe exhibited a carved figure of Sir John Falstaff, which formerly graced the door-post of the Boar's-head, in Eastcheap; whence it was removed about fifty years since, when the house was shut up: the costume bespoke the time of Charles the Second. It is said that a figure of Prince Henry was attached to the other door-post. Also coins of Vespasian and Julia Augusta, found among other Roman remains in Eastcheap. Part of a second communication was read from Mr. Bruce, on the history of the Court of Star-Chamber, from the reign of Henry the Fifth, the period at which his communication of last year closed. This court seems to have attained the height of its sway in the reign of Henry the Seventh. In previous reigns some acts of parliament were passed to curb the royal prerogative in the privy council, though they appear to have been little noticed; but in Henry the Seventh's reign an act was passed, confirming and establishing the jurisdiction of the court, and the influence of the crown was predominant. Many accused persons *purchased* their pardons at a heavy rate, "his highness taking the matter into his own hands," whenever any money was to be made by the business; and several entries were quoted of large sums paid "for his highness's pardon," "his highness's good word, or good offices," in such and such matters. Some few, however, did not choose to ruin themselves and their families, and endured the

persecution of this arbitrary court, and the durance vile of the Tower, until the king's death, when they were discharged.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

On Monday last, Dr. Hibbert read before the Royal Society his description of the limestone bed of Burdiehouse, about four miles to the south of Edinburgh, which forms an inferior bed of the coal measures in the neighbourhood of Loanhead. This limestone was shown to differ materially from the common carboniferous limestone of marine origin, and to form a species of deposit hitherto undescribed by geological writers, being not of a marine but of a fluviatile character. While proofs were thus adduced that the limestone bed of Burdiehouse indicated the existence of a lake, or of some fluviatile expanse, within which calcareous matter was elaborated, it was likewise explained that its animated tenants were fresh-water fish, resembling the Cyprinidæ. An interesting fragment of one of these fish, first discovered by Dr. Hibbert, was exhibited to the Society, which, in its entire state, could not have been less than a foot in length. There also appears to be in this deposit an immensity of very minute crustaceous and shell animals. One species of the crustaceous kind Lord Greenock conceived to resemble the *Cypris faba*; but there seems to be more than one description of these minute animals, which, like the *Cypris*, are referable to the Entomostraca of fresh-water lakes and marshes.

Besides these animals, a remarkable variety of fossil plants, embedded in the limestone, were exhibited, similar to such as are discovered in coal-fields, and indicative of the vegetation of a tropical country. Of these, the most abundant appeared to be the *Sphenopteris affinis*, first found by Mr. Witham in the quarries of Gilmerton; and another plant resembling the *Lepidostrobus variabilis* of Professor Lindley and Mr. Hutton; but it is to be hoped that the more perfect specimens of this latter plant, which are to be found in the Burdiehouse limestone, may serve to decide its hitherto dubious botanical character. Mr. Witham's attention has been invited to this circumstance, as well as to some other vegetable remains, apparently monocotyledonous.

[These were the principal results communicated to the Royal Society relative to this most interesting fresh-water limestone. But a still more remarkable discovery has since taken place. On the morning after this communication was made, Dr. Hibbert, in company with Mr. Witham, revisited the quarry, and in the course of this visit one of the workmen accidentally found inclosed in the fragment of the rock, a tooth an inch and a quarter in length, of a large reptile evidently referable to the Saurian order; this relic being in the most beautiful state of preservation, and having an enamel shining as if perfectly fresh. It was also observed that the limestone abounded with substances resembling coprolites, which gave encouragement to the expectation that many more remains of these Saurian animals will turn up during the process of quarrying. On this account we cannot refrain from recommending to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, or to the patrons of the College Museum, that every encouragement should be given to the labourers of Burdiehouse quarry, to preserve in a state as entire as possible any further relics of this kind, which may be discovered during the process of quarrying.]

This discovery is one of the most important which has lately been made in geology. It refers the existence of reptiles, allied more or less to the crocodile, to a period much earlier than has been generally supposed by geologists, and at the same time shows that these animals must have existed coeval perhaps with the very earliest vegetable state of our globe.

We cannot close these remarks without congratulating the student of natural history upon the discovery of a deposit of such interest as that of

the Burdiehouse limestone. It is not to be exceeded in importance by any other ossiferous bed which has yet been described, and it gives new features to the striking geology of the vicinity of Edinburgh.]

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

Hydrophobia.—M. Buisson has written to the Paris Academy of Science, to claim as his a small treatise on hydrophobia, addressed to the Academy so far back as 1823, and signed with a single initial. The case referred to in that treatise was his own; the particulars, and the mode of cure adopted, were as follow:—

He had been called to visit a woman who, for three days, was said to be suffering under this disease. She had the usual symptoms—constriction of the throat, inability to swallow, abundant secretion of saliva, and foaming at the mouth. Her neighbours said that she had been bitten by a mad dog about forty days before. At her own urgent entreaties she was bled, and died a few hours after, as was expected.

M. Buisson, who had his hands covered with blood, incautiously cleansed them with a towel which had been used to wipe the mouth of the patient. He then had an ulceration upon one of his fingers, yet thought it sufficient to wash off the saliva, that adhered, with a little water. The ninth day after, being in his cabriolet, he was suddenly seized with a pain in his throat, and one, still greater, in his eyes. The saliva was continually pouring into his mouth; the impression of a current of air, the sight of brilliant bodies, gave him a painful sensation; his body appeared to him so light, that he felt as though he could leap to a prodigious height; he experienced, he said, a wish to run and bite, not men, but animals, and inanimate bodies. Finally, he drank with difficulty, and the sight of water was still more distressing to him than the pain in his throat. These symptoms recurred every five minutes, and it appeared to him as though the pain commenced in the affected finger, and extended thence up to the shoulder.

From the whole of the symptoms he judged himself affected with hydrophobia, and resolved to terminate his life by stifling himself in a vapour bath. Having entered one for this purpose, he caused the heat to be raised to 42° ($107^{\circ} 36'$ Fah.) when he was equally surprised and delighted to find himself free of all complaint. He left the bathing-room well, dined heartily, and drank more than usual. Since that time, he says, he has treated in the same manner more than eighty persons bitten, in four of whom the symptoms had declared themselves, and in no case has he failed except in that of one child, seven years old, who died in the bath.

The mode of treatment he recommends is, that the person bit should take a certain number of vapour baths (commonly called Russian), and should induce, every night, a violent perspiration, by wrapping himself in flannels and covering himself with a feather bed; the transpiration is favoured by drinking freely of a warm decoction of sarsaparilla. He declares, so convinced is he of the efficacy of this mode of treatment, that he will suffer himself to be inoculated with the disease. As a proof of the utility of copious and continued perspiration, he relates the following anecdote:—A relative of the musician Grétry was bitten by a mad dog, at the same time with many other persons, who all died of hydrophobia. For his part, feeling the first symptoms of the disease, he took to dancing, night and day, saying, *that he wished to die gaily*.—He recovered.

M. Buisson also cites the old stories of dancing being a remedy for the bite of a tarantula; and draws the attention to the fact, that the animals in whom this madness is most frequently found to develop itself spontaneously, are dogs, wolves, and foxes, which never perspire.

[*Literary and Scientific Institutions*.—The number of members of the

literary and scientific societies of the metropolis is not short of 10,100. Taking them in the numerical order of their constituency, the list will stand thus:—Zoological, 2,446; Horticultural, 1,875; Royal Society of Arts, 1,000; Royal Institution, 758; Royal Society, 750; Geological, 700; Linnæan, 600; Asiatic, 560; Geographical, 520; Astronomical, 320; Antiquarian, 300; Royal Society of Literature, 271;—10,100 members. The members constituting the London Medical, Westminster Medical, Medico-Chirurgical, Medico-Botanical, Phrenological, and Entomological Societies remain to be added; and with these, the members of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Their united constituency cannot be short of 1,700 persons. Next follow the London, Southwark, Russell, Western, and Marylebone Institutions, whose proprietary and yearly subscribers may be estimated at 1,500. Here are in the whole 13,300 individuals, supporting 26 associations in London, founded for the sole purpose of promoting the interests of learning and science, and diffusing useful knowledge. And, for the immediate benefit of the operative class, the metropolis possesses a Mechanics' Institute, which is said to have 1,000 members.]

VARIETIES.

THERE will be five eclipses in the ensuing year, three of the sun, and two of the moon, the whole of which, with the exception of a partial eclipse of the moon on the 16th of December, will be invisible here. Mercury may be seen near the western horizon, soon after sunset, about March 11, July 8, and November 2, and eastward before sunrise, about April 25, August 23, and December 11. Venus will shine with her greatest brightness November 14, when she will exhibit a phase like the moon when five days old. Mars will present very interesting telescopic appearances, as will Jupiter. The latter, with his belts and satellites, will be beautiful in January, February, September, October, November, and December. The changes in Saturn's ring will be seen during the first half of the year. Of the eclipses invisible here, one is a total eclipse of the moon on the 21st of June, and an eclipse of the sun, which, in South Carolina, will be nearly total.

Sir John Herschel.—The long-projected voyage of Sir John Herschel to the southern hemisphere is at length proceeded in. A ship, which has recently sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, with General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the new governor of that colony, on board, carries at the same time another illustrious freight in the person of our distinguished astronomer. To the learned of all countries the voyage of our astronomer may be regarded as an event of unusual interest: but on more general grounds, it ought to be scarcely less so to every lover of his kind. To the sincere and enlightened philanthropist it may afford matter for proud and consoling reflection, to consider this philosopher—this emissary from European civilization—tranquilly seated in Africa, at the farther extremity of that barbarous and inhospitable continent,—and nightly—in what was formerly a howling desert, only tenanted by the tiger and the hyæna, or by the wandering savage, scarcely more humanized—pursuing undisturbed his high investigations. It is at some distance from Cape Town, and in the centre of an extensive plain, that the fine observatory of the Cape is situated. Thither we cannot help following in imagination our distinguished countryman, and endeavouring to conceive the enthusiasm with which he will there first, with the aid of his powerful telescopes, range over the southern sky, so singular in its general aspect, and so interesting even to the unlearned observer. The great constellation of the Ship—the Cross of the South—the Clouds of

Magellan—the frequent spaces of total blackness—all those remarkable features of that firmament, with which he has been hitherto acquainted from description only, will be successively surveyed and examined by him with that pure and elevated sentiment of intellectual delight, which a man of science and imagination only can know. It is said, we know not with what truth, that, before returning to Europe, Sir John Herschel will also visit the neighbouring island of Mauritius. We trust that, long before he does so, the political storm that still agitates that little colony will have settled into peace. But, however this may be, he may rest assured of meeting there, no less than at the Cape, with a most honourable and attentive reception from men of all parties; nor do we know any country where the deference and consideration due to high talents and attainments will be more willingly conceded to him. He will find there such facilities for observation as a small observatory, recently established, but already well and carefully appointed, is fitted to afford; and the presence of an ingenious and acute observer to aid him in his researches.—*Literary Gazette*.

Fisheries.—The report of the Committee to inquire into the British Channel Fisheries have been published. The Committee regret that they have to report that the fisheries and the various interests connected with them are in a very depressed state, that they appear to have been gradually sinking since the peace in 1815, and more rapidly during the last nine or ten years; and that the capital employed does not yield a profitable return, while the number of vessels and boats, as well as of men and boys employed, is much diminished; and the fishermen and their families, who formerly were maintained by their industry, and enabled to pay rates and taxes, are now in a greater or less degree dependent upon the poor-rates for support. The observations of the Committee are confined to such places on the coast as lie between Yarmouth and Cornwall. The Committee ascribe this falling off to the following causes, which they consider immediately susceptible of remedy, viz., the large quantity of foreign-caught fish, illegally imported and sold in the London market; and the great decrease and comparative scarcity of fish in the Channel. It is stated, that for a long time past, and up to the present period, the fishermen from Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and other places in France, have been accustomed to fish with large fleets of fishing-vessels upon the Kent and Sussex coasts, frequently within half a league of the shore, and sometimes nearer, and in the bays and shallow waters, in which it is particularly necessary for the preservation of the brood of fish that such as frequent those waters during the breeding season should not be disturbed, or their young destroyed before they have attained maturity—and that the French vessels are superior to our own. The scarcity of fish in the Channel, they are of opinion, has been occasioned by the great destruction of the spawn and brood of fish, consequent upon the non-observance of the laws which at present exist as to their preservation, which, they are of opinion, should be altered and amended. The Committee recommend that fish-carts should be exempt from the payment of tolls.

In a return lately laid before the Court of East India Proprietors, the expenses incurred by the people of India for embassies to the Court of Persia during the last thirty-eight years are made to amount to nearly a million sterling. The following are the names of the persons so employed, the salaries received, and the expenses they incurred. We give the sum total received by each envoy, including salary and expenses. Captain Sir J. Malcolm, 1799, 111,963*l.*; Mr. Manestry, 1814, 105,791*l.*; Sir H. Jones, 1807, 168,535*l.*; Brigadier-General J. Malcolm, 1808, 220,350*l.*; Sir Gore Ouseley, 1810, 141,166*l.*; Mr. H. Ellis, 1813, 2500*l.*; Mr. Morier, 1814, 22,070*l.*; Mr. E. Willock, 1816, 48,673*l.*; Colonels Macdonald and Campbell, 160,008*l.*—making in all 977,061*l.*

Government Annuities.—The amount of annuities granted by the com-

missioners for the reduction of the national debt, and expired since the year 1823, is as follows:—From 23d November, 1820, to 5th January, 1833, there were granted 3025 annuities, to the amount of £13,996*l.* 13*s.* for the sum of 1,714,230*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.*; from 23d November, 1829, to 5th January, 1833, the number of expired annuities was 216, to the amount of 19,433*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*, for the sum of 94,799*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; and the amount remaining, 5th January, 1833, was 2809 annuities, to the amount of 194,563*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, for the sum of 1,619,431*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Raphael's Remains.—This discovery has been already briefly alluded to in the daily journals. The following particulars are from a letter written by Signor Thibby to M. Quatremère de Quincy:—It is well known that the Academy of St. Luke, as the academy of painting is called at Rome, has been for a century in the habit of showing a skull, which they pretend to be that of Raphael. The circumstance of the Academy's possessing it was explained by saying, that when Carlo Maratti employed Nardini to produce a bust of the artist for the Pantheon, he had contrived to open the tomb of the great artist, and extract the skull, to serve as a model for the sculptor's labours. Considerable doubts, however, were cast on the authenticity of the skull, and an authentic document, discovered about two years back, clearly proved the cranium to have belonged not to Raphael, but to Don Desiderio de Adintorio, founder of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon, in 1542. This society, in consequence, claimed the head of its founder from the Academy of St. Luke, which indignantly resisted the claim, and upheld the skull in its possession to have been veritably that of Raphael. The society of Virtuosi, after some delay and consideration, summoned the chief members of the Painting Academy, to aid in the search after the tomb and remains of Raphael d'Urbino. Taking as their guide the descriptions given by Vassari, in his Lives of Raffaello and Lorenzetto, the commission of research began their explorations by excavating the earth under the statue of the Virgin in the Pantheon. Nor was it long before they were stopped by a piece of masonry, in the form of a grave. Sinking through this for about a foot and a half, they found a void; and supposing, with justice, this to be the depository which they sought, it was opened in all solemnity, before the chief magistrates and personages of Rome. When the surface was cleared, a coffin displayed itself, with a skeleton extended within, covered over with a slight coat of dust and rubbish, formed in part by the garments and the lid of the coffin, that had mouldered. It was evident that the tomb had never been opened, and consequently, that the skull, possessed and shown by the Academy of St. Luke, was spurious. But the dispute was forgotten in the interest and enthusiasm excited by the discovery of the true and entire remains. The first care was to gather up the dust and the skeleton, in order to their being replaced in a new mausoleum. Amid the mouldering fragments of the coffin, which was of pine wood, and adorned with paintings, were found a *steletta* of iron, being a kind of spur, with which Raphael had been decorated by Leo X., some buttons and *fibulæ*. Pieces of the argil of the Tiber showed that the waters of the river had penetrated into the tomb. The sepulchre had, nevertheless, been carefully built up, the chief cause of the good state of preservation in which the skeleton was found. On the 15th of September, the surgeons proceeded to examine the skeleton, which was declared to be of masculine sex, and of small dimensions, measuring seven palms, five ounces, and three minutes, (five feet, two inches, three lines French measure). In the skull, which has been moulded, may be traced the

lineaments of Raphael, as painted in his School of Athens; the neck long, the arm and breast delicate, the hollow of the right arm marked by the *apophysis*, a projection of a bone, caused by incessant working with the pencil. The limbs were stout in appearance; and strange to say, the larynx was intact and still flexible. The Marquis Biondi, President of the Archeological Society, enumerated the proofs and circumstances, showing this to be the tomb and body of Raphael, in the presence of all the learned and celebrated in Rome. He asked, was there a doubt in any one's mind as to their identity? Not one was found to question it. In the disposing of the remains, the will of Raphael was consulted, and his wishes again followed. They are to be replaced in a leaden coffin, and more solidly entombed in the same spot where they were found. From the 20th to the 24th, the remains were exposed to the Roman public, whose enthusiasm and tears may be imagined by those who know them. The 18th of October is fixed for the great artist's second funeral, on which occasion the Pantheon was to be brilliantly illuminated. — *Athenæum*.

Raphael's Tomb.—Camuccini had a commission to take a sketch of the tomb, at the moment the remains were found, which was afterwards to be lithographed; he received at the same time an exclusive privilege. It chanced that Horace Vernet, who was present, wished also to take a sketch of the scene. The director of the undertaking, Fabris, prevented this, with the remark, that, with the exception of Camuccini, no one was to be allowed to make a sketch. Vernet was surprised, collected himself immediately, gave up his pencil and paper, and coolly inquired whether it would be allowed to give a sketch from memory. Certainly, was the reply. Vernet retired, and, between the hours of twelve and six, executed a charming oil painting of the tomb, at the moment the remains were discovered, with so much correctness, that it is difficult to conceive that it was done purely from recollection. The high personages who were present are to be recognized at a glance. He had a stone worked under his own eye; but no sooner had it gone to the press, than it was seized by the authorities, together with the original. Vernet wrote a letter directly to the French Chargé d'Affaires, in which he stated, that if both the articles were not instantly returned to him, he would have the whole affair inserted in the *Moniteur*. His idea, that art could not be monopolized like salt and tobacco, became general. The Chargé d'Affaires took the letter to the Cardinal-Minister for foreign affairs, and the injured artist received back his property. Vernet, who considered Camuccini as the author of, or participator in, an order which was disapproved of by the higher authorities, tore the painting he had made in two, and sent it to him with a bitter letter, stating that he had no intention of injuring his interests. Camuccini had the picture skilfully joined together and sent back to Vernet, with an able answer, in which he gave up all claim to monopoly in works of art. Since this affair, any artist is permitted to take drawings of Raphael's grave, and publish them, but Camuccini's sketch has not appeared. — *Galignani's Messenger*.

The "Tribune" has published a table, showing the number of actions and condemnations which the Paris press has had to support since the Ordonnance of August 2, 1830, by which all proceedings commenced were quashed, and all condemnations remitted. The following are the results:—Tribune, 86 actions, 17 condemnations; Révolution, 32 actions, 11 condemnations; Quotidienne, 17 actions, 12 condemnations; Gazette de France, 18 actions, eight condemnations; Caricature, seven actions, four condemnations; Courier Français, one action, one condemnation; Journal du Commerce, one; Messenger, two; and Temps, four actions; but no condemnations; various petty journals and publications, 120 actions, 43 condemnations; various societies, public criers, &c., 65 actions, 21 condemnations; the Viscount Chateaubriand, Sosthenes, de Larochefoucauld, and other authors, 39 actions, 17 condemnations. Total number of actions, 411; of condem-

nations, 143; aggregate term of imprisonment resulting from the 143 condemnations, 65 years two months; and amount of fines, with costs, &c., 301,555*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

Amongst the objects landed from the *Luxor*, now at *Rouen*, is a sarcophagus, the property of the officers of the vessel, who took advantage of their residence in Upper Egypt to search for antiquities, and discovered this fine specimen at the bottom of a shaft in the form of a well, 125 feet deep, arched over with brick, and filled with earth and stones, and which led to two chambers, the second of which contained the sarcophagus. It is in basalt, and is covered inside and outside with hieroglyphical inscriptions. At the bottom is sculptured a human figure lying on the back, which is also represented, in profile, on the top of the lid or covering. All the sculpture is in the most perfect state of preservation. According to the conjectures of M. Champollion, this was the tomb of Queen Unknas, wife of Amasis, and daughter of Psammetichus II., whose crown was usurped by Amasis. This monument, as well as many others, was violated on the invasion of Egypt by the Persians under Cambyses. In forcing off the lid, the Persians broke one of the corners of the sarcophagus with a lever made of sycamore wood, which was still found with it, though between two and three thousand years have elapsed since it was used for this profanation. Outside of the tomb there were likewise found some of the bones of the mummy, which, according to tradition, was burnt by the Persians, and some of these bones still retained traces of the gold with which the whole mummy was enveloped, small portions of which had escaped the effects of the fire.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Forest Trees adapted for Plantations.—Ornamental Oaks.—Notwithstanding the great number of beautiful hardy trees, which have been introduced into Britain during the last twenty or thirty years, many persons continue to plant their parks and pleasure-grounds with the commonest forest-trees, and, generally speaking, with those indigenous to the country. Some persons vindicate this practice by alleging that the native trees of a country are most suitable to it; but we might just as well refuse to grow pine-apples, because they do not spring up wild in our woods, as reject the brilliant tints of American forest-trees, because nature has clothed ours in a more sombre livery.

It is one of the most decided marks of civilization, and one of the greatest advantages of commerce to be able to assemble, in one spot, luxuries from different parts of the world. The savage is compelled to build his hut of the logs which he has felled, and to live on the game which he has killed with his own hands, or on the fruits procured by his own labour; but the man living in civilized society has the products of a dozen different nations on his breakfast-table. Foreign commodities have become necessary for our food, our furniture, and our clothing. Why then should foreign trees be banished from our pleasure-grounds?

The prejudice in favour of native productions is not, however, the only obstacle to the introduction of foreign trees: many persons are ignorant of their beauty, and those who have heard them spoken of are perplexed by the nomenclature of a nurseryman's catalogue, and are afraid of ordering trees designated by names which they do not understand, or which, at best, convey no definite ideas to their mind. A descriptive catalogue is wanted, which should convey some idea of the tree in a few words added to its name: and the following pages are intended to supply, in some measure, this want as far as regards the oak.

Every one who has been in America speaks with rapture of the beauty

of an American forest in autumn; the brilliant colours which the forests then assume are said to be almost dazzling, and most persons who have read a glowing description of American scenery at this season would be glad to realize it in Britain in their own pleasure-grounds. This may now be very easily done, and at a very small expense. The beautiful reds of the American forests are principally produced by the oaks. It is not, perhaps, generally known that nearly a hundred different species of oaks may now be procured in our nurseries, nearly all of which are perfectly hardy, and may be grown with as little care as the common oak (*Quercus pedunculata*) of the British forests. Above forty of these oaks are from America, and one of the most beautiful of them is the *Quercus coccinea*, or scarlet oak. This is a tall, handsome tree, growing about fifty feet high, the leaves of which take a most beautiful and brilliant scarlet in the autumn. These leaves are longer and narrower than those of the common oak, (they are about six inches long,) and hang on till near Christmas; the branches generally spread gracefully on every side; and the wood is remarkably hard, of a deep scarlet colour, and when polished as beautifully grained as mahogany. One of the finest scarlet oaks in England is at the Duke of Wellington's seat at Strathfieldsaye. The laurel-leaved, or swamp oak (*Quercus laurifolia*), has a very remarkable appearance, and its wood is said to be very valuable. The *Quercus cerris*, or Turkey oak, is very handsome; and the Luccombe oak, one of the varieties of this species, is one of the most beautiful trees that can be imagined; its branches droop most gracefully, and its leaves retain a deep shining green till they drop off in the spring, but a very short time before the buds open again for the ensuing season. *Quercus rubra* and *Quercus palustris* are both from North America, and the leaves of *Quercus rubra* assume a beautiful red colour in the autumn. The leaves of *Quercus palustris* have more of a brownish tint than a pure red, and they are more deeply indented; this tree is a very handsome one, and has a beautiful effect in a shrubbery. *Quercus suber*, the cork-tree, is very well worth cultivating for its curiosity. It is, however, slow in growth, and seldom forms a handsome tree in this country. Two of the handsomest in England are in the Duke of Richmond's pleasure-grounds at Goodwood. *Quercus coccifera* has prickly leaves like those of the holly; from this species is collected the kermes, or scarlet dye. *Quercus ilex* is the ever-green oak. A remarkably large tree of this species is at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. There is also a very fine ilex in the garden of Major Richardson, at Chichester; and another at Bargally, in Kirkcudbrightshire, in the West of Scotland. The leaves of the *Quercus phellos* are like those of a willow, and those of the *Quercus castanea* assume a yellow tint in autumn. The leaves of the variegated oak look like a sheet of silver in the sun: there is a very beautiful specimen of this tree at White Knights. One of the smallest oaks is the Mexican (*Quercus Mexicana*), which never exceeds two feet in length; and one of the largest the *Quercus tinctoria*, or black oak, generally grows to above 100 feet. Many others might be mentioned, but the above will be sufficient to show the effect that may be produced in a plantation by oaks alone, and many other trees have as many varieties. All the oaks here described may be produced in almost any British Nursery, and most of them may be seen growing at the nursery of Messrs. Loddiges, at Hackney; at that of Mr. Young, at Milford, near Godalming; at the Goldworth Nursery (Mr. Donald), near Woking, Surrey; and probably at many others. None of the trees are very expensive, and most of them grow freely. All that is requisite is to plant them at sufficient space apart to allow them room to grow, filling up the spaces between with common trees, which may be cut down for firewood, &c., as the finer sorts grow up.—*Linaj.*

USEFUL ARTS.

At the Gallery of Practical Science, Nov. 21, the large compound tempered steel magnet, brought lately to this country by the Count de Predwalli, arranged by M. Pixli, of Paris, was placed vertically, and made to revolve immediately beneath a fixed armature of soft iron, with a very long helix of copper, well wound round with silk. Water, being then exposed to its action, was rapidly decomposed by this large apparatus, first in a single tube, hydrogen being evolved from one wire connected with the copper helix, ending at one pole of the armature, whilst at the other end of the copper-wire helix oxygen was given off, the effects being precisely like those which occur when the elements of water are disunited by galvanic agency. The mixed gases were then reconverted into water by the electric spark. Water was a second time decomposed, and the elements were received into two tubes, and it was observed that the proportions were as near as possible two to one, thus affording another proof of polar decomposition.—The next experiment was quite new in this country—viz., *charging a Leyden phial with magneto-electricity*. The truth of this was rendered very evident by the aid of a delicate electroscope, the gold leaves of which became quite divergent. Mr. Laxton operated with the fine magnet constructed by him for the Gallery. It consists of a large compound steel-tempered magnet, arranged horizontally, and fixed, the armature, surrounded by copper wire covered with silk, being made to rotate. The apparatus excited the admiration of the scientific company present, not only for the splendour of the effects produced, but also from its fine mechanical arrangement. It gave out most brilliant sparks, powerful shocks, heated a platinum wire of great thickness red-hot, and decomposed water; but the experiment was not quite so complete in charging the Leyden jar as in the instance of that obtained from Pixli's instrument, although no doubt was entertained that it had equal capabilities.

Paper from Rotten Wood.—M. Brard, in a letter to the Royal Academy of Bordeaux, reports some successful experiments which he has made in forming a coarse paper from the rotten wood of the *Pinus maritima*, which abounds in the Alps and the Pyrenees. Although unsized, it could be written upon; and, when several sheets were pasted together, it formed as solid and as light a pasteboard as that in common use, and quite as good for bookbinding.—*Molécun's Recueil Industriel*.

Sir Humphry Davy's Safety Lamp.—A new attempt has recently been made in the public journals to detract from the confidence and reputation of the safety lamp by the ostentatious introduction of one which professes to give additional security. When the professions of interested manufacturers are placed in competition with the high claims of Sir Humphry Davy, combined with those of his liberal and enlightened friends and successors, amongst whom must be named Professor Faraday, Dr. Paris, Messrs. Brande, Pepps, Allen, &c., who, instead of upholding an invention possessing ideal claims to merit, would most anxiously recognize and acknowledge any improvements which rendered additional security; and when these professions came out unsanctioned by any of these names, it were scarcely necessary that any allusion need be made to its claims; but as they are put forth with the semblance of scientific improvements, it may not be amiss to point out the sources of failure where it has occurred, to vindicate the confidence which has so long and justly been reposed in the Davy lamp. That the principle is scientifically and practically perfect is as true as that, whenever accidents have occurred, these have been occasioned solely through the incomplete workmanship of the lamp, or the want of care at the time of using it. No one who has seen the slovenly manner in which the lamps are turned out of the hands of the manufacturer, can deny that in the very imperfect manner in which they are soldered consists a great source of their failure; whilst those who have seen the lamps distributed to the workmen

for daily use, where the coal, in a minute state of division, is seen adhering to all parts of the gauze, and which, when ignited, must necessarily communicate ignition to the surrounding atmosphere, need not look farther for the origin of those fatalities which have certainly occurred where the lamp has been employed. Another circumstance must also be taken into consideration: that the lamp is intended solely as a warning when the damp is present, whereas miners have frequently been known to continue their operations with the gas in the interior in a state of active ignition. The insecurity of the lamp, from the incomplete state in which it is turned out by the manufacturer, might have been obviated had Sir Humphry Davy secured to himself the proprietary by patent, the neglect of which was, in his subsequent life, a considerable source of regret to himself and scientific friends.

Clarification of Oils.—The agent employed for clarifying oils of various kinds is heat, applied through the medium of steam, or boiling water, in any suitable apparatus. The oil is to be put into a tin-kettle, which fits into a copper, or other boiler, by means of which it may be surrounded with boiling water, or steam. A close cover is to be fitted on to the tin kettle, and openings are made for supplying water and oil, and also for the placing of a safety valve. Oil kept at a moderate heat in this way will be clarified in a few hours, a portion of the foreign matter rising in scum, and the other portion precipitating. The great advantage of this procedure is, that it can be followed at all times and seasons, whilst the refining of oil by exposure to air and the direct rays of the sun is restricted to fine weather, and a limited portion of the year.

NEW PATENTS.

David Redmund, of Wellington Foundry, Charles-street, City-road, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements in steam-carriages, which improvements are applicable to other purposes.

George Frederick Muntz, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, roller of metals, for an improved manufacture of boilers used for the purpose of generating steam.

Charles Joseph Hullmandel, of Great Marlborough-street, in the county of Middlesex, printer, for a certain improvement in the art of block-printing, as applied to calico and some other fabrics.

Hugh Lee Pattinson, of Summer-hill-terrace, in the parish or parochial chapelry of St. John, in the county of Northumberland, for an improved method of separating silver from lead.

Jacob Frederick Zeitter, of New Cavendish-street, Portland-street, in the county of Middlesex, piano-forte maker, for certain improvements in piano-fortes and other stringed musical instruments.

John Travis the younger, of Shaw Mills, near Manchester, in the county Palatine of Lancaster, cotton spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for spinning wool, flax, cotton, or other fibrous materials.

William Brunton, of Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, in the city of London, engineer, for an apparatus to facilitate and improve the excavation of ground, and the formation of embankments.

Dominick Stafford, of Duke-street, Adelphi, in the county of Middlesex, and late of the city of Paris, for an improvement in fuel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad.

Joseph Wass, of Lea, Derbyshire, millwright and engineer, for certain mechanical powers, which may be made applicable to various useful purposes.

Richard Holme, of Kingston-upon-Hull, for improvements in apparatus and means of generating steam, and in other parts of steam-engines, and also in the means of producing heat.

Henry Robinson Palmer, of Fludyer-street, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, civil engineer, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of arches, roofs, and other parts of buildings; and which improvement or improvements may also be applied to other useful purposes.

Peter Ewart, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, cotton-spinner, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the spinning-machine called the mule.

John Page, of Bury St. Edmunds, in the county of Suffolk, watch and clock maker, (being one of the people called Quakers,) for certain improvements in, or additions to horological machines.

Robert William Brandling, of Low Gosforth, in the county of Northumberland, Esq. for improvements in applying steam and other power to ships, boats, and other purposes.

John Cooper Douglas, of Great Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces for generating heat; and also in the construction of apparatus or vessels for applying heat to various useful purposes.

John Cooper Douglas, of Great Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for

certain improvements which prevent either the explosion or the collapse of steam and other boilers from an excess of internal or external pressure.

Marcel Roman, of St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, in the city of London, merchant, for certain improvements in, or additions to apparatus or methods employed in throwing or winding silk or other threads.

Barthelemy Richard Comte de Predaval, of Leicester-place, Leicester-square, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for an engine for producing motive power applicable to various purposes.

Stephen Perry, of 25, Wilmington-square, in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, Gent., Edward Massey,

Sen. of 20, King-street, in the same parish, watchmaker, and Paul Joseph Gauci, of No. 10, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, artist, for certain improvements in pens and pen-holders.

Daniel Ledsam, and William Jones, both of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, screw manufacturers, for certain improvements in machinery to be used in the manufacture of pins and needles.

John Cooper Douglas, of Great Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements for depriving vegetable juices and fermented and distilled liquors of their acid qualities, also of their colouring matter and essential oils.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM NOVEMBER 29, 1833, TO DECEMBER 20, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 28.—W. SCOTT, Finsbury-circus, merchant. J. F. W. BREWER, Star-corner, Bermondsey, licensed victualler. G. STOCKMAN, Portsea, linen-draper. W. BRADSTOCK, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, farmer. F. and H. FRY, Bath, butchers. J. JACKSON, jun., York, plumber. R. S. LEWIS, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. T. POUND, Bishopstone, Wiltshire, baker. J. SNOFIELD, jun., Rochdale, woollen-manufacturer.

Dec. 3.—A. LINES, Aylesbury, grocer. M. MASON, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, tallow-chandler. H. N. POWELL, Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, scrivener. F. DARRAGH, Liverpool, joiner and builder. G. LAING, Liverpool, merchant. J. LEIGHTON, Nottingham, dealer in paper and small wares. J. LOWE, West Derby, Lancashire, miller. J. OGDEN and C. WALMSLEY, Hollinwood, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.

Dec. 6.—A. GIBSON, High-street, Whitechapel, grocer. J. JORDAN, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, wine-merchant. W. BROWN, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, stone-merchant. H. JAMES, Star-street, Edge-ware-road, baker. T. BISHOP, Cheapside, glover. T. COOK, Stourport, Worcestershire, grocer. B. CLAY, Huddersfield, timber-merchant. G. ARNOLD, Bath, innkeeper. M. SHILLITO, sen., Beal, Yorkshire, dealer. J. BURDON, Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, ship-builder. J. JARDINE, Haslingden, Lancashire, druggist. R. CLAGUE, Liverpool, joiner. R. BARNEWALL, Liverpool, merchant.

Dec. 10.—M. LAST and W. CASEY, Great Winchester-street, silk-merchants. G. FLOCKS, Melksham, Wiltshire, innkeeper. W. FEAR and H. COWARD, Bath, upholsterers. J. BOULTON, late of Redditch, Tardebigg, Worcestershire, dealer. A. DUNCAN, Shaw-hill, Halifax, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant. R. RAWLINGS, sen., Wells, veterinary-surgeon. W. JOHNSON, Hauley, Staffordshire, iron-monger.

Dec. 13.—J. BARBER, Drury-lane, draper. G. B. DAVIDGE, New-cut, Blackfriars-road,

printer. G. F. JAMES, Puddington-street, St. Marylebone, grocer. J. COWARD, Bath, linen-draper. F. and J. MILLS, Wood-street, Cheapside, stay-manufacturer. C. F. TRAHN, jun., Mark-lane, merchant. J. BUNKIN, Berner-street, Commercial-road, carrier. J. GOMERSALL, Burlington-arcade, Piccadilly, umbrella-maker. J. PRIESTLEY, sen., and J. PRIESTLEY, jun., Counter-street, Southwark, hop-merchants. J. N. HOLBROOK, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. W. R. WILLIAMS, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, spirit-merchant. R. KENDALL, Gloucester draper. J. H. DAVIES, Merthyr-Tydvil, draper.

Dec. 17.—S. BARBER, Drury-lane, draper. J. SLATER, Peppard, Oxfordshire, coal-merchant. H. CONGREVE, College-street, Chelsea, patent-medicine proprietor. J. CUMBERLEGE, jun., Old Broad-street, stock-broker. D. DAVIS, Castle-street, Houndsditch, silversmith. W. MOSE, Monksherbome, Hampshire, carpenter. C. WRIGHT, Dover, innkeeper. W. J. MONKHOUSE, Monythusloyne, Monmouthshire, flour-dealer.

Dec. 20.—W. WILSON and E. BRODRIE, Brabant-court, Philpot-lane, merchants. R. HAYDON, Milk-street, silk-warehouseman. T. A. GAY, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, law-stationer. S. JONES, Old Cavendish-street, tailor. S. FILCROFT and T. MUSGROVE, Liverpool, grate-manufacturers. R. DICK, Hanover-street, Hanoversquare, tailor. S. and T. DARWIN, Sheffield, roller-manufacturers. G. BAGSHAW, Sheffield, cutler. J. LANE, Strand, cheesemonger. J. BOYN, sen., and J. BOYN, jun., Jewry-st., wine-merchants. R. HALL, Birmingham, slate-merchant. E. WORSLEY, Aston, Warwickshire, blank-tray-maker. W. ATKIN, Halifax, Yorkshire, iron-founder. J. and W. H. STORER, Brierly-hill, Staffordshire, grocers. W. THOMPSON, Birmingham, victualler. T. ACTON, London, warehouseman. M. J. LORE, Liverpool, merchant. W. DONNISON, Taah-street, Gray's-lane, licensed victualler.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The degree of languor with which many branches of trade are commonly affected at this season of the year has been increased, with respect to some of them, by the irregularity and uncertainty of foreign communications, arising from the violent winds which have prevailed for the last fortnight. The Lead and Iron Trades have lost much of the animation which lately characterized them, but this, we trust, is but for the moment; and we look forward with much interest to the realising some of the projected rail-roads in France, which would not fail to cause a very considerable demand for the iron of this country. The Cotton and Wool manufactures are also in less active operation, and, though not to the same extent, a change is felt in the Silk Trade. Money appears to be very abundant, but, upon the whole, business seems to be maintained on a sound and healthy footing, and mercantile speculation seems generally to have been restrained from that extravagant excess which, a few months ago, it was apprehended that it was tending to. With the exception of a firm largely engaged in the South American Trade, and one or two speculators in Russia produce, there have been no failures of importance of late.

From the unfavourable effects of the season, one important branch of home trade is of course excepted,—that in Grocery; a good deal of animation was apparent in the Market, previously to its closing for the Holidays, and considerable purchases were made both by the Grocers and Refiners. By public sale, since the middle of the month, 137 hhds. of Barbadoes Sugar brought 55s. to 57s. for good, and 57s. 6d. to 60s. 6d. for fine. The sales of the week preceding the close of the Market may be stated at about 3500 hhds. at prices ranging from 48s. for low brown Demerara, to 60s. for fine Jamaica.

In East India Sugars, the transactions have been to a small extent, but the advance of 1s. per cwt. on last sales' prices is maintained; in Mauritius Sugars there has been still less business done. The purchases in the Foreign Sugar Market have been limited to a few parcels of Brazil taken by the Refiners at 20s. 6d. for brown to 23s. for grey. Offers have been made of 24s. to 25s. for yellow Havannah, but the holders are in expectation of better prices.

The Refined Market continues very dull; sales could be made to a considerable extent at 30s. per cwt. for fine double crushed, but the Refiners are firm for an advance.

The sales of British Plantation Coffee have, of late, been to a moderate extent, but fine clean qualities have been in demand for home consumption, and have realized an advance of 1s. 6d. to 2s. per cwt. while lower and unclean descriptions have fully maintained their price. The prices lately obtained by public auction have been as follows:—Jamaica, middling 96s., good to fine fine ordinary 83s. to 90s.; Demerara, middling 84s. to 88s., good and fine fine ordinary (partly unclean) 76s. to 84s., triage 75s. 6d. to 82s. 6d.; Berbice, triage, 76s. 6d.; St. Lucia, fine fine ordinary 90s. to 91s. A parcel of Mocha, of mixed quality and rather brown, brought 70s. to 73s. 6d. per cwt. But few sales have been made in Foreign Coffee, the holders being firm for former prices, notwithstanding the unfavourable accounts from the Hambro' Market; a few bags of Havannah have been sold at 58s. to 64s., and a small parcel of St. Domingo at 59s. The quotations for Brazil continue nominally the same.

In Cocoa there is little or nothing doing, and the largeness of the stock on hand tends to depress the price.

There has been an advance of 6d. to 1s. per lb. on Nutmegs, several sales having been made at 7s. There is a steady demand for Cinnamon, Cloves, and Cassia. In Pimento and Pepper not much doing, but no disposition to a reduction in prices.

There has been a good demand for Rum, and proof Leewards meet with ready sale at 1s. 11d. Brandy is also held with firmness; in Geneva there is no alteration.

The favourable reports of the appearance of the Indigo crops, together with the probability that some considerable forced sales will shortly take place, have had the effect of lowering the quotations, and sales have been effected at a discount of 4d. per lb. on the prices of last October.

As might be expected, there has been considerable briskness in the Fruit trade, and considerable sales of Valencia Raisins have been made at 40s. to 42s. The transactions in Currants have also been more extensive, and at full prices.

An advance has taken place in the

lower qualities of Tea. Ordinary Congous command an increase of 1*d.*, and Boheas 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per lb. on last sale's prices.

The Silk Market is steady, but the sales are not extensive; the manufacturers holding off until the new year commences. The East India Company have announced 2600 bales for sale on the 24th February.

Notwithstanding the extensive speculations that have taken place in Tallow, prices have remained hitherto tolerably steady; but much interest is excited as to the time when the large fleet, which has left St. Petersburg, and which is estimated to be laden with about 22,300 casks, may be expected. A circumstance has recently occurred to agitate the Market greatly,—the failure of an eminent Russia broker, who was agent for the principal speculators for a fall. The present quotations are, for immediate delivery, 46*s.* 3*d.*; for delivery in January and February, 45*s.* 3*d.* per cwt.

The business of the Corn Exchange has been unmarked by any sudden fluctuation during the month. Towards the close of it, however, a little additional briskness was imparted to it, the supplies of fine Wheat and Barley brought coastwise being limited, owing to the heavy winds. In inferior descriptions, however, the Market is still heavy; as is the case also with Oats, Peas, and Beans. In Bonded Corn there is nothing doing.

During the early part of the month, and nearly to the close of it, the British Funds presented the appearance of dull uniformity; little business doing and

small variation in prices. Within the last few days, however, a very considerable advance has taken place in Consols, attributable chiefly to the Bank having lent two millions, in equal proportions, to two eminent capitalists; which being in addition to the advances usually made by them on the security of Stock during the period that it is closed for the Dividend, has produced an abundance of money, which has raised the price of Consols nearly 2 per cent., as will be seen by reference to the subjoined list of prices of the principal Public Securities at the close of the day on the 24th:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, Shut, Ditto for the Account, 90½—Three per Cent. Reduced, 89½—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98½—New Three and a Half per Cent., Shut—Four per Cent., 103½—India Stock, Shut—Bank 211½ 12½—Exchequer Bills, 45*s.*, 46*s.*—India Bonds, 21*s.*, 23*s.*

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 96½—Brazilian, 67½—Chilian, 23, 24—Colombian, 22½ 3½—Danish 73½ 4—Dutch Five per Cent., 94½ 5½—Ditto Two and a Half per Cent., 49½ 50½—Mexican, 37½—Portuguese, 56½, 57—Do. New Loan, 56½—Russian, 103½ 4—Spanish, 23½ ¼.

SHARES.

Anglo Mexican Mines, 8*l.* 10*s.*, 9*l.* 10*s.*—United Mexican, 12*l.* 5*s.*, 12*l.* 15*s.*—Colombian, 11*l.*, 12*l.*—Real Del Monte, 53*l.* 10*s.*, 54*l.* 10*s.*—Imperial Brazilian, 61*l.* 10*s.*, 62*l.* 10*s.*—Bolanos, 140*l.*, 145*l.*

MONTHLY DIGEST.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

LORD MULGRAVE, in his speech to the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica, said, with reference to the preservation of the peace under the excitement of the modification of slavery:—

“In furtherance of which object I have availed myself of all the means at present placed at my disposal, to increase the number of the garrison; and I have acted upon the authority which I had in anticipation requested and procured, to render the services of the troops more immediately available by the disposition of detachments in different country posts. I have lately made a personal inspection of all the most populous districts of the island, and I am happy to assure you that I have nowhere seen any reason to apprehend the slightest disturbance. I have uniformly taken pains myself to explain to the negro population, wherever I have had an opportunity, that whatever good intentions his Majesty might have in their behalf, it was by their own good conduct alone that they could insure its

ultimate fulfilment. That, in the mean time, nothing could interfere with their masters' still undoubted right to their services. That, even after the projected change, they could expect legal protection only under a system of moderate work, and that, whatever might be their country or their colour, those who are born to labour must live by industry.

"To the general diffusion of such sentiments amongst the negroes, as coming from the Executive, I am inclined to attach some importance, and, at the same time, in connexion with that great object of preserving the peace of the country, in the anxious interval which must elapse before any new system can be matured, I do not doubt that you will feel as strongly as I do that power, resting upon personal authority, which is about to expire, had always better be gradually and voluntarily abandoned, than abruptly extinguished at the period fixed by a legislative enactment. It was with this view, and in the full confidence that such would be your sentiments, that the date of the first change, as originally proposed by the Government, was afterwards postponed. If, therefore, amongst the subordinate managers of properties, there should, in some instances, unfortunately appear a disposition to strain to the utmost in its extreme severity, and to its latest hour, that power of discretionary punishment which is at present in their hands, I feel assured that you will consider such a course as dangerous to the actual tranquillity, and to the subsequent orderly settlement of the community; and that, as representing the general interests of the colony, and the real owners of the slave, you would, under present circumstances, more than ever discourage any capricious stretch of discipline, not necessary to the enforcement of that legal portion of labour which must be obtained.

"I am far from underrating the difficulties of this momentous, but now inevitable experiment. It is in your power, in a most material degree, to diminish the dangers of the transition, and in the same degree will you justly render the credit of success your own."

The speech is looked upon as of a most conciliatory description, and the private letters of many parties, who speak disinterestedly, hold to the opinion that the provisions of the bill for emancipating the slaves will be carried without any serious opposition. The island remains tranquil, nor was there any idea entertained of any movements on the part of the slaves, which would at all tend to embarrass the governor. The slaves, it is said in some of the letters, are taking a more than usual interest in the proceedings of the colonial legislatures.

Berbice.—An address has been published from the free coloured inhabitants of Berbice to Sir J. Carmichael Smyth, Governor of British Guiana, dated 23d October, 1833, thanking his Excellency, in warm terms, for having repealed all the laws placing them on a different footing from the white population. His Excellency, in his answer, says,

"Under the circumstances in which you are now placed by law, and with the conviction you cannot but entertain, of its being the firm intention of his Majesty's Government not to permit the continuance of distinctions, either theoretically or practically, founded upon colour, let me earnestly entreat of you to endeavour, on your parts, to forget the words, and to present to the Government no further petitions or addresses, as 'Men of Colour.' You will assume, without further difficulty, that place in society to which your abilities, information, or wealth may entitle you."

Antigua.—The legislature of Antigua is quite disposed for the immediate emancipation of the slaves, and a proposition to that effect has been made to our Government. The plan of apprenticeship is not approved either by the planters or the negroes. The latter consider it as an improvement of their condition, and receive it as such; but they would be still better satisfied with an immediate arrangement to receive wages.

FOREIGN STATES.

PORTUGAL.

No military movement of much importance has lately taken place in Portugal; but the proffered mediation of England, France, and Spain, in the present desolating contest, has been equally repudiated by both parties. It would seem that nothing short of the extermination of its opponents will satisfy the savage appetites of either.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Cabinet has issued an order addressed to the Minister of State, dated 18th Nov., announcing that the long-meditated change in the tariff of the customs, agreeably to convention with the other German Powers, will commence on the 1st of January next. Some of the French journals, in adverting to this circumstance, anticipate consequent commercial changes elsewhere, which may ultimately terminate in a more perfect system of trading reciprocity among all nations.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

PRINCE NICHOLAS ESTERHAZY DE GALANTHA.

Prince Nicholas Esterhazy de Galantha (father of the Austrian Ambassador) died, on the 25th of November, at Vienna, in his 68th year. He was, at one period, one of the richest subjects in Europe, and was descended from an illustrious Hungarian family. Buolas d'Estoros obtained, in 1421, the Lordship of Galantha, in Presburg, by ordinances of the Emperor Sigismund. Francis, his great-grandson, was the common ancestor of the Esterhazy family. Count Paul, Palatine of Hungary, was created, by the Emperor Leopold I., the 7th of December, 1687, Prince of the Empire; and, by diploma of July 11, 1783, this dignity was extended to the descendants of his grandson, Nicholas. The honours of the late Prince Nicholas were those of Prince d'Este, Count d'Ede'stetten, Hereditary Prince of Forchtenstein, Privy Councillor to his Imperial Majesty, Field-Marshal and Colonel-in-Chief of the 32d regiment of Hungarian infantry, and Captain of the Garde Royale. The choice Tokay wine is made from the fruitful principality of Prince Esterhazy, upon whose estates are the largest flocks of sheep in Europe.

MARSHAL JOURDAIN.

This distinguished general of France was upwards of 71 years of age, and was considered the last representative of the military glories of the Republic. He entered the military career in 1778, and was a General of Division in 1792, before the wars of the Revolution began. His chief laurels were gathered on the plains of Fleurus, and on the banks of the Rhine. He was not considered a General of the first class; but he was a man of unshaken consistency and unimpeachable honour. He was a firm supporter of rational freedom. Since the revolution of 1830 he has been Governor of the Hôtel des Invalides, or the Chelsea Hospital of France.

SIR WILLIAM MACLEOD HANNATYNE.

Sir W. Macleod Hannatyne, one of the retired Senators of the College of Justice, died at Whiteford House, Edinburgh, on the 30th November, in his 91st year. The public life of this venerable man, for the period of twenty-five years, during which he had held the dignified station of one of the supreme Judges of the land, is too well known to require any eulogium. Descended of a very ancient and highly honourable family, and enjoying

and profiting by the advantages of a liberal education, he gave early indications of future eminence. At the bar, he deservedly acquired the character of a sound and able lawyer, and was the intimate friend and companion of Blair, Mackenzie, Cullen, Erskine, Abercromby, and Craig, and one of the contributors to the "Mirror" and "Lounger." His accomplishments as a gentleman, and his attainments in general knowledge and belles lettres, were such as to give an earnest, had he devoted his talents exclusively to literary pursuits, of his arriving at no ordinary degree of eminence. He was the last survivor of that phalanx of genius which shed so brilliant a lustre on the periodical literature of Scotland half a century ago. He was also one of the original founders and promoters of the Highland Society of Scotland—a great national institution, which has eminently and essentially contributed to the internal improvement of the country. In private and social life, his benevolent and amiable qualities of heart and mind, and his rich and almost inexhaustible store of elegant literary and historical anecdote, endeared him to a numerous, highly distinguished, and respectable circle of friends. Sir William was born on the 26th of January, 1743, O.S.; was admitted advocate 22d of January, 1765; was promoted to the Bench on the death of Lord Swinton; and took his seat as Lord Bannatyne, 16th of May, 1799, which office he resigned in the year 1823, and was succeeded by the late Lord Eldin.

MR. ALFRED NICHOLSON.

We have to record the death of Mr. Alfred Nicholson, a landscape-painter in water-colours of considerable reputation and practice, and son of Nicholson, the celebrated and now veteran artist. Early in life, Mr. Alfred Nicholson entered the royal navy, on board his Majesty's ship *Berwick*, and saw some service on the coasts of Holland and Portugal, where he was, we believe, wounded; but, after a few years, the sea, as a profession, was abandoned by him for the arts. In 1813, he was induced to visit Ireland, in which country he subsequently resided for three or four years; and during this period he accumulated a large collection of elaborate sketches of Irish scenery, particularly in the counties of Sligo, Kerry, Cork, Limerick, Wicklow, and Dublin. About the year 1818, he became permanently resident in London, and was almost exclusively occupied by the instruction of pupils. In 1821, he made a short excursion through Ireland and North Wales, considerably enriching his collection of sketches; and in subsequent summer excursions he visited the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and his native county, Yorkshire, where his pencil was assiduously employed.

The drawings of Mr. Alfred Nicholson are chiefly remarkable for a graceful and delicate touch, combined with the force and vigour of general effect which distinguish those of his father, after whom his style was naturally modelled. In his sketches, neatness and freedom are singularly combined. Mr. Nicholson, in private life, maintained the highest character. He was an excellent companion, and somewhat of a humorist, fond of the society of his friends, full of whim and repartee; and the generally agreeable and genuine eccentricity of manner which he imbibed in early life from the naval service, appears never to have left him. For the last three or four years, he suffered severely from ill-health; and died at his house, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving a widow and two infant children.

MR. ANDREW PICKEN.

This distinguished writer and estimable man died, in November, at his house, near the Regent's Park: his death was almost sudden. It is not only a great calamity to his numerous young family, but an event of no ordinary interest to the readers of fiction in general. It was exclu-

sively to this line his attention was directed; and he is justly entitled to be classed with those who endeavour to make mere imaginations assume the actions and characters of men and women in real life. To the readers of romance, this particular merit is, perhaps, not obvious: they accustom themselves, as it were, to a theatrical exhibition of manners; and are apt to think that such portraiture as Mr. Picken cultivated is too common to be interesting. But his merit is not the less distinguished, especially by those who consider the passing history of literature as illustrative of the progress of the human mind. "The age of romance compositions of a high character is over," says a writer in the "Literary Gazette," "and a new and more simple taste is fast coming into fashion; but it is not till time shall have, in some degree, given the charm of age to such pictures as Mr. Picken has drawn, that their full excellence can be properly appreciated. The public must cease to see around the sort of characters that he has depicted; 'the age and pressure' must have become obsolete, before it can be as susceptible to their poetry as it is at present to their homeliness, which, by the by, is an acknowledgment of their truth.

"It has been observed, we think by Mr. Jeffrey of Edinburgh, that there is a curious resemblance in the distinctness of the mintage of the very lowest and the highest orders of society; leaving it to be inferred that the middle classes are less emphatically impressed than the two others. In this we agree with the writer, whoever he may be. But he is unquestionably mistaken in supposing that there is any resemblance in the markings of the others; for although character is equally obvious in each, yet it is most essentially different. There is among the higher classes, undoubtedly, a delicacy for the feelings of others which in vain may be sought for among those at the bottom of the scale; but there is the same quickness of obedience to feeling which causes the similarity supposed. Mr. Picken was one of those who seem to have remarked the difference with very considerable acumen; and in his novels may be traced, advantageously to his own genius, the correctness of his observation of the peculiarities of a class that has only recently been brought into literary notice. In the "Sectarian" we see something of this; but in the "Dominie's Legacy" it is developed with remarkable acuteness, insomuch that he gave the promise by that work of reaching great eminence.

"Mr. Picken was a native of Scotland, and, we fear, like too many of his brethren, suffered long sorrow and many disappointments from having forsaken his pursuits as a teacher for a precarious life of literature. His last production, founded on family histories, was reviewed by us a few weeks ago: and he, whom nothing in this world can now hurt more, looked hopefully forward to its continuation as a promising means of providing for the wants of life.

"We understand that he has left a finished novel, and several impressive papers; and that Mr. Galt has undertaken to see the novel through the press.

"We are not acquainted with the age of Mr. Picken; but we should imagine from what had been his appearance, that he has fallen a premature victim to the climacteric diseases, brought on by constancy of application to his sedentary pursuits, and much anxiety about his literary employments, to maintain himself and his family. His death has occasioned sincere sorrow among his friends."

MR. THOMAS ATKINSON.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Thomas Atkinson of Glasgow. He died on the 10th October, of a pulmonary complaint, while on his voyage to Barbadoes, whither his physicians had advised him to proceed, that he might spend the winter in a warmer climate.

Mr. Atkinson was not only known and beloved by a large circle of private friends, but his vocations as a publisher and bookseller, as well as the

works which proceeded from his own pen, have, for the last ten years, kept his name very generally before the public. He was a man of active business habits, and carried on, very profitably, an extensive concern. He nevertheless contrived to snatch occasional fragments of his time from the claims which his business had upon it, to luxuriate in the fields of literature. He possessed an unusual facility in writing, which accounts for the fact, that, though so much of his time was taken up in attending to his avocations as a bookseller, he has written as much, in one shape or other, as almost any other author of the present day, of corresponding age. He contributed, on a variety of topics, chiefly of a literary kind, to numbers of newspapers and magazines. His most important works are "The Ant" and "The Chameleon." The former appeared in two volumes, closely printed, in 1827. One of his volumes consists entirely of original, the other of selected matter. "The Chameleon" first appeared in 1831, in the form of an annual. The entire contents, including poetry and prose on more varied topics than annuals usually embrace, were from his own pen. A second volume was published at the close of last year, under the title of a second series of the same work; it was also chiefly written by himself. A third has just made its appearance, mostly made up of articles he had previously contributed anonymously to periodicals. Mr. Atkinson's "Ant" and "Chameleon" display considerable talent as a whole; though the articles were characterised by much inequality. This, indeed, from the haste with which he was often obliged to write, was matter of necessity. Many of his poetical efforts were very happy. The largest and, in our opinion, the best poem, appeared under the natural title of "The Sextuple Alliance." It was warmly commended by Sir Walter Scott, as well as by several literary journals.

Mr. Atkinson, for some years past, took an active part in general politics. His views were liberal, and so popular was he among those who shared his political sentiments, that he was nominated to the representation of the Stirling district of Burghs, and supported by a large proportion of the constituency, at the last general election.

Mr. Atkinson was a man of much kind-heartedness; he was cordial and unchangeable in his friendships; he delighted in having an opportunity afforded him of serving those he esteemed; and he was personally acquainted and constantly corresponding with many of the most eminent literary characters of the present day. In Glasgow, and the West of Scotland, he was known to every one. His death will have caused a kind of chasm in the reading community there.

The complaint which terminated in Mr. Atkinson's death had existed for some time. So early as the spring of last year it assumed a serious aspect. His medical advisers then began to entertain fears of the issue. In July he himself apprehended it would terminate fatally. The writer of this notice met with him in London at that time; and he stated his intention, should he survive so long, of spending the winter, as he poetically expressed it, "in the summer south." The place he had fixed on was Italy—a land hallowed to his mind by the many sages and poets to which it has given birth. His physicians advised a warmer climate, which was the reason of his fixing on the West Indies. Some months before his death, he had given up all hopes of recovery, or even surviving for any length of time. A mutual friend of his and ours received a letter from him written three days before he sailed, in which he mentioned that he was in the momentary expectation—such were his words—"of tumbling into the grave." The letter, which it evidently required an effort to write, was altogether one of the most affecting we ever read. It must have been among the last he wrote.

Mr. Atkinson's age was 33. His remains are now at the bottom of that "deep, deep sea" of which he sung so often and so sweetly.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At All Souls, Langham-place, Capt. Bentinck H. Cumberland, 96th Regiment, to Margaret, daughter of the late General Fanning.

At Chicksands, Beds, Capt. C. Bulkeley, to Charlotte, daughter of Sir William and Lady Todd.

Wm. Murray, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel Perth Militia, son of Sir P. Murray, of Ochertyre, Bart., to Helen, daughter of the late Sir A. Keith, Knight Marshal of Scotland.

Died.—At the Priory, near Cupar, Lady Mary Lindsey-Crawford, of Crawford and Kilbirnie.

Mary Anne, wife of the Hon. Thompson Vanneck, of Cookley, Suffolk.

In Dublin, Lady Anne Gregory.

Of cholera, at St. Petersburg, Mr. J. Lashford, Foreign Messenger.

In South-street, in the 69th year of his age, Sir George Robinson, Bart., of Cradford, in the county of Northampton, and Stretton-hall, in the county of Leicester.

Harriet, the wife of George Hale, Esq., of the Vineyard, Uxbridge, Middlesex, and great granddaughter of the late Lord Chief Justice Willes.

At Lees, near Coldstream, Charles Marjoribanks, Esq., third son of the late Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart., and M.P. for Berwickshire.

In Exeter, R. Phillips, Esq., senior Alderman.

At Kilmarnock, Deputy-Assistant Commissary General R. Wylie.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

His Majesty held a Privy Council on December 9, at the Palace, Brighton, where a Proclamation was agreed upon for proroguing Parliament from Thursday, December 12, to Tuesday, the 4th of February, when it will meet for the *despatch of business*.

A New Market.—An application will be made next session for authority to erect a new market on a site of ground bounded on the east by Knightsbridge-green, on the south by houses lately erected in the Brompton-road, on the south-west by the Fulham-bridge public-house and by premises between the public-house and a road leading from the Fulham-road to the property belonging to Lord Dunganon; on the north-west, by property of the said Lord Dunganon, and on the north by the Knightsbridge-road.

The accounts of the bullion and securities, and of the circulation and deposits of the Bank of England, in short, of its debts and readily available assets, have now been published for the first time, under the provisions of the Act of the last Session, and, from this specimen, we are convinced that the publication will be useful both in strengthening confidence in the management of the Bank, and in operating as a check on any departure from the rules by which the Bank Directors ought to guide themselves. During the present year, the circulation of the Bank appears to

have been very steady. If we except the statement, (which we are inclined to suspect to be an error of the account,) that the circulation exceeded 27 millions on the 1st of January, there is no one of the times mentioned at which the amount has much exceeded nineteen, or fallen short of eighteen, millions. The amount of bullion which appears habitually to be kept in store by the Bank is determined, as has been explained by the Directors, in their evidence before the House of Commons, by the deposits, as well as by the circulation, and seems in practice, as it ought to do according to the theory on which the Bank act, to amount to about a third of the aggregate of the circulation and deposits. There is, in consequence of this rule, commonly upwards of ten millions of bullion in the coffers of the Bank, while about eighteen or nineteen millions of their notes are in circulation. With the exception of some great panic or convulsion, against which no system founded on credit can be secure, the Bank of England appears unassailable.

The College of Surgeons has purchased a house adjacent to the Museum, on the site of which it is intended to erect a wing to their present building. They will thus have convenient room for their extensive library, and be enabled to display the increasing treasures of their museum. The cost is to be 10,000*l*. The college has, at present, a capital of 60,000*l*.—*Medical Gazette*.

KENT.

We have been favoured by our correspondent with the subjoined further particulars relative to the vessel discovered imbedded in the earth at New Romney:—"The earth being now removed, the shape and form of the vessel is seen, and by admeasurement is found to be in length fifty-four feet, and in width twenty-four feet, clinker built, and trenail fastened, having had only one mast, and built after the manner of the Grecian vessels. Several skulls of horned animals have been found, supposed to be of the antelope, with various bones both of the brute and human species. Several pieces of rope, still retaining the smell of tar, have been found; from the length of time the vessels must have been sunk, the fact seems incredible. Many of the timbers are solid, and when cut with a saw appear as firm as newly-used wood. Curiosity is so greatly excited, that persons are daily flocking from all parts to inspect the vessel. Among the numerous visitors were noticed one of the judges of the law, and Professor Coleman, of the Veterinary College, London. The stage-coach was drawn off the road to the spot to afford the passengers a sight of this piece of antiquity." Our correspondent, in tracing a very ancient chronological account of events which have occurred in the neighbourhood, discovered the following written in old English:—"In the month of October, in the reign of King Henry III. dated 1250, the sea flowing twice without ebbe, made so horrible a noise, that it was heard a great way into the lands. Besides this, in a darke night, the sea seemed to be on a light with fire, and the waves to fight one with another, so that the mariners were not able to save their shippes; and to omittle to seake for other, and in one Haven, called Hureburne, besides small vessels, three noble and famous shippes were swallowed up of the waves; and at Winchelsea, besides cottages for salte, and fishermen's houses, bridges, and milles, above 330 houses in that towne, with certain churches, through the violent rising of the sea, were drowned." This possibly may allude to the time when the small vessel now found was imbedded, as the sewer where she was discovered was formerly, and is to this day, called the Haven.—*Kent Herald*.

LANCASHIRE.

The Bobbin Net Manufacture.—This is a branch of manufacture nearly new.

It began in 1811, and by 1831 it employed in its machinery, and in the various subsidiary processes connected with it, about 211,000 persons, had attracted capital to the extent of 2,310,000*l.*, and produced manufactured goods to the amount of 3,417,700*l.*, out of a raw material, costing originally about 150,000*l.* While it has generally increased the population of several manufacturing towns, it has spread employment over the country more than any other business of the same absolute extent. Of the 4500 machines which it employs, about 1000 belong to persons who work them themselves, and who thus unite the character of journeymen with that of master in the same individual. In the two years previous to that of 1831, wages had fallen considerably, from the competition in the market, and from the unavoidable transfer of the manufacture to other countries. The same causes have continued to operate to the present time, and Mr. Felkin estimates the capital now employed in the trade to be 1,932,000*l.*, and the number of hands 159,300. Meanwhile, by improved processes, the number of yards of net made in the latter period exceeded that made in the former by 7,000,000—being, in 1831, 23,400,000 square yards, and in 1833, 30,771,000. It would appear that about three-fourths of the goods manufactured are exported. France has begun the manufacture for herself, and any body who has been at Calais must have heard of the number of English workmen employed in that frontier town in this particular branch of business, which employs 600 machines. The machines employed altogether in the north of France amount to about 1600.

NEWCASTLE.

The large bell, recently cast at the manufactory of Messrs. Hawks and Co., and which is destined for the church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle, has been removed from the manufactory and fixed. Its weight is 8064*lb.*, being only 336*lb.* below the great bell of St. Paul's, the weight of which is 8400*lb.* It may not be irrelevant, however, to state that these are small when put in comparison with others; the great bell of St. Peter's in Rome weighs 18,807*lb.*; that in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence weighs 17,000*lb.*, and is fixed at a height of 275 feet from the ground; the "Great Tom" of Christ Church, Oxford, weighs 17,000*lb.*, and that of Lincoln, 9894*lb.*

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

It is pleasant to see manufacturing towns cultivating successfully the delightfully relaxation of literature. At Nottingham, we observe from the Newspapers, the Literary Society, finding its funds in flourishing condition, has offered two prizes, to the amount of nearly seventy pounds, for the best essays in prose and verse, written by persons belong to the county.

WALES.

Abergavenny Rail-Road.—This projected rail-road, which is to be continued to Newport, will enter the borough on the eastern side of the river Usk, and will be continued some distance along the side of the river to a pill, called the Liswerry Pill. The ground has been surveyed some time since by Messrs. Morris and Hodgkinson. This intended road seems to have awakened much attention and interest amongst the inhabitants of Newport. A hand-bill has appeared, signed by the most respectable and influential residents of the latter town, in which they determine to sign no petition to Parliament for or against the bill which is sought to be obtained next Session for power to form the said rail-road, until a public meeting of the inhabitants shall have been convened for the purpose of discussing the advantages or disadvantages of the same, as bearing upon the interests of the town.

SCOTLAND.

The Shawl Manufacture.—There are now not less than 50,000 artisans engaged throughout Scotland in the manufacture of shawls from Cashmere or the Thibet goat. The yarn, however, for this purpose is at present obtained from France.

The Fossil Tree at Craigleith.—Another fossil tree of large dimensions has been discovered at Craigleith Quarry. About twelve feet of it have been laid bare. It still preserves the cylindrical form, but, if anything, rather seems to increase in diameter. It is certainly the most magnificent object of the kind that has hitherto been seen in this country. Its structure is in some parts very much contorted, and even nearly obliterated, yet a great part of the whole, as far as the fragments detached from the upper extremity have yet been examined, is preserved in the greatest state of perfection.

The Clerks of the Peace have received a circular letter from the Secretary of

State for the Home Department, requiring them to transmit, with as little delay as possible, "an alphabetical list of all the turnpike trusts within their county, together with the names and residences of the respective clerks to such trusts." It was rumoured some time ago, that it was the intention of Ministers to propose to Parliament a plan for consolidating and taking into the hands of Government all the turnpike trusts in the kingdom. This communication would seem to indicate that such rumour was not entirely groundless.

Great Western Railway.—It is with great gratification that we find the capital of the metropolis and the south of England at length directing itself towards railways. Of the 10,000 shares required to carry the bill for the two sections of the Great Western Railway, for which application is to be made in the approaching Session, through Parliament, between 7000 and 8000 are already subscribed. The success of this first work of the kind amongst our southern fellow-countrymen we hail as most important to all connected with rail-roads. Their capital, once directed as that of the north already is, towards such undertakings as objects of investment, and their first investments being made in one of which the success is so certain, not only may the extension of the system of rail-roads on every really good line throughout the kingdom be considered as ensured, but the general direction of capital towards the point will rapidly and most beneficially influence the value of the great works of which Lancashire has the pride of having been hitherto the chief support.

Returns of County Rates.—Among the Parliamentary Papers which have been lately printed, is one showing the receipt and expenditure of the county rates throughout England and Wales for the several years between 1821 and 1832. That part of the return relating to the prison expenses of the different counties, if perfect, would be most useful, but there are few of the counties which present so clear an account as to enable us easily to compare one with another. The same observation may be made with respect to vagrants. Every Scotch or Irish labourer who comes over for the harvest is carried back at the charge of the public. Either they squander their earnings in gin, knowing they will be conveyed home free of cost, or they save them to pay their landlords' extortionate rent. In 1821

and 1822, the charge for vagrants appears in most of the counties exceedingly high. For two or three years afterwards, it was moderate; but it then began to rise, and has steadily done so ever since. Last year, the cost of removing vagrants in the county of Berks, was 1251*l.*; in Bucks, 836*l.* (a few years back only 200*l.*); in Cambridge-shire, (excluding certain hundreds,) 369*l.* of which 307*l.* was for Scotch and Irish vagrants, the number passed having increased between 1824 and 1832, from 194 to 1512; in Cheshire, 880*l.*; in Cornwall, which is out of the line of march of most extra county paupers, the charge was last year only 231*l.*; in Devon, 476*l.* of which 181*l.* were on account of Scotch and Irish paupers; in East Essex, 380*l.* the several number of the vagrants given being 66 Scotch, 287 Irish, and 375 others; in the West Division, the charge is only 93*l.*; in Gloucestershire the charge was 1224*l.*; in Hants, for Scotch and Irish alone, 453*l.*; in Hertfordshire, the charge is 953*l.*; in the

small county of Huntingdon, 628*l.* having been between 100*l.* and 200*l.* a few years back; in Kent it was 1653*l.*; in Leicestershire, 167*l.* the number of Scotch vagrants being 587, and of Irish, 130; in Middlesex, the charge for conveyance and subsistence of Scotch and Irish vagrants alone, was last year 2950*l.*, having gradually increased to that amount from 680*l.*, which it was in 1824: in that year the number passed was 2346; in 1831, it amounted to 9281; and in 1832, to 9576; in fact, a perfect army. Whilst the county pays the travelling expenses of these pleasure-taking paupers (for the greater part of them are regular stagers, who make an annual trip to London at the public expense), it is 244,985*l.* in debt. We might go on through the returns, quoting similar figures from almost every page; but we have said sufficient to show that something must be speedily done to check the devouring evils entailed upon us by the mal-administration of our poor-laws and law of settlement.

Hops.—An Account of the Duty on Hops of the growth of the year 1833, distinguishing the Districts, and the Old from the New Duty:—

DISTRICT.	DUTY.			DISTRICT.	DUTY.		
	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Barnstable	11	0	8	Reading	4	6	0
Bedford	86	12	4	Rochester	90,599	3	4
Bristol	11	4	0	Salisbury	3,302	1	8
Cambridge	10	12	8	Salop	2	4	2
Canterbury	57,144	3	10	Stourbridge	1,543	4	8
Chester	1	5	2	Suffolk	419	16	0
Cornwall	7	3	2	Surrey	19	0	2
Derby	262	4	4	Sussex	80,794	2	2
Dorset	88	3	3	Uxbridge	14	3	10
Essex	1,369	13	8	Wales, East	0	13	6
Exeter	44	18	2	Wales, Middle	238	5	8
Gloucester	8	4	8	Wales, West	0	2	6
Grantham	70	4	8	Wellington	61	10	8
Hants	5,820	14	10	Worcester	5,122	16	0
Hereford	24,160	10	4				
Isle of Wight	1	0	0	Total	272,878	17	5
Lincoln	1,626	10	0				
Northampton	3	1	6	Old Duty, 1 <i>d.</i> 11-20 per lb. 156,905	7	0	14-20
Oxford	20	3	0	New Duty, 4 <i>d.</i> 8-20 ..	115,973	10	4½ 6-20
Plymouth	6	16	8				
				Total	£272,878	17	5

G. A. COTTRELL, First General Accountant.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GAUCHOS A TALE OF THE PAMPAS.

THE events I am about to relate may appear wild and incredible to the inhabitants of a country in which justice has long been regularly administered, and where the influence of civilization has ameliorated the passions of men, or, at least, caused them to display themselves in a form less revolting than among barbarous nations.

An Indian shoots at his enemy from behind a tree; a Turk will strike his handjar into the heart of his foe while he sleeps; and a South American Spaniard will rip up, on the spot, the bowels of one who has insulted him; while an Englishman or Frenchman calls out the man who has cast a stain upon his honour, and running him through the midriff, according to the rules of fence, or blowing out his brains at the dropping of a handkerchief, walks away, and calls this a fair, manly, open revenge—receiving the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Which of these two modes of procedure is the least inconsistent is easily enough decided; but it is also equally clear, that if there must be some extra-judicial check upon the ill-disposed or turbulent part of a community, the latter is that which is least likely to be hurtful to society in general, since it necessarily involves the total absence of mystery. An Italian, with his secret stiletto and his hired braves, shows, indeed, that a nation may possess, or have possessed, in perfection, a knowledge of the “arts of war and peace,” and yet imitate the savage in his mode of revenge; the cause of which is, doubtless, to be traced to the dark, subtle policy of their governments, influencing society to its lowest ramifications. But it is my object to relate a tale of the passions, and not to investigate the cause of the peculiar manner in which they are displayed among different nations. All who are acquainted with the state of the country in which the events of my narration occurred, will acquit me of exaggeration, in even the more dreadful parts of the recital.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman, named Ord, who having, on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resides, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure-trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild, enthusiasm about his character, which, though it harmonized well with his athletic and hand-

some appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were beating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-topsail, sung out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and, having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half-devoured with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently ; I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea-fights, and Ord, cursing these " piping times of peace," in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin, doffed his cap, and smoothing down his hair, told his story, Ord uttered a loud whoop of delight, and, springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre ; but Ord, singing out " steady," seized a spyglass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men were whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus :—

" My lads ! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us ; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them ; now, you all know well enough that the little Petrel (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom among them in a friendly way : we can run when we can do no better ;—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain, draw off to the weather side, and if there be any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks, in a long boat with a lug sail, keep your present stations."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes : and it was curious to observe the effect of their captain's speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft ; the Scotchman, more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering, that " it was by nae means prudent, but damn him, if he wad craw the dunghill craw ;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and, hitching up his trousers, walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing ; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had heard and seen so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get the " long Tom " (a long-barrelled gun, which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern, with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel. I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirates alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in " long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manœuvres of one of their companions, who, under cover of the tarpaulin, was cramming

"long Tom" with what he called his "grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and so forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear, or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which, coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside. Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who, having before received their instructions, rounded the little Petrel on the heel, and swept away on the larboard tack with a celerity which could scarcely have been surpassed by the sea-bird whose name she bore. But, though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close-hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one, whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the mainmast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great *sang froid*, "and yon thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet; none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat, he cheered on the pirates who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got "Long Tom's" nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, levelled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near us that we could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce, bloody-looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistols and a cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, gray-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat, holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long, Spanish-barrelled gun which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, Sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially-shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but, putting his rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more forcibly developed than in the expression of the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the smoking muzzle of the old pirate's rifle showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his aim. At this moment, the men forward cried out that other galleys were making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and, looking round, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick-tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and, giving the word "ready, about," to his men, took up the rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his

chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately Ord presented himself over the taffrail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until, catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired, and the old negro tumbling headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, showed that the Petrel and her steersman were fully avenged. "About ship," cried Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half-suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes, and flapping of the wet canvass, as our sails gybed, were heard distinctly, but in an instant the little craft was about, and, getting hold of the wind, began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oars' length of us, when Ord, with a hand steady as if he were writing an invitation to dinner, took the apron off "long Tom" with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun, and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the expected range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety, when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of his discharge, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was, with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward and applied the match to the touch-hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering, and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel,—before the smoke of the gun had drifted by,—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. Their boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew, wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down one by one as their strength failed. A stiff breeze, and a flowing sheet, soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death-wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded man under proper care.

I have here only described an occurrence which is commonplace enough among the West Indian islands; but I wished that an opinion should be formed of my friend rather from his actions than from any epithets of mine. A determined courage, and a high love of romantic enterprise, were indeed the prominent traits in his character, and the story I have told will furnish a sufficiently familiar notion of it on these points; but how can I ever convey an idea of the interest, the fascination, which his gentleness, his polished manners, his deep and ardent feelings, tinged as they were by his chivalrous nature, created about him, making him the envy of the one sex and the idol of the other? Thrown so completely together as we were in the cabin of his little schooner, I perhaps learned more of his character during that short period of our friendship than years of observation, under other circumstances, would have possessed me with; and never did I behold such sensitive and strong feelings, combined with such manly dignity and firmness, as were combined in his character. I remember to have seen him burst into tears, and his frame quiver with emotion, when reading aloud to me that last mournful scene in "Romeo and Juliet;" and half an hour after he was at the helm of his little bark, in one of the most dreadful hurricanes I have ever seen, calmly and collectedly giving forth his orders, in

a voice which rose above even the roar of the tempest, and with a skill and coolness which alone could have encouraged the terrified seamen, and saved us from certain destruction. Such was the gallant youth for whom was reserved one of the darkest destinies which the weird sisters ever wove for man.

Some time after the adventure I have related, Ord, having shipped a quantity of red cloth for ponchos, bridle-bits, spurs, &c., in a Spanish bottom for Buenos Ayres, suddenly determined on accompanying the vessel himself, in order, as he said, "to have a gallop across the Pampas, and see how the Indians rode." He persuaded my father to allow me to accompany him, and, after a quick and delightful run down the coast of South America, we found ourselves, early one delicious morning, swinging at anchor in the Rio de la Plata, with the dome of the cathedral, and the tops of the houses of Buenos Ayres rising above the faint, treeless, and ill-defined shores,—for banks they cannot be called,—of the ample river.

Among those gentlemen to whom Ord brought letters of introduction, was a rich, old Spanish merchant, who possessed all the dignified hospitality and politeness of his countrymen, while the grave pomposity and solemn pride, which is no less characteristic of the Spaniards, had been in him in a great measure destroyed by his intercourse with strangers and the influence of his commercial pursuits.

From the very first he seemed to have a partiality for my friend, and every day we spent some hours at his house. But it was not that his balcony was the coolest, that his *patio* was shaded best from the heat of the noon, or that his roof received the freshest breeze from the far-stretching Plata; far less was it the excellence of his never-ending dinners, the flavour of his divine claret, or foam-springing champagne, which attracted Ord to the *casa* of Don José Maria Echivera; there was another motive, more irresistible than any of these, which, in the shape of Donna Louisa, the merchant's only daughter, offered as lovely and as powerful an attraction to an enthusiastic cavalier, as ever youth, beauty, and innocence displayed to mortal man.

From the first time that he breathed the usual devoted address to her of "A los pies de usted, Señora!" I saw that he was stricken by her surpassing loveliness; and she was a creature of grace, simplicity, and witchery, well fitted to strengthen and render indelible such a first impression. She was about sixteen years of age; but sixteen summers kindle a different degree of thought and feeling in the mind and heart, and a different degree of loveliness and grace in the form of a Spaniard, more especially a South American Spaniard, from those created in an inhabitant of these colder countries. Donna Louisa had already, by nature, the deep-black melancholy eye, full of feeling and slumbering passion,—the exquisitely-rounded form, and the voluptuous grace of matured loveliness,—while her early age, and the retired mode of life which she had led, gave a piquancy and naïveté to her manners which early youth, among Spaniards at least, alone possesses. The flexibility and unstudied elegance of her gestures and motions seemed (to use a fanciful expression) like the acted language of the soul, whose impulses gave birth to them; in fact, I never saw a creature so perfectly fascinating. Nor did this admiration become in the least diminished, as is too often the case with beauties, on longer acquaintance with Donna Louisa. Not that she was a whit more learned, or accomplished, according to our meaning of the terms, than the rest of her fair countrywomen, who have as little book-learning, or systematic accomplishments, as possible. A beautiful Spanish girl, indeed, needs none of these things: her eye is a soul of itself, and speaks, as it were, by divine inspiration all the living and dead languages; she can utter the most beautiful sentiments without dividing her lips, merely with her fan, wrist, and fingers, while the slightest perceptible elevation of her smooth, symmetrical shoulders is more convincing than a syllogism. Her walk is the very music of motion; and

Donna Louisa so far excelled in this silent harmony, that I remember Ord whispering to me, as she crossed the *patio* to meet us,—“Milton, in a vision, must have seen her when he wrote:—

“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love!”

I think it is a proverb, that no woman talks or walks like a Spaniard. Certainly I never knew any whose conversation was so bewitching,—who took me so much out of myself, as Donna Louisa. From her father and mother she had caught the pure Castilian accent, and her graceful utterance of that rich language, the earnestness of passion which she threw into all she said, and the quick, dark glance of her eye, whose expression gave proof of the sincerity of her words, altogether created an effect like magic. Then she seemed all spirit. What were the wisdom, or the learning, of other times before the untutored pleadings of that artless, but impassioned girl's heart? To me, at least, they seemed useless and vain pedantry. But I am dwelling too long upon my recollections of this fair creature, such as I beheld her in the lap of luxury and love, fearful to proceed to the dreadful events which have hurried her from those scenes whose chief ornament she was, into the arms of a wild Indian, if already Death has not stepped in to her relief. Ah! it is sacrilege even to think that the treasures of that exquisitely delicate and not yet fully unfolded bosom have long ere now, if not buried in the grave, been rifled by a rude savage; that the lovely hand and arm, which to gaze on alone was heaven,—

“————— So soft, so fair, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for her glove!”

instead of arranging the folds of the graceful *mantila*, is now, if not powerless, familiar with the meanest household offices; and that the countenance, whose every lineament spoke of “the melting thought, the kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile,”—O God! is it not madness to think that this being, if not now livid with corruption, is obliged to turn with a forced smile of fondness upon an uncouth being, whose love is lust, or to feel her maternal emotions for the offspring of their unnatural union checked by inextinguishable horror and hate? Madness!—ay, the memory of her fate *has* quenched one noble intellect; and it is now even consolatory to reflect that long ere this the lances of hostile Indians, toil, exposure, or sorrow, must have levelled her mind with that of her lover, or left her bones to bleach upon the trackless plains of the Pampas.

The absurd jealousy which characterized the government of Spain towards her South American colonies had hitherto not only excluded from their ports all foreign merchandize, except such as came in Spanish bottoms, and was consigned to a Spanish merchant, but had, by preventing foreigners from visiting the country, kept the world as ignorant of the aspect of that immense continent, and the manners of its inhabitants, as they themselves were respecting the affairs of the Old World. This extreme jealousy in the government brought my friend Ord and myself into a dilemma from which we should have found it difficult to extricate ourselves without the friendly interference of the rich old Spanish merchant. The goods which Ord had brought to Buenos Ayres, though shipped in a Spanish vessel, and consigned to Don José himself, were seized by some of the officers of the customs, as belonging to a foreigner, who thus became liable to the punishment due to a defrauder of the revenue. It is well known that crews of ships driven by distress of weather into any of the ports of South America have formerly been seized and sent to the mines, and that persons in the same situation as Ord and myself had unwittingly placed ourselves, have had their goods confiscated, and have been themselves executed as contrabandists. I have little doubt that such would have been our fate, as the rich cargo of cloths and other articles was a temptation strong enough

to have caused the aversion of the government to quell any qualms of conscience as to the injustice of hanging us up to dry in a South American sun. Fortunately, however, the information had not been laid until we had been some time in Buenos Ayres, and until Ord had raised up to himself a powerful friend in Don José. By what political or commercial manoeuvres we were relieved from all apprehension I never exactly understood; but the conditions seemed to involve in them the necessity of certain conferences taking place between Don José and my friend,—at least, such I understood to be the cause of their long and secret discussions.

One afternoon we were seated under the awning of the *patio* of our hotel, with more than usual silence discussing our cigars and coffee, when I noticed that Ord began to fidget about on the sofa, and knock the ashes off his cigar with unusual frequency and vehemence. I saw that he was about to speak of something embarrassing; but, knowing his frank and decided disposition, and perhaps enjoying his uneasiness, though unconscious of its cause, I applied myself to a careful search for a fresh Woodville, out of a heap of real Havannahs lying before me. At last, after puffing away till his cigar was red hot, he knocked the ashes from it hastily, and thrust the fiery end into his mouth. He sprang to his feet with a common Spanish exclamation—"By the Holy Virgin!" cried he. "Donna Louisa Echivera?" said I, finishing his oath in my own way. "The sweetest saint out of the skies," continued Ord, laughing good-naturedly; "I wanted to speak of her." "I have been thinking so this half hour," said I. "You are in love with her beyond redemption, Ord." "And I have told her so too, old fellow," cried he, chuckling, and flinging a handful of *cents* to a parcel of black urchins, who were playing before the gate of the *patio*. "Well, and what did she say?" said I. "And I have told her father so, too," continued Ord, without answering my question. "The devil you have!" cried I. "No, it is an angel I have," answered he, "or will have; for I'm to be married in a month, and then, lie for England!" I gave a long whistle, and shook his hand cordially. "But before I give up my liberty into Louisa's hands," said he, "I intend, for the last time, to enjoy the full dignity of freedom in a gallop over the plains, to see how the Indians ride; to live on beef and water, and sleep on my saddle; to climb the heights and cross the torrents of the Cordilleras; and to look down from the summit of the Andes upon the wide Pacific. I have persuaded Don José to procure me permission to cross the country; so that, if you will accompany me, we will be off in a few days."

I assented with delight; and from that day we began to prepare for our journey, by spending as much time as possible in the saddle, in order to make us able to bear the daily gallops of a hundred and fifty or sixty miles, with which we intended to cross the Pampas.

A few evenings after this conversation, it chanced that Ord was walking in the Alameda with Donna Louisa and the old merchant, when a drunken Gaucho from the plains happened to meet them, and, in passing, ran rudely against the young lady. Thinking that the insult had been intentional, Ord felled the inebriated ruffian to the earth with one blow of his fist. With the rapidity of thought, the Gaucho sprang to his feet, drew out his long knife from his horse-skin boot, passed it twice or thrice across the heel, as if to improve its edge, and then, drawing the back of it fiercely against his clenched teeth, rushed upon Ord with the exclamation, "Ha! you want the knife, Señor!" My friend was completely unprepared for the stroke, so sudden had been the movements of the Gaucho; but Don José, with a presence of mind and courage which his age and usual habits scarcely would have warranted any one in believing he possessed, closed with the assassin, and struck up his hand with a smart blow of his walking-cane. Thus foiled, the Gaucho glared for an instant on his fresh assailant, again raised his long knife into the air, as if to sheath it in the heart of Don José; but suddenly dropping the point, and drawing a full inspiration,

while his whole frame underwent a strong convulsion, he uttered, in a hoarse tone, "Don José, you are your father's son, and a second time I spare your blood; but the blow shall come heavier, because unseen. Remember Leonardo! and let this springald, too, remember! Adieu, Señors;" and, lifting his hat with the punctilious politeness of a true Spaniard, he moved away as if unconcerned. Ord was fully occupied with Donna Louisa, who had fainted away; and Don José, instead of calling for any one to pursue the man, seemed struck with some strange terror, and followed him with eyes which appeared fixed by fascination to his movements. The Gaucho seemed completely sobered by his *rencontre*; for, changing his staggering gait for a firm and proud one, and throwing a piece of scarlet cloth over his *poncho*, with a hand that seemed to have been familiar with the long, graceful Spanish cloak, he strode forward through the recoiling groups of people, slapping his elbow with the flat part of his knife.

It was not till the party returned home that I received an account of this assault from Ord and Don José, the latter of whom, on my expressing my surprise at the conduct of the Gaucho, gave us the following information:—"The Gauchos," said he, "who are scattered up and down the Pampas, and who support themselves by catching and breaking the wild horses, and by slaughtering the cattle of the plains for their hides and tallow, are, in many instances, descended from the best families in Spain, their ancestors having been driven to this mode of life by poverty, arising sometimes from extravagance or gaming, sometimes from having been expelled from their patrimonies for capital offences, which have, in many instances, been of a political nature. Thus their pride and touchiness (as I believe you English call it) on points of honour, for which they are proverbial even among Spaniards, may often be traced to their consciousness of superior birth; while their revengeful and fierce tempers, as well as their hospitality and politeness, for which they are equally proverbial, may perhaps be, with the same justice, ascribed to this sentiment, grafted upon the principles which their wild and unfettered mode of life naturally create.

"Whatever be the cause, however, nothing is more true than that a Gaucho of the Pampas is, according to circumstances, the most proud, polite, revengeful, or hospitable of all men. He may be bloodthirsty, but he is never treacherous; he will perhaps cut your throat for a dollar, but he will die sooner than allow you to be deprived of a single cent while in his hut. Accustomed to what the inhabitants of cities consider the meanest offices, he still retains all the dignity, and, if necessary, the hauteur, of a nobleman; and though, when scouring the plains with his lasso, he would drag you from your horse and rifle your pockets, yet enter but his cottage, utter once beneath his roof 'Buenos dias, Señor,' and you will find his answer to your salutation, 'Soy todo suyo'—'I am wholly yours,' fully interpreted in his kind and hospitable conduct to you.

"This general character of the Gauchos, then," continued Don José, addressing me, "though of course not extending to every individual of them, will explain to you the probable cause of the peculiar mixture of ferocity and politeness at which you were so much surprised in the man who attacked us to-day."

"But his sudden change of countenance and action, and his mysterious words! You will excuse me, my dear Señor, but my curiosity is on the rack to know what is to be known of that man," said Ord.

Don José went on making a paper *cigarillo*, but I could see that his countenance was working with feelings which he was attempting to suppress. When he had finished his little cigar, struck a light solemnly with his flint and tinder, applied it to the weed, and puffed a few times, he looked up to us both with a grave aspect. "Señors," said he, "you will excuse me that I have felt some hesitation in explaining the words of the wretch who assaulted us, since such explanation involves the disclosure of matters relating to my own family which I naturally feel some reluctance

to speak of. But," continued he, waving his hand, as he saw that we were about to interrupt him, "the sight of that Gaucho brought so strongly to my mind features with which I was familiar in youth, and which I afterwards saw fixed in the rigidity of death, that I felt for a moment as if a supernatural being stood before me, and when he uttered at the same time the name of my brother,—whose image he bore"—

"Your brother!" exclaimed Ord and I in a breath.

"The story is briefly this," said Don José, with an expression of features like that of one who has resolved to bear patiently something unpleasant:—"Before my father married, he had been attached to a young lady, whose beauty was greater than either her rank or her virtue, and who bore him a son, named Leonardo de Pelasga, after his mother. By an unfortunate arrangement, the boy was brought up in my father's house till about fifteen or sixteen years of age, when first his violent and fierce disposition began to display itself. His mother was still alive, and it is probable that, from her, he had acquired ideas of his own consequence, which, in the end, proved his ruin. It was indeed rumoured that my father had been married to his mother, and this false report, reaching the ears of Leonardo, would most probably inflame his haughty and revengeful nature. It happened, one day, that my mother reproved him with a good deal of asperity for some ebullition of passion to which he had given vent, and even had the imprudence to call him 'bastard!' and to apply to his mother a name which I will not repeat. I remember, to this day, the deadly paleness which struck into the features of Leonardo at this insult, and how his lips became compressed until the blood sprang from them. But this was only for a moment; he walked firmly to the place where I was seated, dragged me to my mother's side, and suddenly unsheathed a knife which it was his humour to wear. 'Behold, Señora, the bastard!' he said; 'and be assured that it is only my father's blood which keeps my knife from drinking that of this boy.'

"So saying, he quietly replaced his knife, told me to look to my mother, who was fainting, and strode out of the apartment. He never returned to the house; but before he went, he broke open my father's cash-box, and took a purse of one hundred dollars, leaving his note for the sum. The first time we heard of him was about two years afterwards, when a fierce-looking fellow, on horseback, rode into the *patio* of our house, and threw a bag of dollars into the counting-room, saying, that was from Leonardo.

"Many years after I had occasion to cross the Sierra Morena to look after some property which had come into my possession on the death of my father. This road had always been infested by banditti, and the passengers in our conveyance had concealed their money in various places, in order to escape the search of the robbers, should they attack us. Our suspicions were confirmed; we were stopped by a band of horsemen, who made us alight from the vehicle, while they rifled our trunks. We were made to lie down, with our faces on the ground. While in this position, I heard one, who appeared to be the captain of the banditti, and who was turning over some papers in my portmanteau, utter, in a tone of surprise, 'Ha! Echivera!' I looked up suddenly, and recognized, in the wild and ruthless features of the robber, my brother Leonardo. At that moment, a bullet whistled over my head, and he fell backwards. Two or three shots followed in quick succession, and a small body of foot-soldiers, who had been stationed in that part of the Sierra to put down the banditti, rushed from a copse which lined the road. A short struggle ensued, and the robbers retreated; but, before our baggage was replaced in the carriage, and while I was yet bending over Leonardo's lifeless body, they again rushed forward, and succeeded in bearing off the corpse of their commander. They were hotly pursued by the soldiers, but escaped by means of their horses, and their superior knowledge of the passes.

"Since that time I have never heard any thing of these banditti; they

had probably sought out other scenes to carry on their depredations, and Leonardo doubtless found a grave among the unfrequented crags of the Sierra Morena. Yet so strong was the resemblance to Leonardo in the tone of voice of the desperado who attacked us to-day, and so strange was the similarity between his features, and those which imagination gives to my unfortunate brother, such as time and misfortune, had he lived, might have, by this time, produced in him, that, had I not seen with my own eyes his lifeless body stretched upon the road in Spain, I would have believed that he stood before me this evening in the Alameida of Buenos Ayres. But it must be imagination alone; and the Gaucho, who uttered his name, may have been one of his friends,—possibly one of his band, who still in his intoxication retains a respect for the memory of his captain. This, at least, is the most probable surmise I can form. And now, Señor," continued Don José, addressing Ord, "let me entreat you to give up your intention of crossing the plains,—a Gaucho never forgets or forgives a blow,—and though, surrounded by the civil authorities here, I scorn the threats he uttered against my house; yet be assured, that if ever he gets on your track in the Pampas, he will dog you like a blood-hound, till he has revenged the insult with your life."

This was the substance of Don José's story. It will readily be imagined that a resolute and romantic mind, like that of my friend, was not to be driven from its purpose by fear of the revenge of a wretched Gaucho, and we therefore made no change in our plans respecting our excursion to the Andes. Indeed, Ord affected to consider the threats of the Gaucho as only the wordy rage of intoxication, and he set down the fears of Don José to the natural timidity of age, and the effect of his quiet pursuits. The very night before our departure, however, a circumstance occurred, which showed that some concealed enemy was watching our movements. My friend and myself had been spending the evening with Don José and his lovely daughter. When I said before that the Donna Louisa, with all her fascination, cultivated no other accomplishments than Spanish ladies in general possessed, I ought to have made exception in behalf of one accomplishment which her countrywomen seldom excel in,—but of which she was an exquisite mistress,—music. She sang divinely; except herself, indeed, I never heard a Spanish woman attempt to sing, without feeling my ears set on edge by the shrill discord, and this is excessively strange, considering the sweetness and harmony of their speech in common conversation. Just before we left Don José's hospitable house,—(little anticipating that the members of the party should never again meet together in the same place!)—the young lady sang a mournful old Spanish ballad, said to have been composed by Ferdinand Pizarro, in the prison which was his only home for twenty-seven years. We were all deeply affected, and Ord, whose sensibilities were acute to a painful degree, could not restrain his tears. It was in this frame of mind that we bade adieu to Don José and his daughter, when, almost ere we had left the gate of the *patio*, a *lasso** was thrown over Ord's body, and he was instantly dragged to the ground. He had, however, presence of mind to unsheath his knife and cut the thongs, when the villains, who appeared to be two in number, fell back out of the shadow of the wall into the moonlight, from the resistance which the weight they were dragging had presented being suddenly removed. Before Ord or I could attempt to secure either of them, they were gone, but my friend declared his firm belief that one of them was the identical Gaucho, whom he had struck a few evenings before in the Alameida.

This, of course, from the uncertain light, and the hurry and confusion of

* It is possible that some readers may require to be informed, that the *lasso* of the South Americans is composed of plaited thongs of raw leather, softened with grease, and with a running noose at one end, which is thrown with astonishing dexterity over any part of the object of pursuit.

the whole affair, could be but a surmise; but it was one which filled him with fear, on account of his betrothed bride and her father. It was his determination to defer his journey on the morrow till he had warned Don José to be on his guard, and informed him of this fresh attack. With this resolve we proceeded to our hotel. The result of our deliberations,—influenced, I fear, considerably by my desire to set out on our journey,—was the contrary of this. I was sure that if the Donna Louisa and her father were made acquainted with our adventure, they would use their influence to prevent us from leaving the town. Besides, I was by no means convinced that Ord was correct in believing he had been set upon by the Gaucho whom he had struck down, and if such were not the case, we were terrifying the Signor Echivera and his daughter without cause. These considerations, to which Ord, from his own desire to escape all importunity on the subject of our journey, was willing to give their full weight, determined him not to speak to Don José of our adventure, but simply to send a verbal message to him, advising him to be cautious in leaving his *casa* after nightfall. The next afternoon, we were a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, at a station where there was a very good *posadu*, or inn, and where most of the horses which were sent to the coast were reclaimed from their original wild state. A number of Gauchos were straggling about the *corral*,* and a few young men from the town were standing round a remarkably handsome and powerful colt, which had just been taken from the herd. One of the young men, who wished to purchase the animal, had offered a handsome reward to any of the Gauchos who would back him, but such was the fierceness and strength which he had displayed under three or four *lassos* that none of them were willing to attempt it. At length an old Gaucho, with a grizzled beard, and a cool calm snake-like eye, held out his hand for the sum which the young man had offered, buckled his saddle carefully on the colt's back, and, having examined his powerful Mameluke bit, and the straps of his long spiked spurs, desired the thongs to be loosened, and vaulting upon the maddened brute, dashed off with the speed of lightning. At this moment I felt my arm pressed by Ord, who whispered, when he had got me from the circle, "By Heaven! that is the man! and he is already on our track."

This explained to me the quick furtive glances which I had observed the old Gaucho pass towards us,—but I answered nothing, deliberating in my own mind what was to be done when the rascal should come back from his perilous ride.

In breaking a horse in South America,—for after the first severe gallop, or backing as it is called, he seldom requires any further training,—the Gaucho generally gallops him at full speed in a circle of two or three miles in diameter, accordingly as his disposition displays itself. The vast plains afford the most perfect facility for the purpose in question, and however it may militate against the experience of horsebreakers in Europe, nothing is more certain than that, when a horse is taken by the *lasso* from the plains, he requires nothing more than a gallop of five or six miles under a Gaucho bit and spur to fit him for every duty he may afterwards have to fulfil in that country. But it was in vain that, in the present case, we looked for the curve in the rider's course. He progressed, or seemed to progress, till the eyes of the most sanguine among us could not even pretend to see his *poncho* streaming in the wind which his speed created, nor the waving of his *montero* cap as his flying form cut against the clear settling sky.

While we were yet wondering at this extraordinary circumstance, the

* An inclosure generally 30 or 40 yards in diameter, formed of strong stakes driven into the ground, in which the cattle destined for slaughter or the saddle are placed. In the Pampas, the corral is usually placed fifty or a hundred yards from the Gaucho's hut.

night, which falls, as every body knows, with astonishing quickness in these low latitudes, closed over us, and the whole party retired to the posada.

To persons less peculiarly interested than we were in the motions of the Gaucho, it might have been highly amusing to notice the various ways in which the surprise and vexation of our companions were displayed. None of the Gauchos near us knew, or at least would confess that they knew, the fellow who had absconded. They said that he must be some man "beyond the clover ground,"* and that they had never seen him near the coast before. They were, however, highly indignant at his bad faith, and proffered to the intended purchaser of the colt the best unbroken horse in the corral as a remuneration for his disappointment. The young men, I remember, were not to be convinced by the Gauchos for some time that they had not been imposed on by one of their own number, who wished to retain the noble animal for himself; and their disputes during the first part of the night, and their noisy discussions afterwards, when they had adjusted the matter over their brandy, kept Ord and myself from enjoying a particle of sleep. In the morning accordingly we rose unrefreshed, but I could see that it was not the want of rest alone which had driven the colour from my friend's cheek, and the lustre from his eye. A presentiment of evil had come over his mind, which he declared himself unable to resist. It was in vain I laboured to remove it by attempting to engage him in conversation respecting his future prospects; this only increased his melancholy. When I found this to be the case, I urged him to return to Buenos Ayres, but he expressed his determination to proceed. I thought that the excitement of new scenes, and the glorious feeling of liberty which is felt in sweeping across the plains at full speed, would presently remove his depression, and therefore hurried on our preparations for departure; and our peons, or guides, driving before them the horses intended to relieve those we rode, were presently on the way to the next station.

It is unnecessary to relate the occurrences which took place during our journey. Without any greater accident than an occasional fall from our horses into a *biscachero*,† or a blow on the head from the balls of the Gauchos in our awkward attempts to use them, and without any greater privations than the occasional delay or sometimes total want of our supper after a fatiguing ride, we fulfilled the intention of our expedition.

We generally rode above a hundred miles every day, having changed our horses eight or ten times during that distance, and after cutting our supper from a huge shapeless piece of beef roasted on a rude iron spit stuck into the ground,—or perhaps having procured the greater luxury of a fowl baked in the fashion of the gypsies, and having washed it down with a draught of wine, we lay down in the hut, or more commonly in the open air, with our saddle for a pillow, and the sky for our canopy.

When we reached the foot of the Corderillas, we exchanged our horses for

* The plains between Buenos Ayres and the Corderillas may be divided into three broad belts, the first of which, nearest the Atlantic, about 180 miles in breadth, is covered, during one part of the year, with thick clover; the second belt, about 450 miles broad, with long grass; the third, reaching to the foot of the Corderillas, with stunted trees and bushes placed at considerable distances apart.

† The *biscacheros* are holes burrowed in the ground by an animal called a *biscacho*, and were it not for the soft nature of the plains, it would be extremely dangerous to cross them on horseback, as it is in many instances impossible to avoid the *biscacheros*, and the speed at which the horses go would generally render a fall on hard ground mortal. The "balls" spoken of consist of three brass globes which the Gauchos wheel round their head, till they acquire sufficient impetus, and then they are darted with such force and dexterity as to bring down a bird in its flight, or to stun the strongest bull, stallion, gama, or lion. The lasso and the balls are in the hands of the Gauchos from their earliest years,—hence their inimitable skill in using them.

mules, and after crossing the Andes by a route which torrents, precipices, and the fear of robbers, combined to render somewhat perilous, we arrived at length at Santiago in Chili.

During the whole of this most exciting journey, Ord never recovered his wonted elasticity of spirits, nor did I ever but once see him escape from the fascinous kind of influence which had seized upon him. It was when the mists of the lower grounds of Chili disappearing, like an embodied spirit returning to its original invisibility, we beheld, from the summit of the Andes, the wide waters of the Pacific glowing in the glorious morning sunlight, I remember he burst into a wild poetical apostrophe to the spirit of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the first European who beheld this vast ocean; and, cheered by the change in my friend's state of mind, and delighted by his enthusiasm, I felt that day to be, in spite of our toilsome path, one of the happiest I had ever spent. If I do not now look back to it as such, it is because the memory of its pleasures is clouded by the mournful fate of him who created them.

The change in my friend's state of mind, as I have said, was transient; he relapsed into his former gloominess, answering all my attempts to reason him out of his depression, by saying that "he felt a fixed conviction that the days of his life, or of his dearest hopes, were numbered; and though he wished to meet his fate as a man, and trusted he would do so were the danger before his eyes, yet the irresolution of his mind was as natural amid the obscurity of his impending destiny as would be the faltering of his step, if he were treading in the dark on the verge of a precipice."

It was impossible to expect to influence one who could look with this calmness of settled conviction upon an imaginary evil; and, to say the truth, I felt that I was more likely to be led by him into a dread, if not a belief, of some certain danger before us, than to restore my friend's mind to its wonted healthy tone. He did not even express the slightest wish to hasten his return, though I saw that great part of his terrors related to the Donna Louisa. He had become, what I never saw either before or since, and what I do not think can exist, if the person be free from insanity or supernatural influence,—a *practical fatalist*—and resigned himself implicitly to the course of events. But I was determined not to allow him to sink into incurable despondency, and therefore instantly prepared for our return. In all things he was passive, undergoing even the fatigue and danger of the journey across the Andes without being once roused to the excitement which I had hoped the mere animal exertion would have communicated to his mind.

In our rapid return across the Pampas, we were frequently alarmed by reports of hostile Indians being on the path, and were entertained by our terrified peons with tales of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness. Mounted on the most powerful and fleet horses, and themselves the best horsemen in the world, wherever they came their course was tracked in blood. Their many conflicts with the Spanish usurpers of their country had created a spirit of the bitterest hostility in the breasts of both parties, and the idea, on either side, of sparing a foe who had fallen into their hands was never entertained.

Small parties of Indians, armed with their spears of eighteen feet in length, had frequently attacked and burnt the unprotected huts of the Gauchos, remorselessly slain the men, the old and the ugly of the women, and carried the young and good-looking with them into the heart of the Pampas. We became accustomed, however, to these recitals of cruelty, and having come within three hundred miles of Buenos Ayres without seeing any of these flying parties, ceased to consider them an object of alarm.

We were within three days' gallop of the coast; I was a few miles ahead of my companions, when an ostrich crossed me at some distance, and I pushed off alone after him. I had acquired some little skill in the use of

the lasso, and being mounted on a horse of extraordinary speed and power made myself sure of my prize. There is perhaps no sport in the world so intensely interesting as that in which I was engaged; miles pass with minutes, and the sight of the noble chase continually in view, keeps alive an ardour which absorbs every faculty. I had made several unsuccessful casts, but still kept up the pursuit with reckless impetuosity, when my horse suddenly fell with me into a *biscachero*, and, rolling over my body, bruised me severely. Fortunately I still retained hold of the bridle, but unable to rise, lay helplessly on my back, gazing upwards upon innumerable bright and fantastic objects which seemed to fill the atmosphere. At length, when the sickness had in some measure left me, I managed to get into the saddle, and walked my horse slowly in the direction, as I thought, of the road which I had left. I now began to reflect that, as my course had been almost at right angles to the track leading to the coast, and as I had continued great part of an hour with unabated speed in the chase, there was no possibility of my overtaking my friends, compelled as I was by the pain of my bruises to proceed at the most gentle pace possible. I felt also, from the frequent tripping of my horse, that he was well-nigh spent, and now for the first time the appalling nature of my situation burst fully on my mind.

I was alone in a trackless plain,—without the power of reaching the path I had left, and certain, unless some wandering Gaucho should by good fortune pass me, to perish with hunger, or severe thirst, which, from the bruises I had received, began to parch up my frame. I swept the horizon with a glance dimmed by sickness and terror, but, save a herd or two of wild cattle feeding among the deep clover, there was nothing to break the sameness of the view. A troop of the naked Indian horsemen, of whose cruelties I had lately heard so much, would at that moment have been welcome to my sight.

Often, as the nature of the dreadful death to which I seemed doomed shot through my heart, I struck my spurs into my horse's sides with a convulsive movement, but the groaning of the fatigued animal, and the agony which the least acceleration in his pace created in my bruised limbs, caused me as often to return to a slow walk, and to yield myself up to despair. In a short time, the thirst which I suffered became so intolerable, that I decided on opening a vein in the neck of my horse, in order to quench it in his blood. I knew very well that the best way to relieve my thirst, and assuage the fever which caused it, would have been to draw a little blood from my own veins, instead of that of my jaded steed; but I was fearful that, if fainting came on, I might bleed to death. I therefore took out the instrument, and was about to dismount in order to perform my little operation. Before doing so, however, I cast another longing look around me; and to my inexpressible joy beheld a horseman gallop out from behind a large herd of wild cattle which had for a little time concealed him. I hallooed with all my might, but the feeble sound must have died along the plain before it reached him, for he kept on his course. At last I fired one of my pistols, and I could instantly see his horse turn, and sweep towards me at a rapid pace. I had time to reload my pistol, loosen my knife in its sheath, and fix my almost sinking faculties upon the danger probably before me; for I knew that a Gaucho, meeting an unprotected stranger like myself on the plains, would think nothing of cutting his throat for the sake of his bridle and spurs, besides the possibility of finding a few dollars in his purse. Fortunately, however, my fears were groundless; the rider who had so opportunely crossed me proved to be a Gaucho boy, of about eleven or twelve years of age. I returned my pistols to my girdle, and uttered an ejaculation of gratitude. The little fellow came dashing up to me at full speed, crying, as he checked his horse, till the animal fell almost on his haunches, "Dios mio! qué es esto?"—"My God! what is this?" I shortly explained to him my misfortune, and requested to be taken to his home,—which I

found was at a few miles' distance, lying farther south than any other Gaucho hut. He gave me a drink of water from a cow's horn, which was slung round him, and never till my dying day shall I forget the exquisite feeling of pleasure which that delicious draught communicated to my parched frame. He then pulled some dried beef from a bag which hung at his saddle bow, and I ate a few mouthfuls to relieve the faintness which my long abstinence from food had created. Thus, having performed the duties of hospitality, the young horseman dashed away in the direction I was to accompany him, whirling his *lasso* above his head, and his *poncho* streaming like a pennon behind,—then ever and anon returning to my side with an “*Alegrarse! alegrarse! vamos! vamos! señor.*”—“*Cheer up! cheer up! come on, come on, señor!*” In this way, after a most painful march, we arrived at his hut, which was larger and more neatly built than any I had seen, containing two apartments, besides a covered shed at a little distance to serve the purposes of a kitchen. The very *corrál* was not surrounded by the usual quantity of filth, the cause of which was at once to be traced to the great number of hawks and heavy-looking gorged vultures which sat upon the stakes of the inclosure, remaining, as I rode past, almost within reach of my extended arm. They had gathered round this settlement in greater numbers than I had seen in any other place on the Pampas, and were also larger than any I had before met with. A few noble horses were shut up in the *corrál*, which, by their neighing as we passed, proved that they had been but lately reclaimed from the plains. Everything around looked less like the squalid hut of a wretched Gaucho, than the decent home of an independent agriculturist; and had it not been for the *corrál*, and the heaps of bones of every kind scattered about, I could have fancied this to be the dwelling of some whimsical foreigner, who had chosen to leave his vineyard in Languedoc, or his farm in Sussex, to share with the wild horse, the gama, and the lion, the freedom of the plains of Paraguay.

But, if I was surprised at the comparative neatness of the place, I was soon much more so at the extraordinary behaviour of its master, as, lifting aside the bullock's hide which served as a door to the dwelling, he came forth to meet me. I have said before that the Gauchos were famed for their hospitality, and that they almost universally retain the grave politeness for which Spaniards have always been remarkable. To such an extent, in fact, is this carried, that a Gaucho never enters his hut without lifting his cap with a gesture of respect, though there may be none but the members of his own family within. I was therefore surprised to perceive that, instead of welcoming me with the cordial alacrity which I had elsewhere universally received, the Gaucho started as his eyes fell upon me, and sliding his hand down towards his heel, drew forth his long knife with a threatening gesture. So soon as I had saluted him, however, and explained my misfortune, he seemed to recover himself, and muttering some words of apology as he replaced his weapon, he begged me to enter his hut, and to consider it as my own. Faint and weary as I was, I could not but perceive the constraint and reluctance with which he uttered this usual compliment, and, as the most delicate way of noticing it, expressed a hope that the entertainment of a traveller for a night under his roof would not in any way incommode him. He turned his quick grey eye on me as I spoke; but seeing, I presume, nothing like suspicion on my features, began busily to occupy himself in releasing my horse from his *recado*, or saddle, and bridle, as he expressed his pleasure in being honoured by the presence of a cavalier like myself. “*You must excuse an old man, señor,*” said he, “*if he is somewhat cautious and fearful; in these wild plains there are more salteadores (robbers) than honest Christians; besides, we have certain information that the Indians are somewhere in these parts: they have burnt some huts in the clover ground east, and may be upon us (may the mother of God protect us!) before the morning: a man is rarely at his ease*

when he knows his throat may be cut before the next meal, señor, and therefore, I pray you, pardon my want of courtesy." And then giving the horse a lash with the bridle, he moved towards the hut, desiring me, in the true Spanish style, to consider both himself and his dwelling as created only for my pleasure. I had been too often told of the Indians, to be alarmed at the story of my host, besides that I considered it as a *ruse* intended to hasten my departure ; and though I was utterly at a loss to discover the cause of his churlishness, I was too much occupied by my own suffering to notice it further than mentally to determine on leaving the station the next morning at all hazards. There was something in the sound of the man's voice also, which seemed not altogether unknown to me ; and a suspicion that this might be the Gaucho whom Ord had struck rushed across my mind ; but I had nothing, save the peculiarity of his manner, to strengthen this fancy, and I presently forgot it in matters more nearly relating to myself.

The inside of the hut was more clean and neat than usual in the Gauchos' cottages ; the *bolas*, or balls, and the *lassos*, the bridles, spurs, and other implements, were arranged in an orderly manner along the walls,—the cradle, made of a bull's hide, suspended by leathern thongs to the rafters, occupied a remote corner of the apartment,—the charcoal fire burnt cheerily, while the lamp, fed by bullock's tallow, suspended from the roof, poured a clear light into the recesses of the room. The night had fallen during my late slow ride, and the cold had seized upon my stiffened limbs with great severity. It had benumbed rather than chilled me, the feverish heat raging as it were within my frame, while my extremities were almost insensible, and covered with a cold sweat. The warmth of the room, however, presently equalized the heat in my whole body, and I prepared to take away some blood from my arm. There was an instant stir among several dark heaps which lay upon the floor, and four or five women, with twice as many children—black, brown, and red—gathered round me to look at the operation,—the most common and favourite one among all Spaniards. An old black woman, who, from her appearance, and from her bringing in the huge piece of roast beef on the spit, seemed to be the cook of the establishment, held the vessel to receive the blood, and being more occupied in examining my dress than in the duty of the moment, performed her part so awkwardly that I reproved her in an angry and loud tone for her inattention. A shriek immediately burst from the other apartment, and the old Gaucho, rising hastily, and with a mute gesture of rage, rushed into it by a door which communicated with the room in which we sat. I was well nigh fainting, but I noticed the glances of deep meaning which passed between the persons around me, and could also hear the half stifled accents of the old Gaucho addressing some one in the other apartment in a threatening tone.

It is impossible for me to describe my emotions at that moment ; the voice thrilled through even my clouded senses, and the doubt, the fear, the suspicion, which rushed to my very heart's core, seemed to freeze up my blood at its fountain. The stream, which was flowing freely from the open vessel, stopped as if by magic ; and the cold, death-like sweat which was coming over me, and which is the common effect of the abstraction of a large quantity of blood, became, as it were, suddenly dried up, while my muscles grew unnaturally rigid, and each individual fibre seemed to quiver as if in the attempt to contract itself into a state of stony hardness. I was painfully sensible of everything that passed, but I remained fixed, silent, and motionless,—horror having produced upon my frame, weakened by fatigue, pain, and loss of blood, the same, or a similar effect, which some unknown influence exercises upon the nerves of cataleptic persons. I was as one " to stone converted by amaze." But my mind, if unable to command the material frame which it inhabited, seemed endowed with intense and preternatural activity and decision. The voice I had heard, and which

had created these extraordinary effects, was assuredly that of Donna Louisa. The dreadful fact burst upon me with such stunning force, as to render me, as I have just said, speechless, and to drive back, as it were, my mental energies to their most remote citadel.

The reflections, which then shot with the rapidity of lightning across my mind, seemed most like the spontaneous imagery of a dream; for, as in a vision of the night, I was unconscious of the least mental exertion in making them. I may say then, that I *felt*, as if by a revelation, rather than by any exercise of reason, that the Donna Louisa was in the same hut with me,—that the old Gaucho was he whom Ord and Señor Echivera had mortally offended,—that he had kidnapped the maiden to revenge himself on both,—and that he knew or guessed me to be Ord's friend. These conclusions, which proved in the end to be perfectly correct, were doubtless the decision of my judgment from the facts before me, viz.—the tone of the voice, the sinister looks of the Gaucho, and my indistinct recollection of his features at the *posada*; though, as I was utterly unconscious of deducing them by any train of reasoning, the powers of my mind and body being, as it were, for the time disunited, I felt somewhat disposed to consider them as the effect of some unearthly impulse or revelation. Since that time, however, I have heard gentlemen, who stand deservedly at the head of the medical profession, declare that there are diseases, of a nervous order, in which the body is for the time incapable of displaying, by the external senses, the workings of the mind, though the person be all the time conscious of ideas rushing across him with a rapidity, and of a nature infinitely superior to those which occupy his mind in health. I conclude, therefore, that the effect produced on me by horror, conjoined with the peculiar physical and mental circumstances of my situation, was somewhat similar to that which such diseases produce on their possessors. As the violence of the paroxysm—for I know not how else to designate it—decreased, my frame became gradually relaxed, the cold sweat preceding fainting rushed from every pore of my body, and I sank back in a state of insensibility.

When I recovered, I perceived the old Gaucho standing over me with his eyes bent in strict scrutiny upon my features, while the rest of the family bustled around me with such restoratives as their simple means afforded. Closing my eyes for a few moments, as if still under the influence of weakness, I struggled to gather together my scattered energies, and to resolve on my future conduct. My aim was to lull to sleep the suspicions of the treacherous old villain, to leave the hut in the morning, and to return as soon as I could collect as many men as would be able to overpower any resistance he and his might make. Thanking my host, therefore, in a languid manner for his attention, I begged he would allow me to repose myself for an hour or two, and, in the mean time, order a fowl to be boiled, as it would be dangerous for me to sup on such strong food as that which was smoking on the spit near us. I saw at once that I had relieved his fears and suspicions: he instantly became all politeness; uttered compliments with a gravity and extravagance which a Spaniard alone possesses; gave orders for my chicken broth, and with his own hand threw down two or three *ponchos* for my bed, and adjusted a white, new-dressed sheep's skin on my *recado* for my pillow.

I lay down, therefore, and simulated slumber, though it may well be imagined that nothing was farther from me than repose. I was in the shadow, and could see all that went on before me; while my own form must have been in a great measure concealed. The family gathered round and ate their evening meal; each individual, even to the children, cutting with their knives a piece from the huge joint. This, with water, formed their repast; for bread there is none in the plains. Each then bent for a few moments before a little image of the Virgin which hung at one end of the hut; and, lying down on the floor as chance or whim directed them, they were soon fast asleep. The old Gaucho, however, and a very pretty mulatto

girl with a child in her lap, sat at the fire as if waiting for some one. The youthful mother bent over her slumbering infant features wherein some secret grief seemed blended with maternal anxiety. She frequently turned her eyes towards the door, and then to the old Gaucho, with an expression of surprise or fear at the protracted delay of some one whom she named Teobaldo. The old man never answered her, but seemed to be wrapped up in deep reflection. The ruddy light of the charcoal fire fell upon his harsh features, deep dark eyes, and grizzled beard, discovering every furrow on his face with painful distinctness, and clothing his lineaments with a kind of lurid light, which increased the savage, though slumbering, ferocity of their expression. At length, when the young woman again turned her eyes filled with tears upon him, and spoke in a querulous tone of the delay of Teobaldo, the old man uttered an imprecation, and, grinding his teeth, commanded her to be silent. He then relapsed into his former moody abstraction, while I could see the tears streaming down the cheeks of the terrified girl upon her sleeping infant, fast and freely as from a fountain.

On a sudden the sound of a horse at speed approached the hut, and before either the old Gaucho or the girl could reach the door, a young man of a powerful frame, and features expressive of reckless daring, burst into the apartment, raising, at the same time, his cap, and uttering the usual salutation. He had the *bolas* wrapped round his waist, and I saw by the blood with which they were clotted that he had been hunting. A number of dogs, many of which bore terrible marks of the dangerous sport for which they were kept, followed his steps, and with such gestures of pleasure as their fatigue would allow them to make, gathered round the old Gaucho. Meantime, the poor girl held up her child to be kissed by the young huntsman, and laid her arm fondly round his neck. Bestowing the expected caresses upon both, though with a carelessness which showed how little of the heart there was in the action, he desired her to prepare his supper. She placed the child in the cradle of hide which hung above my head, and took from a kind of closet,—made also of a bull's hide inflated and dried, and having a square piece cut out and moving on hinges by way of door,—a flask of wine and other articles of fare of a more generous kind than the family had used at their late meal. While she was thus busied, one of the dogs came smelling up to me, and began to growl and erect his bristles. "Down, Tauro! down!" cried the old man, and to the surprised and inquiring looks of his son answered by briefly narrating the cause of my visiting the hut. "Now, by heaven! Señor," said Teobaldo, scowling upon his father, "you have done foolishly. A stranger, and from the town, said you? You might as well have harboured the devil redhot from hell with a legion of his imps." He was going on lashing himself into an outrageous passion, when the old Gaucho interrupted him; and though he spoke only in a whisper, there was a tone of command and calm concentrated energy in his voice, which appeared to oblige the other to listen. "Señor," said he, (for even the nearest relatives address each other in this punctilious manner,) "you are young, and moreover seem to have forgotten that I am your father. It is well that I cannot, or these words might call for chastisement. We will talk of this at a fitter season, and in the meantime let us look to our guest."

"Voto a Dios! let him look to himself," muttered the young desperado, as, rising, he came towards me, and began furtively to view my features. He was turning away, convinced apparently that I slept, and had not overheard his words, when, as if influenced by sudden suspicion, he again bent over me, and drew forth his knife rapidly. It was a moment of the most dreadful trial, but I had nerve enough for it, though, the next instant, when he had turned away, I felt the big drops coursing down my forehead and cheeks,—so great a shock had the forcible suppression of my feelings communicated to my frame. The old man uttered a brief but threatening expostulation to his son, which he answered by a look of fierce defiance, and without further words drew the skeleton of a horse's head towards the

fire, threw himself upon it, and began to devour his meal in silence. In a short time I was relieved from reflections of the most distressing nature, by being requested by the Mulatto girl to sit up and take the food which had been prepared at my desire.

I noticed, also, that she took some of it, with a small flask of wine, (how procured, heaven knows,) into the other apartment; and that, during the time she was absent, the old Gaucho and his son were restless and impatient, and cast furtive glances continually upon me. I was enabled, however, to escape their observation by allowing my features to take the expression of that listlessness and languor which my weakness, in spite of circumstances, predisposed me to feel. Eagerly—and the more so that I was forced to torture my face into an expression of indifference—did I wait for the return of the girl;—for, if my belief that the Donna Louisa was in confinement in the other room, and had recognised my voice when she screamed, was correct, I thought it probable that she would fall upon some plan to convey to me, by means of her attendant, a certain knowledge of the fact. It was in vain, however, that I scanned the features of the girl when she returned with the food and wine untasted. She whispered something concerning “the Señorita” to the old man, to which he replied by a muttered curse and a significant glance at his son. Sick at heart, and filled with apprehensions, the vague nature of which was more unnerving than the most terrible certainty, I muttered my “*buenas noches*,” and was about to retire to my *poncho*, when I observed the mulatto girl playing with a ring, and viewing it over and over close by the light of the fire. The sight completely deprived me of my circumspection. I started back in undisguised horror, and had uttered an exclamation—fortunately in my native language—before I could recollect myself. From the shock which the circumstance gave me, the bandaged vein again burst out in blood, and the inmates of the hut, (who, like all those that frequently use venesection unscientifically, have a horror on such occasion of an artery having been opened,) ascribing my emotion to the unexpected sight of the blood, began immediately to tighten the bandages,—to roll up rude compresses made of small stones wrapped in wool,—and thus both afforded me time to recover my quiet manner, and drew aside the attention of those who might, from their conscious dread of detection, have ascribed my conduct to other causes.

In the mean time, my mind was filled with a multitude of recollections of the past and determinations for the future. The ring which I had seen in the hands of the mulatto girl I remembered well. It was a favorite one of the Donna Louisa’s, and had, moreover, attracted my attention particularly, from the fact that Ord had written some stanzas upon it. I mention it as a curious proof that the mind is capable of remembering with almost morbid acuteness slight circumstances in periods of great peril—that the sentiments of my poor friend’s verses were in my recollection at the very moment when it might be supposed all my energies would have been directed to the emergency before me. I remembered that, in his lines, he had wished to be that ring,—to encircle so fair a portion of his mistress,—sometimes to be pressed, when she was contemplative, to her sweet cheek,—sometimes, in the unconscious attitude in which sleep might place her downy palm, to be nestled in the warm recesses of her bosom!

But there were thoughts of a different nature succeeding to those remembrances. There was pity and sorrow for the lovely prisoner,—hate and horror, the stronger that it was veiled in a manner of cordiality, towards the savages who had brought her there—and resolve strong as death to liberate her from her thralldom. Without any difficulty, as I conceived, I succeeded in convincing those around me that I suspected nothing, and knew of no motive for suspicion; and in this agreeable opinion, if anything could be agreeable in my circumstances, I betook me to my former place of repose. So soon as the bleeding from my arm was stopped, the old

black cook, who had been among the first to start up and apply remedies, together with two or three other women and the children, again lay down, and presently were in the same state of oblivion. A little after, I had opportunity to see another native, the mulatto girl, of whom I have spoken so often, rise from the swinging cradle, and lay down to rest. She nestled herself by her side, while the old Gaucho remained on his feet.

"As will be supposed, it was impossible for me to sleep. I lay in a fever of apprehension, and waited. Not a soul stirred in the hut. The old Gaucho nodded his head in the lurid light of the fire, in a manner which I shall remember to my dying day; the young huntsman breathed heavily beside his wife, or mistress, or slave, or whatever else she might be called, and the rest of the household snored and slept naturally.

A couple of hours might have elapsed in this manner, when the old man awoke, stretched his limbs, took down the household lamp, and, coming to me, passed it across my eyes. I was, of course, fast asleep. He hung up the lamp again, oused Teobaldo, and having by signs convinced him of my somnolency, deputed with him from the dwelling. It was some time before I could determine on the course I was to pursue. Sometimes I thought of bursting into the apartment of the Donna Louisa, and defending the opening into it against all comers, for I knew that the *lasso* and the *bolas* could be rendered effective only in open ground. Again, I was for taking my chance of killing both the men at the door of the hut with my pistols, and trusting to fortune for the rest. But prudence prevailed. I listened, with an anxiety which communicated an exquisite acuteness to my auditory nerves, to the breathing of the inhabitants of the hut: all of them, even to the wife of the young huntsman, respired regularly; and, rising cautiously, I stole to the door. The moon was high in heaven; but, fortunately for me, the shadow, which was thrown on the front ground of the cottage, concealed me entirely. Here again I must give a curious instance of the attention of the mind to trifles when circumstances of an appalling nature encircle it. I reflected that if I had been on the north instead of the south side of the equator, I should have been fully exposed to those whose motions I was interested in knowing, instead of being myself completely concealed, while they were clearly discernible. Doubtless, they thought nothing about northern or southern hemispheres, but only that he whose knowledge of their plans they doubted or feared was asleep.

Keeping within the shadow of the low walls of the hut, I strained my eyes on every side in vain; but presently I heard voices breaking from the *corral*, and, by the tones, I immediately recognised the old Gaucho and Teobaldo. I could not see them, for they also were in the moon-shadow, behind the stakes of the inclosure; but I could, both by the sounds and the sentiments of each voice, know to whom it belonged.

"Well, Señor," said Teobaldo, as if continuing the conversation, "you have told me why this gentleman has come here, and how,—for which, *voto a Dios!* I shall flog the boy who brought him; but you have not given me a single proof that he may not, on his return, forward such information to the authorities as gets us both the cord, or the dagger. You saw his emotion when his eye fell on that bauble of the Donna's,—or, at least, I was certain I perceived it, in spite of his attempts at concealment—and I doubt not he is here as a spy: he must brook the stab, Señor!"

"Now, by Heaven!" said the old Gaucho, "the steel which strikes his body shall first have passed through my own heart's blood!" He spoke in a tone of stern and iron resolve; then, after a moment's pause, he resumed more calmly:—"I wonder not at the scorn with which we of the plains are treated by the puny creatures of the coast, since even the last and most cherished virtue of the Gauchos,—their old famous hospitality and good faith to their guests,—seems departing from the present generation."

"Dios mio!" cried Teobaldo, interrupting him, "hospitality, like cha-

rity, should surely begin at home. You would not give up our lives to a foolish punctilio, Señor?"

"Teobaldo," responded the old man, "I shall not give up my own house I shall do in all things as I please. But if your father has come to me sick, and without intention of doing me wrong, it is the effect of accident, and he cannot therefore be punished. If he has done not enough, I say that he came to me with the words of repentance and politeness in his mouth—he is entitled to my good faith and forgiveness, and, by the Mother of God, he shall have it!"

"Muy bien! Muy bien!" returned Teobaldo, quickly, "and now about the Señorita. To-night I am determined to have the reward of my adventure to the town, which I have now delayed only because you—"

"Teobaldo," interrupted the old Gaucho, "we will talk of this to-morrow:—patience—patience!"

"Ay, by the Almighty God of immortality!" said Teobaldo, with a burst of irrepressible indignation, "thou hast used that watchword of a fame and dastard spirit, till both my senses and my soul scorn to listen to it!—To night, or a better reason than thou hast yet used!"

As he spoke, I could hear the whistling of his knife as it came from its sheath in his wet Gaucho boot, and, horrified at the parricide which the young savage seemed about to perpetrate, I involuntarily shifted my position, and with difficulty restrained myself from rushing forward to prevent such a deed. The instinct of self-preservation, however, was stronger than the sentiment of horror, and I remained within the shadow which concealed me. But, slight as had been the sound I had created, the acute organs of the Gauchos had detected it, for I observed them emerge into the moonlight at separate sides of the *corral*, each with his long knife gleaming in his hand. Silently placing my thumbs on the hammers of my two pistols, I remained motionless, determined if they approached, to discharge the balls into their bodies at such a distance as would insure then taking mortal effect. After looking carefully round, however, they retired to their former position behind the *corral*, to my infinite relief. For some time they spoke in so low a tone that I was unable to catch anything, save disjointed sentences, in which the word "Señorita" was frequently repeated. At length the young man, raising his voice, swore, by a horrible oath, that he would no longer be ejected out of the possession of his promised mistress, and hinted, in a significant tone, that he believed his father had some more selfish reason for his reluctance to yield her up than any he had yet given.

"Fool!" returned the old man—"poor slave of thy passions! Thou wilt sacrifice the dearest, purest, and noblest revenge to the mere lust of thy body! Listen to me, and I will show thee that by disposing of this girl as I wish, thou wilt acquire the means of purchasing the embraces of fifty fairer pieces of painted flesh than she, and wilt moreover regain that rank in society of which we have both been unjustly deprived."

There was a short pause, during which I adjusted myself to catch every sound.

"The girl," said the old Gaucho, "whom you are so deeply in lust with, is your cousin! Ay, start!—She is the daughter of my brother, and my full niece. You have frequently heard the story of my mother's wrongs and mine in the old world, how I was driven, by disgust and despair of gaining my just rights, from my father's house, and how, in the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena, I recovered from my wounds by the care of my trusty band. The father of this girl was the cause,—let me do him justice,—the unconscious cause, of keeping me from my inheritance. His father and mine,—curses on him that I should have to mention us both in a breath!—deceived and disgraced my mother,—may God forget me when I forgive it!—and now, instead of being the possessor of wealth and honour, I am a poor, outlawed, degraded wretch, and thou art—the son of such a one! Now,

attend:—This girl is as the apple of Señor Echivera's eye, and to regain her he will, I am convinced, disgorge such a portion of the immense wealth which he has amassed, as will purchase me the power of again treading in safety the soil of my native land, and afford thee the means of moving in the sphere suited to thy birth. It only remains for us to execute this scheme in such a manner as to keep from Don José a knowledge of his daughter's situation, and to bind him, by a sacred oath, never to divulge the circumstances of the transaction."

"But Señor," said Teobaldo, "I have no desire to leave the plains; the freedom from trammels of every kind, mental and bodily, suit too well with my nature for me to wish to exchange it for the constrained customs of what is called civilized society; nor above all, am I willing to give up so fair a prize as Louisa for the possession of wealth which I do not need, and the tenure of which must depend on the faith of one who has all his life dwelt in cities."

"Boy!" said the Gaucho, "thou dost not know what thou art casting away for the gratification of a moment;—wealth, honour, power, and fame are within your grasp, and you draw back your hand from such a glorious prize, to fondle a girl who—mark me!—can never love thee, such as thou now art. I tell thee, the hoards of my brother are immense, and moreover, I know well that his word is as true as his wealth is great. Honour and good faith, Teobaldo, are not confined to the plains."

"It may be so, Señor," replied he, "but I am determined to go nowhere else in search of them. I have been so long accustomed to the free air which comes down from the *borderillas*, that the pent-up atmosphere of a crowded city would soon choke me, Señor: I will live and die in the Pampas."

This he said in a tone of calm determination, and, in spite of my perilous position, I could not but admire the sentiment.

"Foolish and stubborn boy!" said the Gaucho, yet in a tone more of entreaty than scorn; "can neither the prospect of gratified ambition, nor the boundless power of satisfying every wish of your sensual passions, awaken you from these slothful sentiments, which would better beseem a base vegetable, that rots in the same dunghill where it rose, than the scion of one of the noblest families in Spain? With the wealth you will possess, you may purchase the finest equipages and the fleetest steeds of Andalusia—"

"With my *lasso*," interrupted Teobaldo, "I can take, at my pleasure, the noblest colts of the herd; and all the equipage I require is my *recado*, bridle, and spurs. I can back a new steed daily, if I choose it; and though I were to strike my knife into the heart of each after its single journey, there would be no lack of horses on the Pampas!"

"You may possess lands and castles, forests and serfs, who will exist only to serve you," urged the old Gaucho.

"The plains of Paraguay are mine as much as though I had bought them with coined money," replied Teobaldo. "Will the lands which your wealth has to purchase extend as far? Will the ostrich be there for the chase, or the steed to follow him? Will your forests be as large as those beneath the *borderillas*; and will the lion, jaguar, lama, and wild goat couch amid their green recesses, or skip among their grey cliffs? Señor, the air, the soil, and the sports of these wide plains have been familiar to my boyhood; and while my eyes can follow the flight of the fleet deer, or my limbs support me on my *recado*, they shall perform their offices on these plains alone. Urge me no farther."

"It is thy ignorance, and not thy noble nature, which speaks, my boy," said the old man, in a tone of earnest remonstrance. "There are other pleasures, the exquisite nature of which thou hast yet to learn. Power in the camp, influence in the council, priority in the splendid and regal pa-

geant, the love of ladies, and admiration of noble cavaliers,—all these, with thy powers, thou mayest aspire to——”

“Pshaw!” said Teobaldo, interrupting him with startling energy; “’tis but a variation of the old tune. Thou hast harped on that string of birth, rank, and wealth, till I, who in these wild plains know not what they mean, am sincerely weary of the sound. I am free! the noblest birthright cannot give more—seldom does it give so much. My rank is such as to acknowledge no superior; my wealth is my strength and skill, which can supply all my wants, and which give me power over nobler animals than the puny libels on humanity whose society you wish to inflict on me. Give me the pleasures and the occupations to which I have been accustomed, which alone I can now fully enjoy, and I shall willingly allow the foolish distinctions of men to pass without disturbing my desires. If I have not a retinue of cringing slaves to minister to me, neither have I any one to kneel to in return; if I possess no influence in the courts which you have so often described to me, neither is my soul prostituted by the meanness, servility, and falsehood which, I have been taught, exist there; and though I have not couches of down and castles of carved stone, I can yet sleep as sweetly and as soundly upon the long grass of my native plains, with the fresh breeze of heaven upon my cheek, and the clear stars alone to watch over my repose. By the God of the true heart! Señor, I swear that I love the back of a fleet steed better than a throne; and that I would not cast aside the *bolos*, which I can strike through the skull of a lion, to grasp the sceptre of Spain!”

“Base dog!” cried the old man, with a burst of bitter scorn, which he could not control; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and soliloquising, though aloud—“Yet how can I blame him? He knows not the glory of possessing the power, in the regal pageant, of pressing near the person of his prince; nor in the court, of slighting, under the favour of his monarch, the proudest peer of the land! He has not felt the disinterested pleasure of leaving the boar at bay for a royal shaft; nor the still more generous pride of yielding a favorite female to the embraces of his sainted master.”

“No, by G——!” cried the young huntsman, almost choked with indignation. “My good horse is the only created being I feel pride in pressing near. I follow and I strike my own quarry, yielding precedence to none; and,” continued he, sinking his voice into a tone of low defiance, “let him who dares even to think of my favorite girl, though he were my nearest in blood, come with his naked knife in his hand, and a stout arm to wield it!”

“Thou speakest after thy own lights, and with a spirit which, in a better cause, might have done better for thee,” returned the old man, calmly, to this burst of his son. “But regarding the Donna Louisa——”

“Ay, regarding her,” said Teobaldo sharply.

“Thou must for the present give up thy intentions respecting that lady,” continued the Gauchó; “at least,” said he quickly, as though Teobaldo had made some sudden gesture of dissent, “at least, until thou hast fully considered my late proposition. Thou art yet but a boy in years——”

“Boy!” cried Teobaldo,—and I recognised the sound of his knife, drawn with its back against his teeth—a common gesture of the Gauchos, when they are deeply enraged. “Boy, indeed! Señor, that word has been used too often, in a tone of insult, even for a son to bear from a father. Did I prove myself a boy when, on foot, and armed only with this knife, I slew the lion, from which yourself and two or three other doughty heroes fled in dismay?—A boy!—By the Trinity! I will prove myself otherwise upon the body of that fair saint whom we are at issue concerning.”

“Teobaldo!” said the old man, sternly interrupting him; “that thou shalt never do, while I live.”

“Ha, hoary lecher! I have suspected this,” said the frantic young

savage, speaking through his clenched teeth. "Thou hast gazed with longing eyes upon Louisa; and perchance the incest which the intercourse involves hath stimulated thy jaded appetite. Ah! it is rank—rotten,—and yet how clear!"

"Yes," said the old man calmly, after a brief pause, as if rather musing than addressing his son; "I, too, have looked for this moment;—I could not but look for it; and it has come! Boy! thou art the last male of a noble race; but thou art also the spawn of thy whorish mother and thy wretched father; and now thou visitest the crime of thy birth upon him who alone remains to answer for it. Thy weapon is drawn,—defend thyself!"

"Thou *will* have the knife then, Señor?" was all Teobaldo said, as he crossed his blade with his father's. The sound of clashing iron disturbed the silence of the night for a little time; but in a few moments there was a closer struggling, a good deal of hard breathing, and, at length, a long, low groan. I knew not who had fallen in the desperate and unnatural strife; but, reeling under the influence of the horrors which the last half-hour had placed before me, I returned into the hut, and lay down upon the scanty couch which I had formerly occupied. A few minutes elapsed, and I heard a step slowly approaching. My heart beat audibly, as I saw the hand of the survivor drawing aside the bullock's hide; and the next moment the old Gaucho entered the apartment with a firm step and a calm demeanour. He took down the lamp, and steadily looked round upon the sleepers; but when he passed the light over the features of the poor mulatto girl and her child, I thought I could observe his hand waver: there was blood on it, too.

Every human being in the cottage, except myself, was asleep. The wearied dogs looked up without rising, both at the entrance of the Gaucho and of myself; but there was one old hound,—a tall, strong animal, whose gashed face and torn ears gave proof of severe contests with the wild beasts of the plains, and who, on the Gaucho passing him, sprang suddenly to his feet, and after smelling round about the old man, uttered a low growl, and immediately rushed out of the hut. Knowing the astonishing sagacity, as well as the undaunted courage of these animals, I thought it possible that the hound might prevent the Gaucho from moving the body of his master, or, in the attempt, either throttle the old man himself, or make such a disturbance as to awaken the household. In that case, I did not doubt, from the natural horror the murderer would create on his crime being discovered, that the very women would assist me to take and bind him, or at least offer no resistance, in case I found it necessary to have recourse to my pistols.

Never did I see any one more methodical in preparing for a journey than this old murdering miscreant was in preparing the means for placing his son in a bloody grave. He again examined carefully the features of every sleeper in the hut, drew forth some iron implements from a recess near the door, and after once more turning an anxious glance into the interior of the dwelling, wheeling the lamp slowly round as he looked, he extinguished it, and the next moment I could hear his footsteps rapidly retreating towards the *corral*.

Probably half an hour elapsed before (my curiosity becoming uncontrollable) I arose, and stole to the door. I could see no one; but, at the gate of the *corral*, two horses stood with their bridles over the stakes. In a minute or two I heard deep groans issuing from the spot where the murder had been committed, and thick, slow, and heavy sobs bursting with frightful force from the breast of the old man. Nature had found her way to his stony heart at last!

In a short time, these sounds ceased as suddenly as they had arisen, as if the mourner had exercised that astonishing power of control over his emotions which he seemed to possess, though a fatal instance of its ineffi-

ciency lay before him. I could hear him speak to the dog: "Down, Tauro! to heel, I say!" And then, breathing heavily under the burthen of his son's corpse, he came forth into the light, and with difficulty laid the body across one of the horses. Then taking the *lasso* from the *recado* of the other horse, he placed the noose round the neck of the dead body, and, passing the thong over the feet, he drew the two extremities of the corpse towards each other under the belly of the horse, securing it in such a manner that the motion of the animal could not shift its position.

It was such a picture as Fuseli might have loved to paint, delighting as he did in the wild and horrible. The *poncho* of the young man had fallen, or been rent off, in the previous struggle, and the full light of the brilliant moon fell upon the naked corpse, discovering plainly two or three long gashes on the breast; while the streams of blood which had flowed from each, being now hardened by exposure to the night-air, contrasted fearfully their dull crimson hue with the whiteness of the rest of the body. The livid distorted features, and glazed eye-balls, which from the effect of the ligatures seemed bursting from their sockets, glared upwards in a manner horribly distinct, while the tremulous moonbeams, playing on the lips all dabbled with blood, gave them the appearance of motion, as if the spirit, not yet departed from its mutilated tenement, were calling down vengeance from the skies upon the head of the murderer. He, meantime, his hands yet reeking with proofs of his unnatural crime, was binding the throat and feet of his victim firmly together, sometimes kneeling to fix a knot, sometimes starting up and glancing fearfully around, while his hand mechanically sought his knife; then he would return again to his unholy occupation, which again he would interrupt to wring his hands together with an expression of the most dreadful anguish. The hound was couched on the earth, on that side of the horse to which the head of his late master was fixed; he never moved his glance from the writhen features, and I should have considered him an uninterested spectator of the scene, had it not been that the low, impatient whine he uttered was changed for a deep growl, which sounded like distant thunder, when the hands of the Gaucho were fumbling about the bloody neck of the corpse. The habits of obedience, however, in which the poor animal had been trained towards the old man, were too powerful for the suspicions of foul play, which his sagacity, doubtless, led him to entertain; and it required only a tone of rebuke to still his rising passion.

At length the Gaucho mounted his horse, and, speaking kindly to the hound, moved slowly and silently away from the *corral*, leading the horse which bore his son's body. I had till now been looking through a crevice between the hide which served as a door and the lintel, but now, drawing aside the skin, I looked forth into the night after the receding group. The old man paced his steeds quietly for a little distance, and then dashed into a furious gallop. A black cloud came over the moon at this moment, but I could hear the sound of his horses' feet as he sped away into the waste with his ghastly burden, like a demon who had clutched his prey to the regions of everlasting darkness.

There is a mist before my memory respecting the events which followed, and I was informed afterwards that I had been found lying near the door of the hut in a state of insensibility, whence I had been removed, by the old black woman, to my former place of repose. As the scene of last night dawned upon me, a shudder of horror shook my frame, but, recollecting the work I had before me, I laboured to repress all appearance of emotion, and calling my kind but uncouth old nurse, with some difficulty I thrust a couple of Spanish dollars into her grimy palm. Instinctively her fingers closed over the unwonted treasure, and, grinning till her white teeth formed a ridge across the whole breadth of her face, she began to pour forth, in most diabolical Spanish, her gratitude for the gift. Having thus gained time to collect my resolution, I looked round the hut for the old Gaucho,

but he was nowhere to be seen. Every thing in the household seemed to go on in a natural train: the mulatto girl was playing with her infant; the dogs lounged out of and into the hut; and two or three older children were, with little *lassos* of twine, attempting to noose the cocks and hens, which also formed part of our establishment. It was evident that the events I had beheld had not yet transpired. As I rose from my *poncho*, I was delighted to find that the pain of my bruises was almost gone, and that, the fever being entirely dissipated, a sense of languor, which in itself was not displeasing, alone remained to remind me of my accident.

As the old negress brought me some water to wash, (which, in true Spanish style, consisted of about two table-spoonsful of that element,) I asked, in a careless manner, where my host and the young huntsman were gone to? "To the herds before sunrise, Señor," answered she, as if it were a matter of course. "And the boy who brought me hither, where is he?" "Gone to bring your breakfast, Señor; for Don Leonardo said you people of the coast love milk, and the boy has gone to the next hut, where there are goats, to get some. It is but a two hours' gallop, and he will be here presently; but, in the meantime, Señor, you must drink this,—it is good for those who have lost blood,—at least it is good for the people of the plains, and, though the coast people are not so hardy, they are flesh and blood like the Gauchos, are they not, Señor?" And the logical old lady grinned again, as she presented me a bowl of a dark-coloured liquid. In my situation, the suspicion which crossed my mind respecting the contents of the bowl was perhaps natural; but it required only a glance at the honest, open, guileless features of the old woman, to dissipate it. She told me it was a decoction of a rare root which is found in the plains: so, partly to please her, and partly to punish myself for my suspicion, I drank a portion of it. It was bitter enough to possess all the virtues of the pharmacopœia, but in a short time I felt its good effects in a gentle perspiration, which carried off the rigidity remaining from the effects of my fall.

I had gone to the door with the intention of walking round the *corrál*, being led by a mysterious desire to look on the spot where the murder had been committed, when I saw a horseman coming at a gallop towards the hut. I soon saw that it was the boy who had first met me on the plain, and who was now returning, after a ride of twenty miles, with a little milk for my breakfast. As he came near me, he seemed in high glee, crying out between loud bursts of merriment, "Cuidado! Abate! Señor." "Take care! have a care, Señor!" I accordingly stepped towards the hut, while the lad, checking his horse till he nearly fell backwards, and giving his *lasso* a jerk, swung an unfortunate pig, which he had been dragging over the rough ground, fairly over the stakes into the *corrál*. The poor animal came down after its involuntary flight with a force which would have of itself killed any other but a pig of the Pampas, whilst the mischievous youngster, unbuckling his *recado*, laughed loudly at his exploit. Beckoning me to him, he entered the *corrál*, and began to unloose the *lasso* from the neck of the poor brute, all the time addressing it in a jocular tone. "Murio mucho tiempo ha:" "He is dead long ago," said I. "Sta viva; mira! ves! He is alive. Look! behold!" answered the lad quickly, giving the pig a prick with his knife. And indeed, in a short time the unfortunate *cochinillo* began to revive, and presently, looking wildly around him, arose, and trotted out of the *corrál*. "Buena cosa por cierto! Dios mio! Very fine indeed! Good God!" cried the little fellow, as he gathered his *lasso* into its usual coils, and walked away with his *recado*.

I was busy with some fresh eggs and the milk which had been procured for me, when the old Gaucho entered. As he lifted his cap and made the usual salutation, his brow was as calm as ice, and his eye cool as a snake's. It was with a most painful effort that I took some food with him; and, thinking that my silence might excite suspicion, I asked after Teobaldo. "We met a party of Gauchos bound for the lion-ground, Señor," answered

the grey villain steadily ; " and the boy, who is too daring to enjoy other sport, has gone with them. Ave Maria purissima ! may he return safe ! "

The young woman whom I have frequently mentioned was about to speak, but the old man silenced her with a look under which she quailed, and, retiring with her child to a corner of the room, she wept bitterly.

" Has he gone without his dogs, Señor ? " said I ; for, though fully conscious of the danger of rousing his suspicions, I felt the strongest temptation to expose the hoary hypocrite.

" His own were wearied, and the other Gauchos were well supplied, Señor," he answered with calm promptitude : " he has only taken Tauro, his best hound, and he will have to carry him, too, for the poor beast is leg-weary."

Nothing further of consequence passed : he heard without reply, that I wished to reach the nearest station as soon as possible, and supplied me with a fresh horse instead of my own tired one. In a short time I was on my way towards the nearest station, on the road between Mendoza and Buenos Ayres, with the boy for a guide—glad at length to have escaped from the glance of the cool grey eye of this consummate hypocrite.

When I reached the courier-track, I dismissed my little guide with a gratuity which caused his wild eyes to sparkle with delight, and his whole frame to tremble with joy, as he fumbled about his cap in search of some secure place to deposit his treasure. When this was effected, he caused his horse to spring with a single bound close to my side, and, leaning towards me with his drawn knife in his hand, he swore that if I had a foe in the plains, and would shew him his hut, before the morning his blade should be gilded with his heart's blood.

" How is it to be wondered at," thought I, " that the men in these wilds are reckless of shedding even the blood dearest to them, when the very children, as soon as they can grasp the knife, are taught to strike it at the life of a fellow-creature ? "

When I had told the boy that I did not need any service such as that he mentioned, he very coolly returned his knife into its sheath, kissed his hand to me, uttered a brief prayer for my welfare, crossing himself devoutly, and then, striking his spurs furiously into his steed, he was out of sight in a few minutes.

I found, on my arrival at the station, that my friend Ord had despatched peons in search of me on every side, and had himself pushed on to the next *posada*. I also discovered that, instead of scouring the country, the peons had fled to a small fortified station at some distance, having received certain information of the approach of the Indians.* The old man who gave me this information was attempting to carry off his women and children, by securing the youngest in hastily constructed vehicles placed across the back of a horse, and by fixing such substitutes for saddles as he could obtain for the accommodation of the elder part of the family. I procured another horse from the *corral*, and pushed on to overtake my friend, deploring the lawless state of a country where the very women and children are ruthlessly butchered by their inhuman foes.

A considerable number of horses were picqueted around the *posada*, which was defended by a ditch, and a wall about breast high, with strong pointed stakes projecting from its summit. Groups of armed men lounged about, some carrying grass for the horses, some examining the long Spanish-barrelled guns, with which each man was furnished, while others discoursed in an anxious and constrained manner. The words " los Indios,"

* The noble horses on which the Indians of the Pampas ride, though they can go any distance and any pace, are unable, because unused, to leap the smallest fence or ditch ; and thus it has frequently happened that a few determined Gauchos have defended a place contemptible, so far as warlike defences are considered, against a complete horde of these flying warriors.

frequently repeated as I rode past the various parties, sufficiently explained the cause of the assemblage. I was assailed on all hands by inquiries as to whence I had come, and what were the opinions respecting the movements of the Indians in the parts I had left. Having supplied them with the little information I possessed, I was informed, in return, that the whole troop had been engaged by Don José Maria Echivera to scour the Gaucho country in search of his child, and that they had rendezvoused at their present spot on account of the alarms respecting the approach of the Indians.

It was with a beating heart that I entered the apartment which the bereaved father and lover occupied. I had determined abruptly to communicate my knowledge of the Donna Louisa's place of confinement, and, having mustered the force at hand, to accompany them instantly to the hut of the Gaucho. But a single glance at my friend showed how dangerous such a course would be. I had left him the day before depressed, silent, passive ; now he was pacing the floor with bloodshot protruding eyes, unequal gait, and maniacal gestures, his whole frame quivering from intense mental agony, and, in short, with every appearance of the fancies of his "o'erwrought brain" merging into madness. Señor Echivera sate in the shadow ; the tears were stealing through the trembling fingers which hid his face, and, between the convulsive sobs which burst from his breast, I could hear him utter, in tones of the most heartrending sorrow,—“ My child ! my child ! ” Nature was suffering too exquisite torture to be eloquent,—for intense mental, like extreme physical suffering, has but one note.

There is something so touching in the tears of a man,—still more those of an old man,—that the grief of the aged and bereaved father caused me to weep aloud. At the sound my poor friend looked up ; he gave a deep groan when he perceived me, and wringing my hand convulsively, he said, “ The shaft has fallen at last, and in my most vital part. Oh God ! was there no way to reach my heart but through her life blood ? She, the pure, the lovely, the innocent,—immaculate in all save that she was linked to me !—was there no way but through her ? ” And flinging away from me, he ground his heel forcibly against the floor, knit his teeth together, and threw his arms wildly upwards, as if abandoning himself to despair. In a few moments, and ere I could fashion my speech to my mind, he came close up to me again with a kind of stealthy pace, looking around as if engaged in some guilty action ; and, pressing me with the grasp of a giant into a chair, he sat down by my side. “ My friend,” said he, “ when after a day of toil we lie down to sleep, do you think the putting off our garments before we address ourselves to repose is a crime ? ” “ Assuredly not, my dear friend,” I answered, trembling for his reason, which, from his peculiar manner, seemed to be wavering. “ Say then,” he continued, “ that if I, worn beyond the power of suffering existence, shall put off these corporeal garments, and seek repose in the grave, you will not brand me as a guilty wretch, nor suffer the stain of infamy to rest upon my name. Say,” continued he with increasing energy, “ that you will not allow the dull lie of insanity to be used as a pretext for my self-murder ; nor suffer my spirit to be slandered by the foul and false reproaches of those who are as unable to fathom my present feelings as they are to overcome the base animal clinging to life which they, in common with the beasts of the field, acknowledge as their ruling passion. If I must depart, it shall be as the noble spirits of the olden time, not from a dread of death nor a loathing of life, but in order that, since all possibility of doing good or enjoying happiness is gone, I may at least use the only means left to me, in the hope of recognising, in the halls of eternity, that radiant soul which was here so fondly mingled with mine. Louisa, my love !—that glowing eye !—that lake-like brow !—that sweet mouth, which moulded all words into music !—that easy grace !—that dignity of mien which conscious virtue alone can give !—that purity and loftiness of sentiment which,

like a divine melody, filled us all with admiration born of love and awe!—is all—all gone! and for ever! Oh! my prophetic heart! thou hast felt this agony coming over thee, and yet,—yet thou art unprepared, as though it had been as unseen as it is horrible.”

He flung himself on the ground, and gave way to the anguish for which words were an inadequate vent. The Señor, forgetting his own grief in the extreme passion of my poor friend, joined me in attempting to soothe him, to raise him from the ground, and to pour the last consolation of the miserable—hope—into his ear. For a time he seemed insensible to all our caresses, but at length suddenly springing on his feet, he cried, in a tone which caused even the soldiers on the outside of the *posada* to start,—“ ’Tis false as hell! She dead! did you say? Impossible! she was too pure to perish; and the dotards do but lie! Go, go, silly old man, thy daughter is alive and well. Lead me to her, and I will explain the passage in Camoens we spoke of. Wilt thou not do it? Pah! the old man grows uncivil; but I know the way to the terrace, where Louisa loves to feel the breeze, that comes cool from the regal Plata, breathe over the burning beauties of her cheek. Farewell, Señor!”—and he attempted to move away towards the door. I saw that his sorrows had shaken his reason, and resolved to risk the effect of the intelligence I possessed; for, seeing that he gradually grew more phrenzied, I thought the shock (as I had heard in somewhat similar cases) might arrest the onward progress of the disease,—perhaps restore him to calmness. Briefly, therefore, and with a cheerful tone, I recounted my adventure, and ended by urging our immediate departure from the *posada*.

It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the alternate hopes and fears, and finally the joyful emotion of Señor Echivera, on learning his daughter's situation. But neither his age nor his habits were those of violent or long-continued passion; he presently sank down into a more composed sensation of delight, poured forth a thanksgiving to his patron saint, and then left the room to order the soldiers instantly to prepare to march. But it was with the deepest sorrow that I saw the intelligence had failed in producing a beneficial effect upon my friend Ord. He listened to me, indeed, with attention, and seemed pleased by the information I conveyed; but it was a pleasure depending alone upon the connexion of the Donna's safety with his own warped and maniac notions;—he was, in short, simply pleased, but neither surprised nor grateful. When I repeated to him, the second time, “Donna Louisa lives, my dear Ord, and you may see her before morning,” he answered without emotion, “I know it, and know she lives;—oh, she was too excellent a creature to die!—let us go to her, she will surely think us rude; come, let us go.”

It was dreadful to hear my friend talk thus, and still more dreadful to listen to the tones of his voice, and to mark the expression, the satuitous restlessness, of his eyes. However, I had still every hope, that when we recovered the Donna Louisa, her gentle care would soon restore him.

Ordering a peon to procure us horses, I drew Ord towards Señor Echivera, who was surrounded by a number of the dismounted soldiers, and attempting in vain to prevail upon them to leave the defences of the *posada*. They knew that the Indians were somewhere near them, that perhaps in a single hour they might be down upon them, and that every one of “los Christianos” whom they met upon the plains, would in a moment be transfixed by a score of spears. The defences, slight as they were, of the *posada*, were sufficient to keep out any number of Indians, who, besides the fact of their horses being unable to leap a ditch or a wall, can do nothing as dismounted troops. I thought our march would unavoidably be delayed on account of the obstinacy of the men,—who, many of them, having been Gauchos, and well acquainted with the savage nature of the Indians, spoke of them with a rage mixed with fear which seemed far more difficult to be overcome than simple terror. “We cut all their throats, Señor,” said an

old moustachioed trooper, "and, by the Mother of God! they cut all ours in return."

"Offer them a dozen dollars a man," said I to Señor Echivera; "every moment is worth the money to us."

"Young man!" answered the old merchant, "do you think I stand to count dollars, when the blood of my only child may depend upon the issue? I would give them my whole worldly possessions to place the dear child in my arms; but though I were to offer each of these rugged men a dozen ounces of gold, instead of as many dollars, they, who know little of money in the plains, would not stir for the bribe. But I will try them with an offer which they all well understand the value of." Then raising his voice, he said, "You all know that the viceroy placed you under my command, and that on your return to Buenos Ayres, every instance of delinquency will, on my reporting it, be severely punished: but I am willing, in a case like the present, rather to influence you by kindness than by fear. I therefore declare, (and you all know my word will be strictly kept,) that every man who is ready for the march, and willing to accompany me in a quarter of an hour, shall have, on our return to the coast, a new *recado*, bridle, and spurs, together with a gallon of strong waters."

Before the words were finished, a loud shout proclaimed their acquiescence with his propositions, and in an instant there were a score of mounted men flying across the plain, their *lassos* whirling round their heads for the purpose of bringing in the horses which were grazing at a distance. Within the specified time the whole of the men were mounted, and ready for the road, with a herd of horses in the van, which, as is usual in travelling over the Pampas, they drove before them, for the purpose of having fresh steeds when necessary.

The moon had risen, and was wading through thick clouds, as we neared the dwelling of the Gauchos, where I had spent the preceding night. Though well nigh falling from my horse through weariness and pain, I still exerted myself to watch over my friend Ord, who, with the strangest infatuation, considered we were proceeding to the coast to meet the Donna Louisa. As our men, influenced by their fears of the Indians, marched, to use an expression of their own, "with their beards on their shoulders," that is, kept a good look out, they had made some slight military arrangements for the purpose of guarding against surprise. They had scouts in advance, and others on each flank, at some distance from the main body. We approached the hut, as will readily be understood, by a very different route from that which I had used in the morning, and were, perhaps, at a distance of four or five miles from our destination, when one of our scouts, falling back upon the main body, declared, in the utmost terror, that he had seen a dead body, guarded by an evil spirit, in a hollow to the left. Knowing that the Gauchos, like all solitary inhabitants of wild countries, are deeply imbued with superstition, I struck spurs into my horse, and, followed by Ord and a few of the men, went in search of the apparition. The moans of some animal in pain directed me to the spot, and there I found the corpse of Teobaldo dug, apparently, out of the shallow grave in which his murderer had placed him, by the old hound which I had observed to follow the Gaucho on the previous evening. The poor animal was desperately wounded, and had been, probably, left for dead by Leonardo. A dead vulture lay beside the body, which the faithful dog had evidently slain, to prevent its feasting on the flesh of his master. As an act of kindness I ordered the dying creature to be put out of pain, and, laying him beside the corpse, caused the two bodies to be covered with the light mould.

All this while Ord gazed upon the scene with stupid wonderment, seeming at length to have sunk into a state of mental torpidity. There was now, however, no time to attend to any thing save the object of our march, which we would attain in half an hour. We were accordingly

proceeding steadily and in silence, when a boy on foot, breathless and terrified, rushed almost under the feet of the horses, shouting "los Indios! los Indios!" A confused movement took place in our little troop, and it was evident that they were only restrained from flight by not knowing on which side they were most likely to escape the enemy. A hundred inquiries, exclamations, and curses burst from the men; all subordination was at an end, and, heedless of the commands of their officers, they began to cluster confusedly together to canvass the best means of escape. The sight roused Ord from his apathy, and seemed to have restored him to sanity; he threw himself among the men, and by commands, entreaties, and ridicule of their cowardice, succeeded at length in reducing them to order. He then called for the boy, who was found crouching about among the horses, trembling with terror. For some time I was too much occupied by surprise and pleasure at the sudden change in Ord's behaviour, to attend to the questions which were put to the lad, and to which he could only be got to answer, in accents of utter horror, "Si, Señor, si! los Indios! los Indios!" Yes, Señor, yes! the Indians! the Indians!" At length, the tones of the boy's voice struck me as being familiar to me, and, on looking at him, I recognised my guide to the Gaucho hut. When I had got him somewhat pacified and reassured, I asked him how his friends were, at the hut. "All murdered!" answered the poor boy, with a shudder of extreme horror. "Good God!" exclaimed Señor Echivera; "and my child! is she murdered too? Say that she is safe, boy, and thou shalt have a thousand dollars for the word."

Terror, had, however, so completely paralyzed the boy, that he could utter nothing but "los Indios!"

Perhaps half an hour elapsed before we procured any further information from him, during which time, so still were the men, that I could hear the bridles ringing from the trembling of their hands; yet they were all men who would fearlessly have engaged in single combat, with their murderous knives, if any one but a mounted Indian were their antagonist.

We had felt for some time the smell of smoke drifted down the breeze towards us, and suddenly a bright sheet of flame illuminated the sky. "It is the cottage where I was born!" said the lad, with a burst of that feeling which is strong among the dwellers in the wilderness.

A terrible suspicion shot through my mind that the Donna Louisa might still be in the hut, and, unless we rescued her, be burnt to death in the conflagration. "A hundred dollars to the man who first reaches the hut!" I cried, as, dashing the spurs up to the rowel heads, I flew over the waste. I was followed only by Ord, Señor Echivera, and the captain of the troop, a gallant young Gaucho. The rest remained irresolute. We urged our horses in silence towards the light, and in less than ten minutes reached the burning hut, which, lying in a hollow, had been hitherto concealed from us.

The Indians were gone, but there was a scene of bloodshed and horror before us, such as these savage warriors could alone have produced. The stakes of the corral had been broken or pulled up, and piled about the roof and walls of the hut, in order to insure its utter destruction. Horses slaughtered, or hamstrung, lay about on the ground which had formerly been enclosed by the stakes; an occasional plunge from a dying steed in the sea of blood which surrounded him, being the only proof that the dark group had once been endowed with vitality. Nearer the hut, and glimmering ghastly in the lurid light of the burning rafters, lay a heap of women and children, whose gashed limbs and battered heads gave hideous proof of the savage barbarity of their murderers. In turning over the bodies, I recognised the corpse of the old cook and the other women, but neither that of the mulatto girl nor of Donna Louisa was there. The Indians always carry off the young and good-looking females, butchering the old and the ugly together with the men and the children.

Rather to escape from the piercing lamentations of the old merchant, and

The fatuous insensibility of Ord, than with any hope of making further discoveries, I went round to the other side of the cottage. One end of it had not yet caught fire, and on the ground beneath the shadow of the wall lay some dark and bulky figure. Striking it with the end of my rifle, I thought I heard a low stifled groan, and, bending down to look at it, I encountered the dark eyes of an Indian rolling within an inch or two of my own! I sprang back, and drawing a pistol, was about to discharge it, when the flame, suddenly leaping up again, showed me that the poor wretch was completely disabled. The distorted appearance of his legs proved that they were both broken; and he was literally pinned to his horse by a long spear, which, passing through the fleshy part of his thigh, had been driven into the very body of the steed. I was so struck with his calm unquailing glance as he saw the pistol within a yard of his head, and the astonishing resolution which could cause him to be silent under the excruciating torture which he must be suffering, that I remained silent for a time, and returned the pistol to my belt.

At length I addressed him in Spanish; for many of the Indians, in times of peace, acquire some knowledge of the language by frequenting the Spanish towns. He clearly understood my questions, but, either from pain or obstinacy, answered nothing but their usual monosyllable "ugh?" The sound of my voice had drawn my companions to me, however, and the young Gaucho captain presently found a way to make him more communicative. Unsheathing his knife, and placing its point on the naked side of the Indian, he said "If thou wilt answer me a few questions relating to this outrage, I will put thee out of pain on the spot; but if thou art silent, this shall be thy place of abode till the vultures feel that thy hand is powerless, and pick thy flesh, whilst thou art still alive. Speak, Indian! wilt thou accept my offer?"

"A brave warrior fears not death, in whatever shape, and Sangluca is among the bravest of his tribe," answered the Indian, in a sweet, low, musical voice, unbroken by suffering or fear.—"But a brave warrior may desire to die before his courage is decayed by weakness; and when he can no longer hurl the *bolos* or the spear, he may wish to sleep in peace with his fathers," said the Gaucho, adopting the peculiar phraseology of the Indians.

"Yes!" said the Indian, as if soliloquizing aloud; "Yes! Sangluca is brave. Many are the lions he has slaughtered in the chase; the pale faces have often gilded his knife with their best blood. The wild colts feared his *lasso*: his balls flew through the fronts of the strongest bulls of the herd. Yes! Sangluca is brave."

"Heretic!" said the Gaucho, "wilt thou accept my offer? It is of little consequence, Señor," continued he, turning to me, "whether we put him out of the world now or to-morrow, seeing that he is inevitably damned throughout a hot eternity. But I wish to be certain if any were carried away alive, and this spear, on which he lies as if it were a bed of sheepskins, can only have been thrown by an Indian. But they will never answer straight out; one must go about as if one were getting the wind of a *gama* in the hill-grounds, in order to procure an answer from them." He again addressed the wounded Indian.—"The red man boasts that he has slain Christians, a Christian arm has at last revenged his friends."

"The pale faces cannot throw the Indian spear," cried he, quickly, and with scorn; "it was the friend of my bosom who drove the steel through my body. We fought for the dark-eyed maiden; he bore away the prize, I fell, but it was by a brave man's hand."

"Miserable!" cried Señor Ecliviera; "has then an accursed savage borne away my child? Oh God! my only child! She, tenderly nurtured, to follow a horde of murderers! to suffer cold, hunger, fatigue, the rage of her possessors——" He stopped, overcome with the idea of the sufferings which he had enumerated, and of others which were too horrible for a

father to speak of; and falling heavily down on the ground, he abandoned himself to despair. The Indian, who had witnessed this display of emotion, contemplated the wretched being with some pity, and at length said, "She will be the wife of a baron, and she will not use the effeminate saddle, nor dwell in cities. They will see her on the plains, hunt the lion and the puma, and slaughter the pale faces."

"Dog of a heretic!" cried the Gaucho, passing his knife into the body of the Indian, "seek the father of such sentiments in hell, whether thou wilt shortly find thyself."

A gleam of triumph passed over the features of the dying warrior: he raised his long spear which had till now lain by his side, and pointing to the stars, he exclaimed, "The God of the Indians has no hell! Behold the spirits of my forefathers careering through the hunting-grounds of Paradise! Shortly I shall be with them. They will welcome me to the chase. Bring a fleet steed, they will cry, for Sangluca,—he was brave; he slew many pale faces!"

He folded his arms composedly on his breast, and closed his eyes, as if waiting for death. I thought he was gone, and stirred him with his own spear shaft. He opened his large black eyes quietly, and said, "It is pleasant for an Indian warrior to die by the light of the burning hut of the pale face! the sight of the Christians whom he has slain is very pleasant to a dying red man!"

The Gaucho again passed his knife, and in a more mortal direction, into the body of the utterer of these horrible sentiments, and he stirred no more.

While I stood, with folded arms, gazing on the dead warrior, and musing on the strange perversion of heart which the education of a savage produces, I was startled by a scream from Señor Echiveira, and looking up, I beheld a blackened and scorched form staggering forth from the burning ruins of the hut. He held a long knife in his grasp, and his face and breast were marked with gashes half hidden by clotted blood, which seemed baked hard by the heat. He turned a wild and unsteady glance on each of us; then, turning to the old merchant, who had risen and recoiled from the revolting figure, he said, "Don Jose! I am Leonardo!" Another scream of terror was the wretched old man's only answer to this announcement. "I am that Leonardo," he continued, with bitter energy, "whose mother your father betrayed, whom your mother cheated of his honour and his patrimony, and drove from his home. But I have given you heart to everlasting misery, I have given you daughter—your only child—to a wild Indian, and I am revenged! Will the hoards which you have accumulated relieve your present and future anguish? No more than that anguish will wash my son's blood from my hands, or restore my slaughtered family to life, or quench the flames of my house. Yet, I am revenged, though the knife which has reached you has severed my own heartstrings!—Insolent boy!" continued he, turning to Old, "on thee, too, I am revenged, I have taught thee how a Gaucho retaliates a blow!"

At this moment my friend was standing within a few yards of the smoking hut, and as the Gaucho, as if to give force to his words, approached him, he drew a pistol from his belt, and shot the ruffian through the body. He staggered back a few paces, but collected himself at length, and, rushing up to my unhappy friend, drove his knife deep into his side. Then closing his arms round him, he murmured, "This for Teobaldo!" and springing up in the agony of the death pang, he buried himself and his victim in the burning ruins.

At that moment part of the roof, covered with flaming rafters, fell in upon them, so that it was impossible for us to reach them,—and in a few moments the sparks of fire, and the burning brands, which were tossed upwards, becoming still, showed that at length their struggles were over for ever!

SCENES FROM THE ALCESTIS OF ALFIERI.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE "Alcestis" of Alfieri is said to have been the last tragedy he composed, and is distinguished, in a remarkable degree, by that tenderness of which his former works present so few examples. It would appear as if the pure and exalted affection, by which the impetuosity of his fiery spirit was ameliorated during the latter years of his life, had impressed its whole character on this work, as a record of that domestic happiness in whose bosom his heart at length found a resting place. Most of his earlier writings bear witness to that "fever at the core," that burning impatience of restraint, and those incessant and untameable aspirations after a wider sphere of action, by which his youth was consumed; but the poetry of "Alcestis" must find its echo in every heart which has known the power of domestic ties, or felt the bitterness of their dissolution. The interest of the piece, however, though entirely domestic, is not for a moment allowed to languish, nor does the conjugal affection, which forms the main-spring of the action, ever degenerate into the pastoral insipidity of Metastasio. The character of Alcestis herself, with all its lofty fortitude, heroic affection, and subdued anguish, powerfully recalls to our imagination the calm and tempered majesty distinguishing the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, in which the expression of mental or bodily suffering is never allowed to transgress the limits of beauty and sublimity. The union of dignity and affliction impressing more than earthly grandeur on the countenance of Niobe, would be, perhaps, the best illustration of this analogy.

The following scene, in which Alcestis announces to Pheres, the father of Admetus, the terms upon which the oracle of Delphos has declared that his son may be restored, has seldom been surpassed by the author, even in his most celebrated productions. It is, however, to be feared that little of its beauty can be transfused into translation, as the severity of a style so completely devoid of imagery must render it dependent, for many incommunicable attractions, upon the melody of the original language.

SCENES FROM THE "ALCESTIS" OF ALFIERI.

Act I.—Scene II.

ALCESTIS—PHERES.

Alcestis. Weep thou no more, O, monarch dry thy tears,
For know, he shall not die; not now shall Fate
Bereave thee of thy son.

Pheres. What mean thy words?
Hath then Apollo—is there then a hope?

Alcestis. Yes, hope for *thee*,—hope, by the voice pronounced
From the prophetic cave. Nor would I yield
To other lips the tidings, meet alone
For thee to hear from mine.

Pheres. But say, oh; say,
Shall, then, my son be spared?

Alcestis. He shall, to thee.
Thus hath Apollo said—Alcestis thus
Confirms the oracle; be thou secure.

Pheres. O sounds of joy! He lives!

Alcestis. But not for this;
Think not that e'en for *this* the stranger, joy,
Shall yet revisit these devoted walls.

Pheres. Can there be grief when, from his bed of death,
Admetus rises? What deep mystery lurks
Within thy words? What mean'st thou? Gracious Heaven!
Thou, whose deep love is all his own, who hearest
The tidings of his safety, and dost bear
Transport and life in that glad oracle
To his despairing sire; thy cheek is tinged
With death, and on thy pure, ingenuous brow
To the brief lightning of a sudden joy
Shades dark as night succeed, and thou art wrapt
In troubled silence. Speak! oh! speak!

Alcestis. The gods
Themselves have limitations to their power,
Impassable, eternal; and their will
Resists not the tremendous laws of fate:
Nor small the boon they grant thee in the life
Of thy restored Admetus.

Pheres. In thy looks
There is expression, more than in thy words,
Which thrills my shuddering heart. Declare what terms
Can render fatal to thyself and us
The rescued life of him thy soul adores?

Alcestis. O, father! could my silence aught avail
To keep that fearful secret from thine ear,
Still should it rest unheard till all fulfilled
Were the dread sacrifice. But vain the wish;
And since too soon, too well it must be known,
Hear it from me.

Pheres. Through all my curdling veins
Runs a cold, death-like horror; and I feel
I am not all a father. In my heart
Strive many deep affections. Thee I love,
O fair and high-souled consort of my son!
More than a daughter; and thine infant race,
The cherished hope and glory of my age;
And, unimpaired by time, within my breast,
High, holy, and unalterable love,
For her, the partner of my cares and joys,
Dwells pure and perfect yet. Bethink thee, then,
In what suspense, what agony of fear,
I wait thy words; for well, too well, I see
Thy lips are fraught with fatal auguries
To some one of my race.

Alcestis. Death hath his rights,
Of which not e'en the great Supernal Powers
May hope to rob him. By his ruthless hand,
Already seized, the noble victim lay,
The heir of empire, in his glowing prime
And noon-day struck;—Admetus, the revered,
The blessed, the loved, by all who owned his sway,
By his illustrious parents, by the realms
Surrounding his,—and oh! what need to add,

How much by his Alcestis? Such was he,
Already in the unsparing grasp of death,
Withering, a certain prey. Apollo thence
Hath snatched him, and another in his stead,
Although not an equal,—(who can equal him?)—
Must fall a voluntary sacrifice.

Another, of his lineage, or to him
By closest bonds united, must descend
To the dark realm of Orcus in *his* place,
Who thus alone is saved.

Pheres.

What do I hear?

Woe to us, woe!—what victim?—who shall be,
Accepted in his stead?

Alcestis.

The dread exchange

E'en now, O father! hath been made; the prey
Is ready, nor is wholly worthless him
For whom 'tis freely offered. Nor wilt thou,
O mighty goddess of the infernal shades!
Whose image sanctifies this threshold floor,
Disdain the victim.

Pheres.

All prepared the prey!

And to our blood allied! O heaven!—and yet
Thou bad'st me weep no more!

Alcestis.

Yes, thus I said,

And thus again I say,—thou shalt not weep
Thy son's, nor I deplore my husband's doom.
Let him be saved, and other sounds of woe,
Less deep, less mournful far, shall here be heard,
Than those *his* death had caused. With some few tears,
But brief, and mingled with a gleam of joy,
E'en while the involuntary tribute lasts,
The victim shall be honoured, who resigned
Life for Admetus. Wouldst thou know the prey,—
The vowed, the willing, the devoted one.
Offered and hallowed to the infernal gods,—
Father! 'tis I.

Pheres.

What hast thou done? O heaven!

What hast thou done? And think'st thou he is saved
By such a compact? Think'st thou he can live
Bereft of thee? Of thee, his light of life,
His very soul!—Of thee, beloved far more
Than his loved parents,—than his children more,—
More than himself!—Oh! no, it shall not be!

Thou perish, O Alcestis! in the flower
Of thy young beauty;—perish, and destroy
Not him, not *him* alone, but us, but all,
Who as a child adore thee! Desolate

Would be the throne, the kingdom, rest of thee.
And think'st thou not of those, whose tender years
Demand thy care?—thy children ~~and~~ think of them!

O thou, the source of each domestic joy,—
Thou, in whose life alone Admetus lives,—
His glory, his delight, thou shalt not die.

While I can die for thee!—Me, me alone,
The oracle demands—a withered stem,

Whose task, whose duty is, for him to die.

My race is run—the fulness of my years,

The faded hopes of age, and all the love

Which hath its dwelling in a father's heart,

And the fond pity, half with wonder blent,
Inspired by thee, whose youth with heavenly gifts
So richly is endowed - all, all unite
To grave in adamant the just decree,
That I must die. But thou—I bid thee live!
Pheres commands thee, O Alcestis! live!
Ne'er, ne'er shall woman's youthful love surpass
An aged sire's devotedness.

Alcestis. I know
Thy lofty soul, thy fond paternal love;
Pheres, I know them well, and not in vain
Strove to anticipate their high resolves.
But if in silence I have heard thy words,
Now calmly list to mine, and thou shalt own
They may not be withstood.

Pheres. What canst thou say
Which I should hear? I go, resolved to save
Him who, with thee, would perish:—to the shrine
E'en now I fly.

Alcestis. Stay, stay thee! 'tis too late.
Already hath consenting Proserpine,
From the remote abysses of her realms,
Heard and accepted the terrific vow
Which binds me, with indissoluble ties,
To death. And I am firm, and well I know
None can deprive me of the awful right
That vow hath won.
Yes! thou mayst weep my fate,
Mourn for me, father! but thou canst not blame
My lofty purpose. Oh! the more endeared
My life by every tie, the more I feel
Death's bitterness, the more my sacrifice
Is worthy of Admetus. I descend
To the dim shadowy regions of the dead
A guest more honoured.

* * * * *

In thy presence here
Again I utter the tremendous vow,
Now more than half fulfilled. I feel, I know
Its dread effects. Through all my burning veins
The insatiate fever revels. Doubt is o'er.
The Monarch of the Dead hath heard;—he calls,
He summons me away, and thou art saved,
O my Admetus!

In the opening of the third act, Alcestis enters, with her son Eumenes and her daughter, to complete the sacrifice, by dying at the feet of Proserpine's statue. The following scene ensues between her and Admetus:—

Alcestis. Here, O my faithful handmaids! at the feet
Of Proserpine's dread image spread my couch,
For I myself, e'en now, must offer here
The victim she requires. And you, meanwhile,
My children! seek your sire. Behold him there,
Sad, silent, and alone. But through his veins
Health's genial current flows once more, as free
As in his brightest days: and he shall live,
Shall live for you. Go, hang upon his neck,
And with your innocent encircling arms
Twine round him fondly.

Scenes from the "Alcestis" of Alfieri.

Eumeles. Can it be indeed,
 Father, loved father! that we see thee thus
 Restored? What joy is ours!

Admetus. There is no joy!
 Speak not of joy! away, away! my grief
 Is wild and desperate; cling to me no more!
 I know not of affection, and I feel
 No more a father.

Eumeles. Oh! what words are these?
 Are we no more thy children? Are we not
 Thine own? Sweet sister! twine around his neck
 More close; he must return the fond embrace.

Admetus. Oh children! Oh my children! to my soul
 Your innocent words and kisses are as darts
 That pierce it to the quick. I can no more
 Sustain the bitter conflict. Every sound
 Of your soft accents but too well recalls
 The voice which was the music of my life.
 Alcestis! my Alcestis!—was she not,
 Of all her sex, the flower? Was woman e'er
 Adored like her before? Yet this is she,
 The cold of heart, the ungrateful, who hath left
 Her husband and her infants! This is she,
 O my deserted children! who at once
 Bereaves you of your parents.

Alcestis. Woe is me!
 I hear the bitter and reproachful cries
 Of my despairing lord. With life's last powers,
 Oh! let me strive to soothe him still. Approach,
 My handmaids, raise me, and support my steps
 To the distracted mourner. Bear me hence,
 That he may hear and see me.

Admetus. Is it thou?
 And do I see thee still? And com'st thou thus
 To comfort me, Alcestis? Must I hear
 Thy dying accents *thus*? Alas! return
 To thy sad couch, return! 'Tis meet for me
 There by thy side for ever to remain.

Alcestis. For me thy cure is vain. Though meet for thee—

Admetus. O voice! O looks of death! are these, are these
 Thus darkly shrouded with mortality!
 The eyes that were the sunbeams and the life
 Of my fond soul! Alas! how faint a ray
 Falls from their faded orbs, so brilliant once,
 Upon my drooping brow! How heavily,
 With what a weight of death, thy languid voice
 Sinks on my heart! too faithful far, too fond,
 Alcestis! thou art dying—and for me!

* * * * *
 Alcestis! and thy feeble hand supports
 With its last power, supports my sinking head,
 E'en now, while death is on thee! Oh! the touch
 Rekindles tenfold frenzy in my heart.
 I rush, I fly impetuous to the shrine,
 The image of yon ruthless deity,
 Impatient for her prey. Before thy death,
 There, there, I too, self-sacrificed, will fall.

* * * * *
 Vain is each obstacle—in vain the gods

Themselves would check my fury; I am lord
Of my own days; and thus I swear—

Alcestis. Yes! swear,
Admetus! for thy children, to sustain
The load of life. All other impious vows,
Which thou, a rebel to the sovereign will
Of those who rule on high, might'st dare to form
Within thy breast, thy lip, by them enchained,
Would vainly seek to utter. Seest thou not,
It is from them the inspiration flows,
Which in my language breathes? They lend me power,
They bid me through thy strengthened soul transfuse
High courage, noble constancy. Submit,
Bow down to them thy spirit. Be thou calm,
Behear me—aid me. In the dread extreme
To which I now approach, from whom but thee
Should comfort be derived? Afflict me not,
In such an hour, with anguish worse than death,
O faithful and beloved! support me still!

THE PENNY PRESS.

It gives us no small satisfaction to find that our *exposé* of the proceedings of the corporation for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" have attracted very general attention, and are likely to lead to some practical measures, calculated, we hope, to remove the serious public grievances of which we have complained. Our popular contemporary, the "Literary Gazette," and other periodical journals of great ability and influence, have exhibited a determination to co-operate with us strenuously upon this subject. We are grateful for their assistance, because we really feel that the contest in which we are now engaged is one that concerns the character of our national literature, as well as the advancement of science and civilization.

A second reply, in the shape of a printed circular, has been put forth by Mr. Knight, in which he takes care to confine himself to a statement of dates, in order to show that the "Penny Cyclopædia" was suggested by himself to the Committee, before a similar publication was announced in any other quarter. Suppose, then, for the sake of the argument, that we admit Mr. Knight's assertions with respect to the "Cyclopædia" to be correct, will not the reader be astonished to learn, that this very trivial item, in the long catalogue of our articles of impeachment against the Society, is the only one to which he has even attempted to give an answer? He does not defend the interference of the Society with the sale of "Constable's Miscellany," with the *Almanacs* of the Stationers' Company, with the Maps of Messrs. Arrowsmith and Cary, with the Portraits of Messrs. Harding and Lepard. He does not deny that the "Penny Magazine" and the "Penny Cyclopædia" are his own property, which he publishes under the assumption that they belong to the Society, and that they are superintended by the eminent persons whose names stand at the head of that anti-commercial confederacy. He abstains from telling us, though we put the question

to him in the most pointed way, what amount of *rent* he pays for the hire of the Society's name, which he uses in these publications. He forbears from justifying the very unworthy practice which this Society has adopted of thus letting out its name for a pecuniary reward—a practice which, if it had been pursued by any literary person of eminence, would undoubtedly cover him with irretrievable disgrace. These and several other topics Mr. Knight passes over in silence. But such silence is perfectly intelligible; it is an unqualified admission of the case which we have made out against the Society is unanswerable.

We must here rectify one mistake which, though Mr. Knight does not allude to it, we committed in our last article. We therein treated the "Companion to the Newspaper" as one of the reputed publications of the Society. Upon looking at that periodical again, we find that it does not, in fact, bear upon its front the *imprimatur* of the new corporation; it professes simply to be published by Charles Knight. And now observe the immense difference between a journal issued by the same person, in the name of the Society, and one for which he alone professes to be responsible. The "Penny Magazine," in every respect an ill-conducted and a very worthless work, circulates upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand copies weekly; while the "Companion to the Newspaper," which exhibits considerable merit, after struggling for some time as a weekly journal, has recently subsided into a monthly publication, and seems likely, before long, to be extinguished altogether. Here is a single fact that speaks a volume in favour of our argument; for it shows that even Mr. Knight, notwithstanding the extensively-organized agency which he has at his command, cannot rival the influence of the name of the Society, whenever he embarks in a literary enterprise avowedly as a private bookseller. Though his production may be stamped by every token of the first-rate talent, nevertheless it falls, almost still-born from the press, because it wants the *fiat* of the Lord Chancellor! Mr. Knight's case, in this instance, is that of every other publisher in the kingdom who is imprudent enough, in the present state of things, to venture upon any speculation of importance.

We shall show hereafter the disastrous effect, which the interference of the Corporation with the legitimate trade of the country has already produced upon our literature. At present, let us inquire whether the consequences of their operation have not created, or at least sanctioned, the continuance of the numerous *political* publications which are now conducted upon the penny system, and openly aim at the subversion of society, with a view to reconstruct it upon principles fatal to the monarchy—to the improvement, the peace, and freedom of the country? Has not the example of the "Penny Magazine" given countenance to the "Crisis," the "Poor Man's Guardian," the "Pioneer," and a host of other unstamped journals, which beard the law, represent the upper classes of society as the oppressors of the poor, laugh at the idea of keeping faith with the public creditor, inculcate the grossest contempt for every principle of religion and morality, and advocate the necessity of committing depredations upon every species of property? Far be it from us for a moment to suppose, that such results as these were apprehended by the distinguished persons upon whose advice and recommendation the charter of the corporation received the royal sign-manual; but we ask by what process the penny "Pioneer," for instance, can be

put down, so long as the "Penny Magazine" shall continue to be circulated, bearing on its wrappers the names of the first law adviser of the Crown, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Paymaster of the Forces, and the Lord Chief Justice of England? Public prosecutions are of no avail, unless they carry with them the voice of the people; and that voice they never can win, unless they be directed with impartiality against all offenders of the law. The slightest deviation from this rule converts the verdict of a jury, however honestly pronounced, into the sentence of an inquisition, and the culprit, who undergoes the penalty of the law, into a martyr.

We have already seen * that, by means of the "Crisis" and the other penny publications of the Trades' Unions, Mr. Owen and his party have succeeded in diffusing very generally among the industrious poor the idea that gold, and silver, and bank paper are no longer necessary for carrying off commercial dealings, and that the "labour-note,"—in other words, the principle of general barter,—is the true remedy for all the evils which at present disturb society, and prevent the mechanic from being raised to a state of affluence. But as the practical introduction of this system required an entire change in the existing notions of society, a "declaration of principles" was promulgated, in which it is maintained that the constitution of this and all other countries must be radically altered, in order to meet the improved intelligence of the age; that religion is no longer necessary; that, as love depends on liking, all ceremonies of marriage which bind the parties *for life* are crimes against the human heart; that the natural love for offspring ought to be suppressed as a mistake; and that all children should be at the public charge, as the state has a greater interest in them than a parent can possibly feel! Courts of justice, it is added, and all the paraphernalia of law, are but remnants of the old evils, and must be abolished. Celibacy, in either sex, beyond the age of maturity, is to be considered as a crime, punishable by severe penalties, so long as there shall be a single spot of earth in want of population. Cities, towns, villages, churches, universities, prisons, work-houses, and other such tokens of past ages of ignorance, are to be wholly swept away as useless; and all persons are to live in parallel-grammatic communities, located in pastoral retreats, where they are to enjoy invariable felicity!

Between this prospectus of universal reform and that promulgated by the St. Simonians, whose missionaries are now amongst us, there is no substantial difference. The principles of both are the same—open profligacy and plunder; and they are cunningly addressed, in the first instance, to the weaker sex, upon whom they hope to make a fatal impression, as the serpent succeeded with Eve. Educated females will, however, see at once that the establishment of such a system would be to deprive them of the honourable station which they now deservedly hold in every civilized society; to separate them from their offspring; to strip them of the noble character which they now sustain, of being the best guardians of the domestic virtues; and to send them adrift upon the world, where they would be the mere slaves of man's caprice, the unhappy victims of a tyranny from which they could never be released, except by excessive infamy in youth, or the feebleness of a shameless old age. Some few fallen members of the sex may perhaps have the

* Vide "Notes on Periodicals," in our Number for December, p. 426.

hardihood to applaud the new doctrine. Outlaws of all classes seek consolation in the depraved sympathies of each other. Let them find it if they can. But to the sacred circle of home, where the instructed and honoured matron watches over the opening minds of her children, imparting to them the delicate purity of thought, the fervour of religion, the hope of happiness hereafter, which animate and illumine her breast,—these foul whispers of adventurers reeking from the hot-beds of every vice can never find an entrance. Upon that point we have no apprehension.

Can any reasonable man, however, look on with a similar degree of confidence when he finds such profligate doctrines as those which we have mentioned, inculcated by the "penny press" amongst the manufacturing classes of the community, who have just enough of education to enable them to read the journals which contain the poison, but not enough to give them that power of reflection which might serve them as an antidote? We believe we may state, without fear of being charged with error, that all the Trades' Unions, without exception, have adopted the doctrines in question, and resolved to carry them into execution. A few specimens of the kind of reasoning which the "penny press" uses in propagating its pernicious principles, will perhaps astonish the reader who has paid but a superficial attention to that class of publications—publications with which not only the metropolis, but all the manufacturing towns are at this moment actually inundated.

"Hitherto," says the "Crisis," "the non-producers have governed the world; henceforth the sceptre must be put into the hands of the producers only; and the consequence will be, that the affairs of society shall be conducted much more rationally and much more beneficially for all parties than they have ever been in any former period. Workmen will say to their rulers:—'If you won't allow reason to govern the world, then raise your own food, and make your own clothes, and build your own houses; for we are independent of you.'"

"Nothing," says the same journal, "can resist the determination of the productive classes, provided they are well organized, and have sufficient generalship to manage their own affairs without division or party spirit. Their deliverance is the work of a few months. One year may disorganize the whole fabric of the old world, and transfer, by a sudden spring, the whole political government of the country from the master to the servant."

The language of the "Poor Man's Guardian" is at least equally intelligible:—

"If they who call themselves the best part of the community will vacate the land of which they have robbed us, and betake themselves to those colonies of which they boast so much, we can soon show them that we want them not. We will support our children on the fruits of our own labour." . . . "Capital usurps the right of government, and to the children of labour is nought but slavery. Is this justice? If not, let the sons of labour unite and demand it. The principles of the Union are equality. We go back to first principles, and will fight for our Magna Charta as the barons did at Runnymede."

Let us now listen to the "Pioneer:—"

"The crisis of our condition is at hand—close upon us: firmness and union will secure our triumph. Brother freemen, band yourselves together; let there be no distinction because of trade or place. The contest affects all alike; and wo unto the man who deserts his post! The question to be decided is—'Shall labour or capital be uppermost?—shall industry or idleness reign?' . . . "It is possible, in a very short time, by a combi-

nation among the agricultural labourers, to make *the whole landed property of the country change hands.*"

The "Destructive" thus announces the adhesion of the Unionists to the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" by Robespierre:—

"It is the work of one of the most enlightened and beneficent spirits that ever appeared in the world. Fools believe, and knaves pretend, that Robespierre perished because he tried to prolong the 'reign of terror.' Miserable delusion! It required but a few more well-directed blows at the usurers to have saved the world. The base shopkeepers of Paris, however, betrayed him into the hands of his enemies; and the consequence has been, that upwards of 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 of human beings were sacrificed, which the continuance of his power would have saved—not to speak of the many millions who have since lived in misery and bondage, or died of hunger and broken hearts—the premature victims of cannibal civilization. Every member of a Trades' Union—every friend of universal suffrage—every lover of his species—should have a copy of Robespierre's 'Declaration of the Rights of Man.'

We have now before us a copy of the "Déclaration de la Société des Droits de l'Homme," to which this panegyrist of Robespierre alludes. It was presented by that perpetrator of every crime which can be conceived by the heart of a depraved man, to the National Convention of 1793, and rejected even by that assembly. The society, after declaring their own immediate object to be the realization of the sovereignty of the people, proclaim themselves adherents to every particle of the doctrine set forth in this precious document—as the inspiration of eternal wisdom, and the only practicable basis of the social reform which is now in progress. They style it a gospel—a koran which Robespierre had bequeathed to his disciples, charging them to propagate it over all the earth. They announce themselves as the inheritors of the mission which had been undertaken by the genius of the National Convention—"héritiers de la mission qu'avait entreprise le génie de la Convention Nationale." Armed with this declaration of their master, they are resolved to fix for ever, without variation or dispute, the maxims of civilization, conscience, and justice. Then follow ten fundamental articles, which we need not repeat, as they will be found in the principles which our unionists have promulgated, and in almost each of the thousand wild constitutions to which the French revolution gave birth. In the twelfth article it is proposed that there shall be a general federation of Europe, founded on the common adoption of the principle of the sovereignty of the people—a plan which they admit to be attended with some difficulty, but with respect to the accomplishment of which they entertain no apprehension, inasmuch as they are the only politicians who have "un système entier, conséquent, moral; ils ont seuls des doctrines, parce que seuls ils ont de la conscience et de la logique; de la force, il n'y en a également qu'en eux, parce qu'il n'est de convictions, de progrès et de confiance que là; il n'y a déjà plus d'actualité qu'en eux." Robespierre, in short, is in their eyes, as he will doubtless also be in those of our unionists, a modern Mahomet, whose doctrines are to be received as infallible, and therefore not to be changed in the slightest degree by those who call themselves, as by some right divine, "héritiers de la mission qu'avait entreprise le génie de la Convention Nationale." We have witnessed some extraordinary events in our time; but we confess that we

look upon this resuscitation of the projects of Robespierre, and this apotheosis of that fiend, as two of the most formidable circumstances which characterize the "movement" now in progress both in France and England.

What, then, is the real situation in which we are placed? A great portion of our population is engaged in the potteries, the iron-works, the coal-mines, the woollen, silk, and cotton factories, and the various trades which afford occupation and subsistence to industry in this kingdom. In certain districts they work together in hundreds, and even in thousands, in proportion to the means of the parties by whom they are employed, and hence they have every facility for meeting together, and for devising such measures for their own exclusive advantage as to them may appear most expedient. They do so meet. The members of each trade form themselves into an association, which is completely organized. Each association elects two or more delegates, who meet together and constitute a *Congress*, and to the laws adopted by this *Congress* they are all sworn to render implicit obedience. The delegations do not appear to be as yet brought to a state of efficiency throughout the whole kingdom. But the nucleus is created, and missionaries are at this moment actively engaged in maturing the system of operative representation, wherever even a small constituency can be found.

What are the objects which this movement of the labouring classes of the community has in view? Is it increase of wages? No such thing. Is it the reduction of their hours of labour? Not at all. They openly, and without the slightest disguise, tell us that they contemplate the entire subversion of the present system of society. They affect, indeed, to do everything in the most peaceable manner: they will violate no law; they are looking only to the universal happiness of mankind. They have discovered, they say, in the principle of barter, a ready means by which they can exchange amongst themselves the produce of their industry, and thus immediately convert their labour into available wealth. They speak, also, of funds which they are to create by individual subscription, which they intend to apply to the purchase of land, factories, and foundries in the course of time, in which they are to labour only for their own immediate benefit. The men who propagate these ideas amongst the people, well know that such a scheme is utterly impracticable. They are thoroughly convinced that, in the first place, funds never can be obtained by such contributions to any considerable amount, and that even if they were, no large tract of land could ever be cultivated, no large factories or foundries, or any other establishments, could be carried on by the operatives themselves for any length of time. Divisions about rates of wages, about the hours of labour, about the difference between the skill and physical activity of one workman and of another, an unfortunate turn in the market, a pressure on their capital which they could not meet, a new invention in machinery, or a new railroad, would most probably scatter such a Utopian partnership to the winds in less than three months. No; the true object of the leaders of the unions is this—to rouse the ambition of the host, and to direct it towards the land and all the great establishments in the country; and when the hundreds of thousands—the millions, as they call themselves—of the poor are sufficiently organized for the combination of their strength with simultaneous effect, then (every minor scheme calculated merely to screw up their

courage to the sticking point having necessarily failed) to precipitate them in a mass upon the property of the rich, and to seize it to their own use.

If this be not the ultimate design of the union chieftains, why do they proclaim that the present system of society is fraught with error, and that it must be overthrown? Why do they propagate the doctrine that labour is wealth, and that, therefore, all wealth should belong to the laborious? Why do they excite so much hatred against the holders of capital and land, and insist that the *producers* are the only classes amongst whom the riches of the empire should be divided? Why do they speak of the labouring orders "taking their affairs into their own hands?" Why do they contend that the time is arrived when the sceptre must pass from the hands of the present rulers to that of the ruled—that Parliament is incompetent to redress the evils which are inherent in all our institutions—that those institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, must be abolished—that capital does nothing, labour everything—that the question is, whether capital or labour shall be uppermost? And why do they avow that, for forcing a speedy decision of this question, they are determined to risk liberty and life itself—that they must have their own *Magna Charta*?

These men hypocritically tell us that they will do everything quietly—that they mean no harm to anybody. But their words are already a civil war. Their less controllable partizans have assumed the attitude of defiance, and through the instrumentality of a cheap press, which has enabled them to organize not only their physical but their intellectual forces, they present an array of power which is of itself an enemy, mailed and horsed, and speared for the combat. Had we to deal only with a tangible opponent, an army of insurgents—we should have no apprehension as to the consequences. But the contest in which we are, we may say, already committed, is one of principle against principle, where the antagonists, like the winds, are viewless and impalpable, but still potent for the good or the misery of mankind.

The love of her husband raised the once beauteous Inez de Castro from her grave, placed a crown upon her inanimate head, a sceptre in her pulseless hand, a robe of regal state upon her bloodless and mouldering frame. So we behold the guillotined Robespierre—the horror of his day—the epitome of all the guilt of the French revolution—dug up from a soil that was contaminated by his remains, and raised to the rank of a god by our unionists. Is not this the strongest pledge that they could give of their attachment to his principles, which they proclaim to be the only true model of wisdom? What is this but war? And how is this war to be conducted? In the first place, property is to have no respect whatever. Justice is to drop the scales from her hands. Man is not responsible for his actions, and, therefore, the free course of crime is to meet with no impediment from conscience. Women are to exist only for the gratification of their spoilers. Children are to be driven from their homes, and fed in some common workhouse. There is to be no religion of any description. The temples are to be razed to the earth. The name of the Messiah is to be a by-word: the idea of future punishment a dream, and the whole system of Christianity an imposture! Let the men who maintain these doctrines gain the ascendancy, and we may look back to the history of the French revolution as a romance compared with the annals of the servile war in England.

Every measure which is at present carried into execution by the unionists is framed with a view either to render their own organization more complete, or to carry disorder into the bosom of society. In whatever quarter a grievance appears, they take it up as a means for accomplishing their own end. Thus, when some of the middle classes, to whom the unionists are as hostile as to the higher orders, bestirred themselves for the purpose of getting the assessed taxes removed, the operatives forthwith joined in the clamour. They despise parliament as a body ignorant of the evils of society, and incompetent to provide a remedy for its defects: nevertheless they readily combine with those who demand the ballot, triennial parliaments, and universal suffrage. They desire to have the churches destroyed, and all sects abolished. But they will readily co-operate with the Dissenter against the Church, or with the Jew against the Dissenter, provided that by so doing they can contribute in any degree to swell the tide of public discontent. They hope that while the ranks of society are becoming every day less regular and compact, they will be able to move onward in a dense and well-defined column, armed at all points, disciplined in every rule of tactics, and capable of conquering in detail the masses by which they might otherwise have been overwhelmed. It is not at all concealed that when their plans are ripe for execution, one of their first acts of demonstration will be a proclamation for seven days' idleness throughout all the trades of the kingdom! If they succeed in accomplishing even this object, they will annihilate, in that fatal week, more than a fourth of the capital now engaged in our manufactures. Two or three more simultaneous fits of indolence of this description will be the precursors of a general bankruptcy, and of the dissolution of the state.

It becomes our duty, therefore, to listen with attention to the low murmur which indicates the approaching storm, and to put the good ship in order, that she may not be taken suddenly aback when the waves are actually boiling around her. We must look fearlessly at the circumstances in which we are placed, examine into their character, and prudently ascertain the extent of influence which they might acquire in the course of time, if permitted to shape their own destiny without control. We live in an age when opinion becomes powerful in proportion to the frequency with which it is repeated. "Let a man," says Burke, "invent any story, however improbable, and let him tell it every day for a year, and it shall in the end be believed." The press is the medium through which sentiments of every description are now communicated to the public, with any effect. Speeches spoken at meetings are heard, applauded, and forgotten. We have no fear of sedition, so long as it is confined to the lips; but report it in the columns of a newspaper, and you give it a permanent form. It is read, it excites reflection, it urges to action, it becomes a part of the materials on which the mind feeds for good or for evil, but always for evil when the mind is itself already in an unhealthy condition. The press is, consequently, the real governing power of this empire at the present day. The king fears it—the cabinet courts it—parliament is powerless against it—as the law now stands. There is no authority known to our constitution which is not subject to a counterpoise. The Commons act as a check upon the Lords—the Lords may sometimes frustrate the vote of the Commons—the king may silence both by a prorogation. His advisers may be impeached, and

even for him, in extraordinary circumstances, there is a precedent of a legal fiction called abdication. But the press of this country is, at the present moment, a power that overrides all the functions of the state, controlling them with irresistible force, being itself, at the same time, practically released from all responsibility. So numerous are the publications which issue from the streets of the metropolis, and from every part of the country, and so rapidly does one libel follow upon the heels of another, that it is utterly impossible for the Attorney-General to notice even the one thousandth part of the immoral and treasonable matter, which is constantly mingling its deadly poison in the general current of public opinion.

It has been said that the true remedy for this evil is to remove the stamps from newspapers, to give all periodical journals free circulation through the Post Office, and to facilitate, as much as possible, the creation of newspapers at the lowest price. We shall then, it is added, have a perfect freedom of the press, and in that state of things, the publications which are meant to injure society will be opposed by others in defence of it, truth will come more bright out of the conflict, and it will ultimately prevail. If we had any good reason to suppose that this, or anything like this, would be the consequence, we should say then, let the political press be as free from control as the atmosphere. But it is almost a common-place observation to remark, that abstinence from active exertion is the characteristic of the generality of the well-disposed, while there is scarcely an individual among those trained up in vice and discontent, who is not constantly engaged in the propagation of his sentiments, either by word or example. The virtuous and contented members of society delight in retirement from the public gaze, while those who are advocates for change—especially for such changes as the unionists contemplate—think that they can never be sufficiently clamorous. Look at the unstamped sheets which are now published in defiance of the law, examine the principles which they inculcate, and say whether it would be of any use whatever to set about refuting them in a series of counter-journals. The evil is, that even if such well-meant periodicals were issued under the sanction of the law, they would rarely meet their antagonists. They might find their way into the hands of persons to whom their salutary principles would be congenial, but they would be expelled with every mark of ignominy from the coffee-shops and reading-rooms of the unionists. The two currents of opinion would never come into contact; they would run for ever in parallel lines. Besides, papers inculcating attachment to religion and the laws would have no novelty to recommend them. Innovation has a zest about it for the mass of mankind, and he who attacks ancient institutions and truths supposed to be already acknowledged, is sure of being much more popular than the champion who defends them.

We owe it, therefore, in justice to the great establishments which have embarked large capitals in newspaper property—of late years become so valuable—to enforce the existing stamp laws with the utmost rigour. It is a gross dereliction on the part of the government to permit such journals as the "Pioneer," for example, to be circulated without a stamp, while the "Times," the "Herald," the "Chronicle," the "Post," the "Globe," the "Courier," and the "Sun," are liable to heavy penalties, if even so much as one impression be knowingly delivered

from any of their offices without the red mark of Somerset House upon it.

But, in addition to fiscal arrangements, other measures must also be adopted for placing the press, both political and literary, under a system of superintendence more conformable to the rights of the people than that which now exists. In fact, there is no control at present over any part of the periodical press. In consequence of the vast number of publications which are now in being, the functions of the Attorney-General may be said to have grown obsolete. He has given up the task of surveillance as impracticable, and we can hardly wonder at this, when we remember that, as a professional man, he has to attend to the interests of numerous clients, and, as an officer of the crown, to advise on all the great questions connected with the executive and legislative duties of the government. A summary power should, therefore, be given to competent officers—the magistrates, for instance—to try, with the assistance of a jury, all complaints against the periodical press, of whatever nature those complaints may be, whether brought forward by the government for sedition, or by private individuals for libel or piracy. The proceedings should be simple and expeditious, and unattended by expense, and it should be left to the jury to say whether the truth of the libel ought to be admitted in evidence,—whether the statement of the truth, even with exactness, be a complete vindication of the defendant, or a mitigation of his conduct,—and whether he should, if found guilty, answer for his offence in person, or in pecuniary damages, or in both, according to the nature of the case.

Such a regulation as this, combined with the stamp, if it would not effectually put down the union press, would, at all events, exclude from it the anti-social doctrines which it now promulgates with impunity. But the unionists must be taught to obey the law in every respect. It is impossible they can be ignorant that their congress is a decidedly illegal body. Under the 57 Geo. III., c. 19, s. 25, every society is unlawful which appoints or employs any committee, or delegates, or representatives, to meet or communicate with any other society, or with any committee, delegates, or representatives of such society.

It would be idle, however, to attempt to carry these or any other practicable measures into execution for suppressing the Unions, or for checking the progress of the penny press, by means of which their mischievous designs are propagated throughout the kingdom, unless the countenance afforded to these cheap publications by the example of the "Penny Magazine" be withdrawn, and the corporation be dissolved which proclaims the principle, and acts upon it, too, most extensively, that "penny knowledge" is essential to the improvement of the people. If it be, then they will assuredly frame that knowledge for themselves, and, from the specimens which we have produced, no reasonable man can doubt as to the character which that sort of cheap information will eventually assume, after subverting the religion, the laws, and the whole fabric of society, through the instrumentality of a sanguinary revolution.

STRATEGICS ; OR, A CHAPTER ON DUNS.

"Armati terram exercent, semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas et vivere raptis."

Virg. Æneid. L. 3.

I AM not going, like old Montaigne, to write a treatise on Experience. Were I to string together maxim upon maxim till doomsday, so numerous and irresistible are the seductions and temptations of this great city, that they would sport with my axioms like the ruthless simoon with the sands of the Desert. Experience is, doubtless, an admirable counsellor, but one that makes its appearance when it is too late—

"Après la mort vient le médecin."

Debt, says a profound modern philosopher, *is a necessary evil*. My object is, therefore, by a course of strategy, to point out how the ills, which this moral gangrene brings in its train, are to be avoided; and, assuming that nineteen-twentieths of the community are at the present day over head and ears in debt, I shall be conferring a benefit upon society, who, in its gratitude, will, I should think, erect a statue in my honour high as the far-famed Colossus at Rhodes.

When a man first enters life, he generally conducts his operations upon the approved English system of paying for every thing, even in an enemy's country. This may be all very well with a well-filled military chest; but without this mighty sinew of war, he must observe the maxim of Cæsar and Napoleon, make the war feed itself, and subside his forces by requisitions levied upon the enemy. Study well, therefore, the *carte du pays*, and remember, that in forming a plan of campaign, the passions and the prejudices of the enemy cannot be too deeply taken into consideration. As tradespeople must be considered in the light of dépôts and magazines, from which you are to draw your supplies, deal only with what are called fashionable tradespeople: their enormous profits not only enable them to give long credits, but, as they one day hope to amalgamate with the gentry of the country by means of their great wealth, the vulgar *tactique* of dunning is beneath their dignity. It is the subalterns who are to be dreaded. Whether from the pressure of the times or the march of radicalism, certain it is, that that *prestige* which used to hover round rank, and which, like death and the sun, could not be looked steadfastly upon by the tradesman, is daily losing its influence. With these latter deal not, therefore, or you will, from the force of things, be exposed to a guerrilla warfare that will destroy you in detail. The former are an aspiring race; they on every occasion endeavour to assume the character of gentlemen, a term now-a-days so vague and indefinite in its application, that we cannot quarrel with them for the assumption. Their style of living too is princely. Who sports a better bit of blood than G—l—t, the boot-maker in Bond-street? Who gives more *recherché* dinners than his neighbour S—th, the perfumer; and whose fancy balls display more beauty and splendour of costume than those of the high priestess of fashion, M—r—n C—r—n, in Hanover-square? If Monsieur le Baron d'Haussez had had his *entrée* to their tables, he would scarcely have indulged in such a philippic against *la cuisine Anglaise*. But, should you have neglected

these precautions, and be once seriously in debt, *la guerre des positions* is your only resource. It is under cover of the morning mists that Duns invariably make their attack. Too much precaution, therefore, cannot be observed in posting the outlying pickets. This duty of course will devolve upon your servant. Now, an Irishman would betray you by his blunders ; a Scotchman by his morality ; thorough-bred English tigers are the best for this duty ; they are perfect Cossacks at outposts. However, the safest plan is to shift your camp as often as possible, and studiously conceal your march from the enemy. Having effected this, never venture out before one or two o'clock in the day ; till that time all the tradespeople of the metropolis are on foot, waiting on their different customers. After that hour they are seldom seen abroad, knowing that a gentleman does not like to be elbowed by his tailor. Some of the more assuming ones are, however, seen at all hours in the most fashionable places of resort. When you meet them, a nod of recognition will do you no harm ; it flatters their vanity, and may baffle a projected attack. In this kind of tactics, the following example will, I think, be found classical in its application, and fully illustrate my meaning.

Two summers ago I was strolling on the Steyne, at Brighton, with an officer in a dragoon regiment quartered there, when we suddenly encountered his tailor, upon whose book his name had occupied a conspicuous place for more than three years. A lovely female was hanging on the tailor's arm, upon whom he was evidently endeavouring to pass himself off for what he really was not ; she, perhaps, in return, was likewise playing the same game. Such scenes are of daily occurrence at watering-places, though it must be confessed that—

“ Corsaire contre Corsaire
Font de bien mauvaises affaires.”

The major, with a tactical eye, saw that he had the advantage of ground, and skilfully made the most of it. Extending his hand to the *schneider*, he exclaimed, “ H—n, how are you ? Happy to see you ! Let me see you at the Barracks ; ” and so forth. To be so noticed by an officer of a crack regiment, and at so particular a moment, so flattered the vanity of the *artiste tailleur*, that his bill was not sent in for nearly eighteen months after. However, when you are not in the clutches of these reptiles, mortify their vanity on every occasion.

In the year 1829, I was standing, with another military friend, at the door of the Hotel de Treves at Coblentz. Presently, *claque, claque*, went the whip, and up galloped an *avant courier*,—

“ Chapeau bas, chapeau bas ;
Place au Marquis de Carabas ! ”

followed soon afterwards by a handsome English travelling chariot and a light German waggon. The former contained *Der Hoch Vohlgeborene Baron Von S—tz*. Out rushed our host Herr Mars, at the head of a host of obsequious kellners, to usher the illustrious stranger into the house, who, as he ascended the steps, was addressed by my companion, doubtless to his infinite mortification, with a—“ Halloa, S—tz, what the devil brings you here ? ” — Mons. Le Baron made no stay at Coblentz.

Another maxim to be observed, is never to venture into one of those ambulatory *cul-de-sacs*, an omnibus. I was in Paris when first these machines were introduced, and well do I recollect the *pauvre Duchesse*

de Berri making a bet with Charles Dix, that she would ride in one of them from La Madelaine to the Barrière du Temple without being discovered ; the duchess won her wager too. " Ces lourdes machines," said an old royalist gentleman to me one evening as we were watching the passing crowd on the steps of the Café Tortoni—" Ces lourdes machines finiront par renverser la monarchie ! Le peuple vole." I smiled incredulously at the time at this royalist prophecy ; yet not many months afterwards this formed the chief element of the system of barricades, from behind which the Chiffonniers of Paris hurled death and destruction upon the Royal Guards, and in which, after their victory, they advanced upon Rambouillet to dictate an abdication to their fallen monarch. Such is, therefore, the republican "*genus loci*" of these vehicles, that it would be particularly awkward to have a creditor for a *vis-à-vis*. But this is not the worst ; the myrmidons of the law frequently lie *perdu* in them, and numerous have been the unlucky wights who, thinking to execute a march *à la dérobée* upon the city, have no more returned to glad their "*teneras conjuges*," but have been left to mourn over the instability of all human greatness in the gloomy solitude of a sponging-house.—"*Quis talia fando*," &c.

Some professors who have treated this subject, have laid it down as a rule never to venture into Hyde Park on a Sunday. Such a maxim might have held good fifty years ago, but now it is obsolete ; "*tempora mutantur*." Sunday, in fact, is now the only day on which a man can enjoy a walk there with any degree of comfort. A more approved axiom is never to be seen in Fop's-alley at the Opera on a Saturday night, or on the following day in the Zoological Gardens, or in those of Kensington during the fashionable season ; for in all those places of fashionable resort the aristocracy of trade swarm. During the whole of the last season the two most conspicuous figures in Kensington Gardens were the illustrious G—l—t, the Bond-street boot-maker, and his brother. The latter apes Lord R—n—l—h, of the Life Guards, in his dress and manner ; and, as they employ the same tailor, he is always enabled to turn out in a coat of the precise cut and colour of his lordship's. Even the military jerk on horseback of the noble Viscount is imitated to a T, by this aspiring son of Crispin, who, at the fancy ball of the superb M—rd—n, I have no doubt, elicited the same admiration from his *peers* for his elegance and grace in the Parisian gallopade, as his aristocratic prototype did at the late grand ball at St. Petersburg.

To this active, and perhaps somewhat harassing *système de guerre*, many of my readers would perhaps prefer the more dignified retirement of the King's Bench, or a retreat across the channel. The latter is not always practicable—there may be circumstances that chain a man to the spot ; but the former doctrine will be rejected by all masters of the art with horror.

A prison is a social grave ; and when once its ponderous gates are closed upon us, our best friends, in time, look upon us as dead. Defend your liberty to the last. " La libertad, Sancho," says the hero of *La Mancha*, " es uno de los mas preciosos dones que a los hombres dieron los Cielos." And a little further on, by way of corollary, he adds— " Venturoso aquel a quien el Cielo dió un pedaço de cielo, en que le quede obligacion de agradecer a otro que al mismo Cielo." *Venturoso*, indeed ! And were this condition but only partially realized in this

country, we might exclaim with the poet, "*Redeunt Saturnia reges*." But, to resume my subject; keep the field, and show an imposing front to the last. A great captain is always formidable, and never more so than in the hour of defeat, for then his mighty energies are roused.

And now, one example more of the folly and vanity of the London tradesmen, and I have done with them. Only a few months ago, I encountered, in the lobby of one of the patent theatres, a tailor with mustachios, who, I presume, had acquired a taste for these military distinctions from his recent connexion with Don Pedro's *condottieri*, in whom he had fitted out.

"A tailor with mustachios!" I think I hear some *griffin*, as we say in India, exclaiming. Yes, my dear *griffin*; although, in plain matter-of-fact Old England, a mustachioed *schneider* is somewhat of a *rara avis in terra*, still the existence of such an animal is no fable; and when you have extended your peregrinations across the Channel, you will learn to think that a tailor without them is quite a phoenix,—and may it never be your fate to fall into the clutches of one of them!

At a moment when the rage of absenteeism is pervading almost every rank of society, a few strategic rules upon the "*système de guerre*" to be followed in the French capital will be read with interest. Of all the duns who walk this earth, Heaven preserve me from the French! and if ever, like Saint Simon, I found a new religion, this shall be one of the *formule* of my litany. As we have already observed, there still exists in England a certain *prestige* in favour of rank, (in spite of Reform Bills and Political Unions,) which extends its *Aegis* over a gentleman. But in France, *la Révolution a changé tout cela*. Be thou Duke or Peer, Marshal or Deputy, *c'est égal* to a French dun, who neither respects rank nor station, time nor place: the higher the rank, the greater his triumph; the more public the place, the more signal his revenge. With the ruthless fury of Russian irregulars, they hang upon the flanks and rear of their ill-fated debtors; and in their partisan warfare display more fertility of resource, and skill in execution, than even the Curate Merino, or any other Guerrilla worthy that Spain ever produced.

Some five or six years ago, Captain M——, of the Grenadier Guards, was lounging in the Tuileries Gardens, when they were filled by all the beauty and fashion of the French capital. M—— was the very *beau idéal* of a guardsman—so extravagant, that had he been master of the diamond mines of the Serra do Frio, they would have proved insufficient to gratify his costly tastes. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that vacant stare so peculiar to the corps, which enables a man to cut his most intimate friend, when he wishes it, without offending him. M—— was lounging up and down the principal *allée*, with the listless air I have described, when he was espied by his tailor, who had long sought in vain for the payment of his bill. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Accordingly, the Frenchman threw himself upon his flanks and commenced operations, to the great amusement of the bystanders. The Captain, however, pursued his walk, apparently unconscious that the tirade of invective and abuse was directed at him, till his persecutor, enraged at the imperturbable *sang-froid* of the Englishman, by a *demi-tour à gauche*, wheeled up to his front; and "*sans plus ou moins de circonlocution*," said, "*Mons. M., vous êtes un escroc.*" Not a muscle of the guardsman's countenance underwent the slightest change; he was

and unimpassioned as a statue, till, raising his powerful arm, he sent the audacious Frenchman, head over heels, some ten yards before him, where he lay completely disabled. The chastisement was inflicted with such ease, with so little apparent effort, that the spectators appeared awe-struck, and the Captain resumed his walk with the same nonchalance as if nothing had occurred. However, this *tactique* fight proves a rather dangerous experiment now-a-days. In *la jeune France, tout le monde est militaire*,—your tailor may, perchance, be a captain in the National Guard; and, moreover, in the habit of dining with citizen Royalty itself. So universal is now the “point d’honneur,” that the wearer of a worsted epaulette is *censé* to be entitled to the satisfaction of a gentleman; and such are the prejudices or the reason of society (for I shall not examine the question), that it cannot be refused without dishonour. Should a man, therefore, happen, in one of these rencontres, to catch a Tartar, and to come off second best, some good-natured friend may write upon his tomb in Père la Chaise the following epitaph:—

“Ci git Monsieur un tel—oh douleur!

Tué sur le champ d’honneur par son tailleur.”

By the beard of the Prophet! the fate of the Mexican Montezuma were a *lit de roses* to this. Thank Heaven, I left France before “*les trois Jours*,” or my mortal light might, ere this, have been extinguished by a lamplighter!

In the hotel in which I resided in Paris there was a billiard-table. Having breakfasted one morning earlier than usual, and the weather being wet, I strolled into the *salon* to chase away the demon of *ennui*, by knocking about the balls. Its only inmate was a man trimming some lamps, who, to my untutored imagination, appeared nothing more than a *garçon de l’hôtel*. “Mon ami,” said I, addressing him, “ôtez moi ce drap là,” pointing to the cloth which covered the table. To my utter astonishment, however, he turned round, and, *d’un ton courroucé*, exclaimed, “Monsieur, je vous prie de savoir que je ne suis pas domestique: je suis *lampiste*,”—a distinction, I certainly thought at the time, without a difference.

The late revolution is certainly more popular with the men than with the women of France. Under the old system, in the *Monde Marchand*, it was the female part of it who were charged with the entire *comptabilité dans les affaires*; and the present military mania, the reorganization of the *Garde Nationale*, by abstracting their husbands and brothers so much from home has greatly extended the sphere of their duties; while many of these heroes are figuring away at the Tuileries, their partners are behind a counter. “Depuis les trois jours,” said a coiffeuse to a lady of my acquaintance, who had been scolding her for her want of punctuality, “je ne sais plus où donner de la tête. Mon Mari n’est jamais au Magasin,—tantôt il est de service, tantôt au club, tantôt à exécuter de grandes manœuvres sur la plaine de Grenelle.” “And where is he, then, to-day?” inquired my fair friend. “Mais, Madame, il dine chez Louis Philippe.” Gentle reader, just imagine an English *perruquier* executing grand manœuvres on Hounslow Heath, or dining at St. James’s. Yet

“To this, Horatio, we must come at last.”

French female duns, like the Turkish Saphis, are devils incarnate, as the following anecdote will prove. Towards the close of last season

I called on a lady in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square. When I reached the hall, I found a French *modiste* in position, and who, as the different visitors arrived and traversed it on their way to the drawing-room, ran out her guns and commenced a tirade of invective against "La dame de la maison," which evidently showed that she felt the full force of La Rochefoucauld's maxim, that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends not unpleasing to us. To have expatiated with an infuriated Frenchwoman would have been in vain. I saw that the blockade was only to be raised by an *attaque de front*. Accordingly I said to the porter, "Give that woman in charge to the police." "Comment donc, Monsieur, comment! Me faire empoigner par un agent de police!" exclaimed the astonished *couturière*. "Oui, Madame," I coolly rejoined; "ici on ne viole pas avec impunité les convenances." And, observing the porter preparing to obey my injunction, she crowded all sail and made off. However, a few days afterwards she returned to the charge, and carried her point by a *coup de main*, for, before the porter or the footman was aware of her intention, she darted across the hall, rushed up stairs, and, opening the drawing-room door, compelled the lady, by a well-executed attack, to satisfy her demands. So much for French duns. In the capital of France, so numerous are the seductions hourly held out to the young and inexperienced, that a man is literally never safe; and the mere delay of a remittance from England may expose him to the envenomed fury of these harpies. The strategies, therefore, under such circumstances, are to *manœuvre upon the line of the English tradespeople*, of whom there is so numerous a colony in Paris. These people, deriving as they do their existence from the patronage of the English residents, will be careful how they excite their *esprit de corps* by unmannered insolence and abuse.

The German duns are likewise furious animals,—and that so many of our countrymen at Manheim and Munich, the head-quarters of the English in that country, have found them so, we doubt not. Their language is so rich in vituperation and invective, that the weight of abuse their batteries can throw is truly terrific. But, on the other hand, so completely is the German under the sedative and narcotic influence of the Meerschaum, that it is seldom his energy is roused; and then, again, he is so ignorant of the details of *la petite guerre*, that, with a very little tact, he is easily out-manœuvred.

Rousseau compares our modern civilization to a drunken man on horseback, who, as fast as he is set up on one side, falls over on the other. Jean Jacques was right: it possesses the double properties of the lance of Achilles. I have travelled in many countries, taught me many tongues, and have invariably observed that civilization and dunning advance "*passibus æquis*." In fact, in those countries which we, in the plenitude of our vanity, designate as barbarian, the terrorism of duns is unknown. In those happy lands the schoolmaster still slumbers; trial by jury, and equal rights, and such like vanities, exist but in name, and a man may pursue his mortal course from the cradle to the grave without ever encountering the rascality of a pettifogging attorney, or the brutality of a bullying barrister. Some years ago in South America, I employed a tradesman to do some work for me, which was executed in so bungling a manner, that I refused to pay him. One *beau matin* the fellow called upon me, and, to my utter amazement, proceeded to give tongue. "Eh, ¿co, amigo? (are you mad, friend,)"

I inquired. "No, por Dios, Cavallero." "Well then, in that case you are very insolent, and must be punished;" and immediately summoning half a dozen negroes, I consigned the audacious offender to a dark room for forty-eight hours; there to meditate, as it was Lent time, upon the virtues of fasting. * In England, this would have been fine work for the gentlemen of the long robe; but in South America, club law usurps the place of litigation,—after all the worst devil of the two.

A cold shudder will, I am aware, come over even lovers of what is called social order on reading this; which will only prove how lamentably we are the creatures of prejudice and of national manners. "Tout est convention," said Napoleon, "jusqu' à des sentimens qui sembleraient ne devoir venir que de la nature." What boots it whether a man be despatched, in fact, by the knife of a hired bravo, or by the more lingering torture of the law? The end is the same, the mode of execution alone differs. In the first instance, you either kill or are killed,—

"Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta,"

as Horace hath it. But in the second, defeat is certain: you are first ruined, and then sent to wander pennyless and broken-hearted, through the scenes of former happiness,—cut by your friends,—an outcast from that society in which you once moved an honoured being,—doomed to witness all the luxury and refinement of high-wrought civilization,—to gaze upon "the sheen of beauty's cheek," and to exclaim every hour of the day,

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

In the foregoing treatise I have confined myself solely to strategic precepts, which are founded upon such simple elements that they are easily reducible to rule; but the means of execution,—that is to say, their tactical illustration, depends upon so many circumstances, that it is utterly impossible to lay down any positive rule for the infinite variety of combinations that may occur. All that I can do, therefore, is to advise my readers to study the campaigns of the great masters of the art:—the careers of many of the illustrious exiles at present at Boulogne and Calais will furnish some splendid examples, the meditation of which I cannot too strenuously recommend.

For myself I candidly confess that, not having based my operations on the fundamental principles of war at the commencement of my career, my own position is desperate;—cut off from my base, with both flanks *en l'air*, my ruin appears almost inevitable. Still, confident in my own resources, I do not despair, but live for revenge;—for to the facilities and seductions of artful and designing tradespeople in the inexperienced hour of youth, I owe my fallen fortunes. I am, therefore, preparing a plan of campaign that, if successful, will yet retrieve my affairs. But fortune rules in war; and if, like Napoleon at St. Dizier, all my profound combinations should prove abortive, at least I will perish greatly. Like Samson at Gaza, I will drag down ruin upon my enemies; a wail of loud lament shall run through the ranks of the Philistines of Regent and Bond streets, such as has not been heard since the failure of Watson T—r, or the flight of W—ll—y P—le.

"It clamor ad alta;

Atrea concussam bacchatur fama per urbem;
Lamentis gemituque femineo ululatu

Tecta fremunt; res æquis agnis plangoribus æther!"

THE NECESSITY AND THE POWER OF GIVING AN OPERA TO THE ENGLISH.

No. I.

IT appears to be conceded, almost without a struggle, that the national temperament of our countrymen is too cold and calculating, too deliberate and reflective, to excel in the fine arts. Foreigners, without hesitation, assume it as a fact; they have dubbed us, on Imperial authority, *nation boutiquière*; and we ourselves, though neither destitute of pride nor slow to vindicate our rights, if we have not formally acquiesced, have, in some instances, suffered ourselves to be persuaded that our native "valiance" is indeed and in truth but little softened by the power which has civilized the rest of the world. Yet Old England can show some title to a higher respect—aye, in all the arts—in architecture, in sculpture, in painting, in poetry, and even in music. But what skills it? Poor (rich) John Bull is, by universal consent, from St. Petersburg to Lisbon, "written down an ass;" and what is more, he admits them all to allure him abroad, or to come to London and demonstrate the proposition, by tickling his ears and directing his eyes to their own purposes, while they devour his peck of provender. Truly this is hard usage.

But may it not be shown that the fault lies with ourselves? Talent, if it do not accommodate itself to the law of demand and supply with the acuteness of trade to its own interests, is yet not positively insensible to the impulse. Does, then, the country afford its highest and most stimulating encouragement to native talent?

We shall confine our present inquiry to Music—to one department of it, indeed—namely, to the necessity and the means of giving an Opera, properly so called, to England; and it is a department of the art in which, beyond all question, we stand the lowest. It seems not to be denied that, making the indispensable allowance for the simplicity of our national forms of worship, English composers have rivalled those of Germany and Italy in church music; for our ecclesiastical services are (even our psalmody) simple, solemn, noble, pathetic, and ingenious to a degree not at all exceeded by those of other countries, though unaided by instruments and strictly forbidden by our pure ideas of devotional forms, to employ the free and almost dramatic style which bestows even upon the masses of the Catholic Church (Mozart's "Requiem" excepted) a great portion of their attraction. Our part-songs and our ballads are equally original, and have as much, or even more, beauty. It is then in operas alone that we fail and are inferior? Granted. And when it is remembered that we know literally nothing of Italian composers but from this source; that the opera is the great centre from whence, nationally speaking, the light dawns and is universally projected and diffused, to fall below our competitors in this grand respect is to fail in the most important particular: it cannot be denied.

We are arrived then at the point; let us endeavour to discover how the genius of foreigners and our own has been excited and encouraged, first by the structure of our opera, and secondly by the law of demand and supply.

We consider the question of the application of music to the drama to be set at rest by the universal adoption of the practice. It is, *a priori*, absurd for the persons of any action to sing their griefs and sorrows, to wait for symphonies and ritornels, and utterly irreconcilable to reason and to nature. But, nevertheless, inconsistent as it is, it is found, by experience, to be amongst the most direct and easy illusions of the theatre, that the mind overlooks this anomaly, and that our passions sympathize not less readily with the passionate expression of words and music. Melody and harmony, indeed, are additional stimulants to pleasurable sensation. We do not reason, we are satisfied with effects. In the days of Queen Ann, Mr. Addison,* while he admitted that the province of the art is "to cast soft or noble hints into the soul," could indeed exert his peculiarly delicate vein of humour upon the absurdities of the Italian stage; but time has shown with how little success. People now go to the King's Theatre with precisely the same desire to be entertained as to Covent-Garden. They listen to Rubini and Pasta with the same temper of mind that they regard Charles Kemble and his daughter; and they are as deeply touched, though not so universally, perhaps, but exactly by the same means. The same affections are, however, moved; and since the creation of pleasurable sensation (the truest definition of happiness) is the end, they are little solicitous to inquire how that pleasurable sensation is produced. They tell you at once they love music, and no more needs be said about the matter.

But it is not difficult to show that the musical drama, though it departs so widely from common life, has other and great advantages, in addressing itself to persons even of the slightest musical temperament. It is the peculiar attribute of the art to multiply associations more widely, and, indeed, indefinitely, than any other source of our ideas. Every trait of melody, every rich or unexpected harmony, every modulation, every change of rhythm or of time, nay, every transition from loud to soft, wafts the fancy into new regions, revives old, or creates new pleasures. The melody frequently paints the sentiment, while the accompaniment is descriptive of natural adjuncts. Above all, it produces an intensity of feeling—an abandonment of ourselves to sensation—which rises with the emotion, until our sympathy carries us into the same high excitement that inflames and exalts the artist, whose power over us is apportioned to this inspiration. These are delights unknown to and above the illusions of any other species of dramatic representation; while the opera employs all that belongs to the plot, character, incident, passion, poetry, (lyric-dramatic is the most concen-

The Lion in this opera gave birth to several pleasant papers in the first numbers of the 'Spectator,' particularly No. 13, in which the humour is exquisite. Mr. Addison, who was at this time by no means partial to operas, does justice to 'Hyaspet.' 'It gives me a just indignation,' says he, 'to see a person, (Signor Nicolini,) whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the "London Prentice." I have often wished that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera!' — Burnes, *History of Music*, vol. iv. p. 213.

trated of poetry,) scenery, and costume. Thus, it may successfully be maintained that if the musical drama be not the most in accord with nature and reason, it interests more of our faculties than any other species, as well as refines and elevates them.

This is no exaggerated description of the opera, rightly so called, by which is meant a musical drama, consisting of recitative, air, and concerted pieces. We are then brought to the first step of the superiority foreign nations, the Italians particularly, enjoy over the English. They have a legitimate opera, we a mere jargon of alternate speech and song, outraging probability to a much higher degree, while the course and influence of musical feeling are impeded, and all but extinguished. It is a singular trait that almost the only opera England possesses, "*Artaxerxes*," has sufficient beauty and strength to survive all the accidents of time and change, thus yielding a practical assent to the truth that such is the best and most pleasing construction. Is there a new singer whose

* It is curious to trace, in the rise and progress of opera in England, the fact, that musical pleasure has been, from its very origin, the great end, independent of scenic illusion or dramatic effect. The earliest operas were a heterogeneous compound of both English and Italian. "After the failure of this opera, (Addison's '*Rosamond*,')" says Dr. Burney, "from the attractions of which such crowded houses were expected, another English opera was brought out at Drury Lane, April 1, called '*Thomyris, Queen of Scythia*,' written by Motteux, and adjusted, as he tells us in the preface, to airs of Scarlatti and Bononcini. The recitatives and whole accompaniment of this pasticcio were committed to the care of Mr. afterwards Dr. Pepusch. Nine representations of this opera, and eight of '*Camilla*,' seem to have supplied the musical wants of this theatre till the 6th of December, when Valentini Urbani, a castrato, and a female singer called the Baroness, arrived, who, with Margarita de l'Épine, were engaged at Drury Lane to sing in the same opera of '*Camilla*;' and, making use of Bononcini's music, performed their parts in Italian; while Mrs. Tofts, Mrs. Lindley, Mrs. Turner, Ramondon, and Everidge performed theirs in English; and in this manner it was repeated three several times, the public being always acquainted, in the bills of the day, that the part of Turnus would be performed by Signor Valentini." This state of things continued during four years; and it was not till 1710 that an entire Italian opera ('*Almahide*') was given, and even then *intermezzi* between the acts were sung in English by Dogget, Mrs. Lindley, and Mrs. Crofts.

It is probable that even the love of music was not a charm strong enough entirely to overcome the absolute ignorance of the subject matter of the drama, and to attract large audiences; the English pieces were an indispensable addition. It is strange, even now, when the knowledge of foreign languages is so general, to find how few there are who really enter into the merits of the scene, compared with the whole audience. The love of music does much—fashion, perhaps, more; and hence the necessity, in order to advance the art amongst us, to make the English opera a subject of the highest patronage.

No concern in the whole circle of English enterprise and adventure exhibits so much of failure, loss, law, and crime, as has been entailed upon the attempt to plant the Italian opera amongst us. Fifty thousand pounds were lost in the first seven years, and more than sixty thousand by Mr. Ebers in the same period of his management, almost the last seven. Scarcely a single individual, Mr. Taylor excepted, who passed a great portion of his life in prison, and who declared it was impossible to manage the King's Theatre when not guarded against the incursions of performers by stone walls, iron bars, and gaolers,—scarcely a single individual escaped absolute ruin. The most successful managers were Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Yates, who had the house in 1774. Benelli is supposed to have left debts, for one season, of at least forty thousand pounds. It appears probable that a sum little short of a million, besides all the subscriptions and door-money, has been sacrificed to the desire of having an Italian opera. The house was destroyed by fire, and a pamphlet was published, but suppressed, which insinuated that the incendiary was suborned to commit the crime, and then poisoned lest the secret should be known.

abilities are supposed to be of a high cast?—"Artaxerxes" is revived for her; and upon her performance of this, the only classical dramatic music we have, her fame is to be founded. Is a pre-eminent foreign artiste prevailed upon to accept an engagement at an English theatre?—her début must be in—"Mandane.*" Does an Englishwoman return with the polish of foreign study?—Arne's standard opera is sure to be reverted to.* This, we say, affords practical demonstration; for if the supremacy of Arne above Shield, Storace, Braham, Bishop, and a hundred others, be admitted, still the self-same piece could never have maintained its ground for so long a period, but for the intrinsic excellence and recommendation that it is a legitimate opera, and our only legitimate opera.

It forms, however, a striking contrast to this tacit acknowledgment, that the writers of English dramas for music, with the one exception already taken, have been insensible to the charms of the only language properly adapted to music—to that concentrated expression which is the characteristic of the lyric-dramatic poetry. If we are to credit the best critics, the solid establishment and permanent success of Italy are attributable almost solely to one man—to Metastasio; and who can read his dramas without yielding an implicit belief? All previous writers of operas, from Carlo Maggi to Apostolo Zeno, were comparatively rude and unformed; their writings were without taste, abounding in the old extravagancies, and almost totally without method or regularity. Amongst these, Silvio Stampiglia is said to be the first to have given a happy catastrophe to the musical drama, but this expedient is as old as the Italian drama itself. He did indeed purge the melodrama of its grossness, and its anomalous and coarse admixture of buffoonery with its more serious interest; but his style is dry and inanimate.

Martelli of Bologna introduced a more beautiful, polished, and florid manner of writing, and some poetry into his airs, in good taste. Apostolo Zeno, endowed with finer talents, learning without pedantry, and with incomparable diligence, has been esteemed to be the Corneille of Italy. He set himself to restrain the licenses and irregularities by which the theatre was deformed, and he sought his subjects from the noblest incidents and characters of history, sacred as well as secular, in which he was thoroughly studied. His style is correct and sustained—his invention fruitful—his incidents better arranged than those of his predecessors—and his dramas (the sacred especially) were the best known till Metastasio appeared, in whose writings is to be found a perfect model of lyric-dramatic composition. Our object being to guide our countrymen to the means of elevating this elegant, refined, and noble combination of all the fine arts, to its highest pitch of grandeur, we may be pardoned if we endeavour to convey to the English reader in what the perfections of this natural, easy, yet richly eloquent poet consist.

* "Artaxerxes" was revived for Mara in 1797; for Billington, at both houses, a few years afterwards; Miss Stephens came out, we think, in *Mandane*; and certainly, at a later period, Miss Wilson (now Mrs. Welch), who was to have surpassed all her predecessors. But the instances are countless. It is, however, curious that Storace's compositions should be so entirely laid aside. "*Love in a Village*" and the "*Duenna*" have been sometimes given, and most frequently the "*Beggar's Opera*," as if to place our love of national airs in the broadest light, since it extenuates and supports even the gross vulgarities and grosser obscenities of that picture of crime and infamy. Now it is nothing else, for the point of the political satire is lost.

His merits are by far too little known to the English, for it may fairly be said, that the works of no other poet will be found to afford such exquisite gratification, better models for the formation of a refined and delicate taste, noble sentiments, or more pathetic and beautiful scenes and situations. Italian is not cultivated with sufficient interest by our countrymen. It is regarded as little more than the vehicle for music, and its trashy songs are the means of bringing dishonour upon its general literature, and of deadening all curiosity as to its range. Fenelon is said to have learned Spanish at eighty, for the pleasure of reading "Don Quixote." It is worth learning Italian at any age for the satisfaction of reading Metastasio. But to our main object.—The prime consideration is, that Metastasio wrote entirely for music: of this single principle he never lost sight, nor must they who would understand his excellences. His style, above that of any other poet, is at once terse and luminous; he unites rapidity with smoothness, variety with uniformity, and his choice of language is as musical as picturesque and descriptive. Everything is easy—everything is free; the words seem rather to be made for their position than selected and created, as it were, to be placed where he pleases and as he pleases. No one so thoroughly adapted the Italian language to the genius of music. It is thus that one of the most philosophical of critics has described his improvements:—

"No one better than he ever understood how to adapt the Italian language to the purposes of music, by rejecting such words as were too long and elaborate to be melodious—by the frequent use of the syncope, and of words ending with accented vowels, as *ardì, piegò, sarà*, and which add so materially to the polish of the language—by the skilful alternation of short and long syllables, in order to give to a period that variety which is so necessary to the intervals of harmony as well as to the convenience of the singer—by dividing the verses in the middle, and thus to shorten the phrases, and soften their close—by the judicious use of rhyme, according to no fixed rules, but rendering it subservient to the pleasure of the ear, and avoiding monotony—and, lastly, by adapting, with singular dexterity, different metres to different passions; making use of short lines in painting emotions expressive of languor, when the exhausted mind, so to speak, has not power to give full utterance to the sentiment—of rich, rapid, and voluble lines, when courage is to be expressed, &c. &c. No one could better than he fit the harmony of Greece to the lyre of Italy,—investing it with all the soul of Grecian poetry, much more happily than any who had preceded him, not excepting Chiabrera, who was certainly a great man, but who failed in the imitation of the truly classical spirit. These former poets thought themselves new Pindars when they had composed a regular *canzone* in the proper divisions of strophe, antistrophe, and epodon, resounding with *auro-crinito, chiom-acquose, ombri-lucente*, and such sesquipedalistic words, which are, however, void of the real Pindaric spirit, without any Grecian character; and, above all, unfit for singing, when we consider that the Grecians were never accompanied either by voice or instrument. The same may be said of the greater part of their intended Anacreontics, which are as much formed in the style of that author as the laughable systems of the philosophers are conformable to nature. On the contrary, no one who possesses a spark of feeling, no one that is free from pedantry, will fail to recognize the true Grecian character in much of

Metastasio's poetry ; with no less felicity has he transfused into his own language the sublime beauties of the Hebrew poetry, which is apparent in the song of Giudita, in his '*Betulia Liberata* ;' few poets have succeeded in painting the God of Armies in more majestic colours. The skill of the poet is here, indeed, most remarkable in drawing from the eastern poetry all that it contains of magnificence, and rejecting all such phrases and expressions as are beautiful in the original only as idioms proper to the Hebrew tongue, but which would become inflated and bombastic when transferred to the Italian.

"No one understood better the character of the opera and the means of adapting the lyrical to the dramatic style, so that neither did the ornaments of the one interfere with the illusion of the other, nor the nature of the latter place itself in opposition to the picturesque of the former. We may observe how regularly he assumes a figurative style in narration and description, and divests himself of it whenever the passions are called into action, or where advice and decision are required—seldom or never introducing similes into recitative, but leaving them for the airs which demand warmth and imagery ; how completely his images are connected with the circumstances of the scene, so that before they are heard, the auditor has already anticipated the poet, foreseeing what comparison ought to be introduced—which could not happen unless it had relation to the actual situation of the character or characters before him ; and how, in fact, everything results from a surprising justness, variety, and beauty of combination.

From particular examples, no less than from the general poetry of Metastasio, is apparent the dexterity with which he has imparted to his verses the precise degree of harmony that is necessary to make them blend properly with the melody, without rendering them too sustained and sonorous, as is commonly the case with verses not intended for music. Smoothness of style, a certain softness in expression as well as in imagery, an easy rhythm, without its being too constant—all these things, united to a happy mixture of sounds in the order and combination of syllables, are the qualities required in poetry for music, and are those which peculiarly characterize the style of Metastasio. Passing on to the construction and choice of his plots, the change introduced by him into the musical drama is astonishing. Formerly it appears to have been considered that the argument was a poem consecrated to fable, and from which good sense was banished by law. Stampiglia, Zeno, and, above all, Metastasio, have belied this common opinion, by showing that the opera is capable of perfect regularity, and that historical subjects, without diminishing its grace, give it a perpetuity that it has never attained by other means. Accordingly, it is no longer the exaggeration of the ancient mythology, but truth and discernment, that constitute the nature of the drama. Metastasio has indeed conducted it to the very threshold of tragedy, nor is this a slight triumph gained by philosophy over imagination and prejudice. Observe the ease with which he develops his events ; a single line, a single word, is frequently enough to explain everything. Observe the skill with which he informs the spectators, at the beginning, what it is necessary for them to know, exposing past and present circumstances, and preparing for future occurrences, without difficulty or confusion, but with a facility that makes one inclined to rest upon them. The first scene of '*Themis-*

toles,' and of 'Artaxerxes,' are two masterpieces of theatrical sagacity. Observe how he always hastens the catastrophe, dwelling on the various incidents only long enough to develop that catastrophe, and no longer; his admirable brevity and precision in dialogue, when requisite—a power which contributes essentially to the beauty of many scenes, not only by avoiding the prolixity of the tragedians of the fifteenth century, and the ambitious ornaments of the modern French school, but by powerfully awakening the attention of the audience, reviving their interest, by the greater rapidity of events, the greater unity and energy of the music, and by increasing the vigour of the scene by the bustle of action—that action, the soul of the theatre, and which has alone rendered many pieces enduring that were absurd in every other respect.

"Another important endowment of the illustrious author is his philosophy,—not that dusty philosophy which endeavours to atone for the absence of common sense by the acquirement of a learned and pompous ignorance,—not that inconclusive jargon still in use among the schools, and which, instead of clearing the intellect, only lulls it into a dream of the most sophistical stupidity, but that golden and divine philosophy, which, penetrating, like the universal soul of the Pythagoreans, into every division and branch of human knowledge, does not scorn to avail itself of the fascinations of eloquence, or the allurements of harmony, for the purpose of instilling truth more agreeably into the mind. What dramatic poet has accomplished this end more completely than Metastasio? If we regard his moral—that portion of philosophy which examines and strengthens the duties of man—the science among all others the most worthy of consideration, the only one really beneficial to wretched humanity—the only one which is fitted to engross the reflection of a thinking being—who has rendered himself so deserving of praise? Who has painted virtue in more beautiful colours, or placed more splendid examples before us than he proposes for our imitation, or expressed more important maxims than are scattered here and there throughout his works, or disposed the heart by more irresistible persuasion to receive and retain them? Is there, on the ancient or the modern stage, an equally interesting character with Titus? Is he not the delight of the human species in the writings of Metastasio, as he was upon his throne? Does he not appear as the true father of his subjects—the model of a sovereign of the people—the man, in short, who, as others have said of Trajan, was born to honour the human, and to personify the divine nature? Do not the votaries of liberty (that sublime phantom of elevated minds!) feel themselves excited to heroism by contemplating his 'Cato?' and do not his 'Siroe,' 'Timante,' 'Svenvango,' 'Egio,' 'Arbace,' and 'Megacle,' exalt our ideas of our species? Do we not rejoice in being able to feel we have Themistocles as a companion, and does not every one feel impressed with astonishment at the elevation of the sentiments which the poet puts into his mouth in one of the most delicate situations in which a hero can be placed? In his compositions is verified the remark of Plato, that if Virtue could be displayed in her naked purity before the eyes of men, the whole world would quickly become enamoured of her. Yes: although Metastasio were deprived of a thousand other beauties, this alone would be sufficient to render him the delight of honest and feeling hearts. The imagination of the virtuous

man, fatigued with the spectacle of triumphant vice, wearied with roaming through a world in which nothing is offered to his view but oppressors and oppressed—deafened by the cries of calumny, which smother at every turn the timid accents of innocence—worn out, in short, by the intercourse with man as he is generally found, weak, malicious, mean, and brutalized,—flies for consolation to the writings of this beautiful poet, as to an imaginary world which shall recover him from the tortures suffered in the actual one. There he enjoys less clouded and less stormy skies, breathes an atmosphere more worthy of himself, and converses with men who do honour to the Divinity; and there his eyes are dazzled by flashes of the primitive light of the great and the beautiful, which attest its celestial origin.

“Nor is the art of scenic decoration less his debtor. This quality, hitherto unobserved by all who have read Metastasio, would deserve a separate dissertation, to show with what dexterity he has treated so interesting a branch of the melodrama. The man of taste will observe with surprise his fertility of imagination in selecting situations fitted to the scene; the masterly manner in which he distinguishes local beauty; his nice discernment in selecting those which are calculated to charm the fancy of the spectator, in preference to those which may be irksome to him; the delicate, gradual, and never repugnant contrast which he preserves in the scenes which speak to the eye; the various and multiplied learning in the geography, the religious rites, the productions, the dress of each country,—in all those things, in fact, which render a theatrical spectacle at once magnificent and brilliant. The decorator knows with certainty the limits through which his fancy may range without overstraining the bounds of good sense. He finds in the plan of each of his compositions the concealed, but unbroken connexion, which art ought to preserve between music and perspective, or, what is the same thing, between the eye and the ear; he finds that the poet has spared him infinite trouble in an infinity of means pointed out for preparing, maintaining, and increasing the illusion, with germs of invention, and flashes of picturesque genius, assisting him both in the change of scenes, and in the exquisite painting of landscape. But that which forms his chief characteristic—that which makes him the delight of sensitive hearts—that which principally exacts the universal gratitude of his readers, proved by the tears which he has drawn from their eyes—is his art of moving the emotions. His eloquence is the *lene tormentum* of Horace applied to the heart.

“No one was ever imbued like Metastasio with the philosophy of love, a philosophy which, however easy of comprehension it may appear, because common to the greater part of mankind and founded upon sentiment, has, nevertheless, been seldom completely understood, even by the greatest dramatic poets. No one has painted it in such genuine colours; now bringing to light the most hidden feelings,—now simplifying the most complicated,—now drawing the veil from the most illusive appearances. It is sufficient merely to read ‘*L’Asilo d’Amore*,’ to recognize a complete philosophical treatise, in which the symptomatic code of this passion is laid before us in the most beautiful hues of poetry, and with a delicacy and truth far superior to the pompous and unintelligible jargon with which the same subject is discussed by Plato in his.

“No one has equally purified it, divesting it of every baser interest,

placing it on the firm foundation of the soul, and blending it in one common feeling with the most refined courtesy. No other possesses in so high a degree the eloquence of the heart, nor better knows how to bring the feelings into play, to set different interests in opposition, and put one to the test against the other, to develop circumstances with clearness that lead to an action, to concentrate them all in a catastrophe, and to trace the most sudden, deep-set, and peculiar motives to their proper source in a character. His touches are always those of a great master—distinct, profound, pathetic, and sublime.”

The philosophic Spanish critic, whom we have here quoted, then enters into the parallel instituted by Sherlock between Ariosto and Metastasio, and he thus concludes:—“If, after a long silence, I were compelled to decide, illustrious Metastasio! the boast of a nation which adored thee in thy age after having abandoned thee in thy youth, and who joyfully beheld those rare talents rewarded in another country which they ought to have preserved in their own: yes; thou wouldst be the Venus to whom I should adjudge the apple of beauty. To this decision I should come the more readily, because the influence of Metastasio on the taste of the Italians, and on that of other nations, has been greater than that of Ariosto, or of any other poet whatever. Italy ought not to consider him merely as a superior melodramatic author, in which style he has had as yet no equal; but she is also in a great measure indebted to him for that perfection to which the arts of singing and composition have attained during the last century. Our Pergolesis, our Vincis, Jomellis, Buranellis, Terradeggias, Perez, Durantes, and many others, together with our Farinellis, Caffarellis, Gizziellis, Guarduccis, Gildagnis, Pacchierottis, may, with some reason, be called the *élèves* of Metastasio, for it is certain that they would never have reached such perfection had they not first been inspired by his genius, and improved their own talents by the study of his works. Poetry and music are like the opening and conclusion of an oration;—the last is but an amplification, or development, of what the first sketches out: and since it is impossible, or at least difficult, to compose expressive music to insignificant words, thus the composer and the singer both find themselves spared an immense deal of trouble when the poet furnishes them with a variety and abundance of musical inflections. Thus, the philosopher of Geneva has expressed himself, with not less truth than eloquence, when addressing those youths who desire to know whether bounteous nature had transfused into their souls one spark of that celestial fire which is understood by the term Genius. ‘If you would know,’ he says, ‘go to Naples, hear the *chefs-d’œuvre* of Leo, Jomelli, Durante, Pergolesi; if your eyes are suffused with tears, if you feel your heart beat, and your breathing choked, take Metastasio, and set to work. His genius will inspire your own. You will create after his example, and the eyes of others will soon return to you those tears which he will have compelled you to shed.’”

Here, then, we find our first great requisite,—a poet equal to the task of giving interest to the legitimate musical drama, by plot and poetry, without deviating into the absurdities of our English construction. At this point we shall close the first portion of our essay. Our next number shall be devoted to the demonstration of the further advantages which the joint forces of poetry and music enjoy, and the means which the English possess of giving to both their utmost power and efficacy.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

No. I.

It has frequently occurred to me that if any member of the Bar, who has been for a few years in practice in our criminal courts, possessing the not uncommon qualities of a moderate understanding, a mind open to conviction, and a tolerable share of attention to the cases which occur, would communicate to the world the result of his experience; he would do more to enlighten the public mind upon the nature and practical operation of that most valued of our institutions, the Trial by Jury, than could be effected in any other mode. No man can have attended, even for a single day, either as a juror or a witness, in any one of our courts, whether civil or criminal, without having been struck, if he be of an observant habit, by verdicts utterly at variance with the facts upon which those verdicts have been founded. Every man must have seen, and must be able to bear testimony to some case, in which the result has been unsatisfactory to his own mind; nor can there be many who have retired home to meditate on the scenes they have witnessed, who have not felt some emotion of regret at the success of guilt, or some pang of horror at the conviction of innocence: but few, very few, save only those who are most familiar with our courts of justice, can form any just idea how frequently both these cases really occur. It has been my lot to have attended, for many years of my life, no matter in what capacity, in most of the courts in this kingdom. I have witnessed, and been personally concerned in, cases so singular in their nature, so unexpected in their termination, so totally at variance with all that could have been predicted of them, that, though in the silent lapse of time they have passed by and are forgotten, I am persuaded that they can never be read without interest, or reflected upon without instruction. It may happen that some, at least, of the parties to the circumstances that I shall relate are living,—at all events, their friends or relations may be affected by the recollection of them,—I shall therefore make use of fictitious names. The facts have now become matter of history; but the revival of them may open wounds which the lenient hand of Time has long closed—that is unavoidable. Experience can only communicate her stores of knowledge, or make them useful, by the recital of facts that have really occurred. The sufferings and misfortunes of those who have gone before us are beacons to warn those who are navigating the same ocean of life: they therefore become public property for the benefit of all; but it is a needless violation of individual comfort and individual happiness, to point out the unfortunate and the sufferers.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials of which I find any account in my note-book, took place on the Northern Circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of

deep meditation and reflection. To those who think more lightly upon such subjects,—to those whom philosophy or indifference has taught to regard the passing current of events as gliding on in a smooth and unruffled channel, varied only by the leaves which the chance winds may blow into the stream,—it will offer food for grave contemplation. However they may smile at the thought of Divine interposition, they will recognize in this story another proof of the wisdom of the sage of old, who said, that when the Gods had determined to destroy a man, they began by depriving him of his senses,—that is, by making him act as if he had lost them. To the inexperienced in my own profession it will teach a lesson of prudence, more forcible than ten thousand arguments could make it: they will learn that of which they stand deeply in need, and which scarce anything but dear-bought experience can enforce—to rest satisfied with success, without examining too nicely how it has been obtained, and never to hazard a defeat by pushing a victory too far. “*Leave well alone*” is a maxim which a wise man in every situation of life will do well to observe; but if a barrister hopes to rise to eminence and distinction, let him have it deeply engraven upon the tablet of his memory.

In the year 17—, John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled. The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of ——— shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer’s day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during life. Great consternation was, of course, excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made,—first, as to who the stranger was—and, secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no further. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

To those whose memory carries them back no farther than the last few years, during which, by means of the public press, information is so surely and so speedily circulated through every part of the kingdom, this may seem incredible; but to those who are old enough to remember the state of the country at the time of which I am writing, it will not afford matter even for surprise. The county newspaper, if, indeed, there were one, published once a week, found its way, if at all, at long and varying intervals, into the remote parts of the district. To show how uncertain even this means of information was, I may mention that, so late as the year 1790, an act of parliament was passed relating to works

of immense local, and I may almost say national, importance; the commissioners under which were directed from time to time to meet: in which there was a clause enacting that notice of such meetings should be inserted in the county newspaper, *if there should happen to be one*; and, if not, in the "London Gazette."

With respect to the death, as little could be learned as of the dead man: it was, it is true, sudden—awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner's jury was, of course, summoned; and after an investigation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased *died by the visitation of God*. Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time rumour had not been idle: suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of a dark and fearful character, were at first whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another: but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over-scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining those supplies of money of which he was continually in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

"And he had left in youth his father-land;
But from the hour he waw'd his parting hand,
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust; his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there:
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
He came at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they knew not, why they need not guess;
They ~~now~~ might marvel, when the greeting's o'er,
Not that he came, but came not long before.
Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed away
To those that wander, as to those that stay.
He came; nor ~~is~~ is past his manhood's prime,
Though sear'd by toil, and something touched by time."

Two years and more had elapsed since his return; and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown; but, on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions.

Two months after the death of the stranger, a gentleman arrived at the place, impressed with a belief that he was his brother, and seeking for information either to confirm or refute his suspicions. The horse and the clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were instantly recognized: one other test there was, though it was uncertain whether that would lead to any positive conclusion,—the exhumation of the

body. This test was tried: and although decomposition had gone on rapidly, yet enough remained to identify the body, which the brother did most satisfactorily. As soon as it was known that there was a person authorized by relationship to the deceased to inquire into the cause of his death, and, if it should appear to have been otherwise than natural, to take steps for bringing to justice those who had been concerned in it, the reports which had been previously floating idly about, and circulated without having any distinct object, were collected into one channel, and poured into his ear. What those reports were, and what they amounted to, it is not necessary here to mention: suffice it to say, that the brother laid before the magistrates of the district such evidence as induced them to commit Mr. Smith to gaol, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice, to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated.

Such was the state of things upon the morning of the trial. Seldom, perhaps, had speculation been so busy as it was upon this occasion. Wagers to a considerable amount were depending upon the event of the case: so lightly do men think and act with reference to matters in which they are not personally concerned, even though the life of a fellow-creature is involved in the issue. The personal character of the presiding judge was not without its weight, in influencing opinions as to the probability of conviction or acquittal. That judge was a man whom, living, I so sincerely loved, and whose memory I now so truly venerate, that I dare not, even at this distance of time, trust myself to speak of him as I feel, lest I should be suspected of partiality. He was the late Lord Mansfield;—a man who, in addition to the other eminent judicial qualities which belonged to him, possessed some which peculiarly fitted him for investigating such a case, as well as some which were thought to bear against his fitness. Before his elevation to the judicial bench, he had been for some years not only one of the most eloquent debaters, but one of the most powerful reasoners, in the House of Commons; and had acquired the reputation, which he richly deserved, of possessing a power of discriminating between truth and falsehood rarely attained by any individual. But, at the same time, he was more than suspected of being deficient in that firmness of purpose, that moral courage, essential to the efficient discharge of his high functions in a case where doubtful and difficult questions were almost certain to arise, which a timid man, fearful of committing himself, would rather avoid than decide upon. The recollection of Lord George Gordon's riots, then fresh in the mind of every man, tended very much in the breast of the common people to strengthen this opinion. The belief was general, and I confess that even my affection cannot lead me to doubt its accuracy, that, in a great measure at least, the scenes of that fearful time were to be attributed to the timidity and indecision of this otherwise great man. The King had publicly declared that the magistrates had failed in their duty; and this reproach applied with peculiar force to the Lord Chief Justice of England. Had he but employed those powers with which the constitution had armed him, for the early suppression of the riots, the metropolis would not have been given up for a week to the uncontrolled dominion of a lawless mob,

nor that melodramatic jumble of tragedy and comedy been enacted which cannot now be thought of without amazement; and which has no parallel in modern history.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the grand jury upon the subject of this murder had excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to ensure a conviction, to throw out the *Bill*; explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offence; whereas, if they found a true *Bill*, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumoured, by a majority of only *one*, returned a *true Bill*. After the charge I have mentioned, it was conjectured that the proofs offered to the grand jury must have been strong to authorize such a finding; and a strong impression in consequence prevailed that there would ultimately be a conviction. As if to show, however, how uncertain all conjecture must be by those who are mere spectators of what is going on, the next morning a different current was given to the tide of popular opinion. At the sitting of the court an application was made by the counsel for the Crown to postpone the trial to the next assizes, on the ground that a clue had just been obtained to evidence of a most important nature, which could not be procured in time for the present assizes, and without which those who conducted the prosecution thought it would not be safe to proceed to trial. The application was of course strenuously opposed by the counsel for the prisoner. It was urged in his behalf, that as this was a case in which no bail could be taken, the granting it would have the effect of keeping him in gaol many months, when he was ready to take his trial: and it was said that this was not a common case, where the committal of the offender was in pursuance of a finding by a coroner's jury, and therefore where the prosecutor was compelled to come prepared with the best evidence he could procure; but that the prosecutor had, without interference, and without compulsion, selected his own time for the apprehension of the prisoner, and the statement of the charge; and that he was bound, therefore, to be furnished with proofs in support of the accusation he had made. These arguments were not without their weight; and Lord Mansfield refused to postpone the trial. As the application avowedly had proceeded upon the insufficiency of the evidence at present in the prosecutor's possession to substantiate the offence, expectations of his acquittal were confidently entertained and unreservedly expressed during the short period that intervened before the trial, which was fixed for the following morning, and which, without anything material occurring on the one side or the other, took place at the appointed time.

Never shall I forget the appearance of anxiety exhibited upon every countenance on the entrance of the judge into court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed; and interest, intense and impassioned, though subdued, seemed to wait upon every word and every look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet interfere to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. Nothing, however, occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow

and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield—"Let John Smith be placed at the bar." The order was obeyed; and, as the prisoner entered the dock, he met on every side the eager and anxious eyes of a countless multitude bent in piercing scrutiny upon his face. And well did he endure that scrutiny. A momentary suffusion covered his cheeks; but it was only momentary, and less than might have been expected from an indifferent person, who found himself on a sudden "the observed of all observers." He bowed respectfully to the court; and then folding his arms, seemed to wait until he should be called upon to commence his part in that drama in which he was to perform so conspicuous a character. I find it difficult to describe the effect produced on my mind by his personal appearance; yet his features were most remarkable, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. He was apparently between forty and fifty years of age; his hair, grown grey either from toil, or care, or age, indicated an approach to the latter period; while the strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, and an eye that spoke of fire, and pride, and passion, ill concealed, would have led conjecture to fix on the former. His countenance, at the first glance, appeared to be that which we are accustomed to associate with deeds of high and noble daring; but a second and more attentive examination of the face and brow was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, strongly marked, the intellect to conceive and devise schemes of high import; but I fancied that I could trace, in addition to it, caution to conceal the deep design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and to personate a character at variance with his own, and a cunning that indicated constant watchfulness and circumspection. Firmness there was, to persevere to the last; but that was equivocal: and I could not help persuading myself that it was not of that character which would prompt to deeds of virtuous enterprise, or to "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;" but that it was rather allied to that quality which would "let no compunctious visitings of Nature shake his fell purpose," whatever it might be. The result of this investigation into his character, such as it was, was obviously unfavourable; and yet there were moments when I thought I had meted out to him a hard measure of justice, and when I was tempted to accuse myself of prejudice in the opinion I had formed of him; and particularly when he was asked by the clerk of the arraigns the usual question, "*Are you guilty, or not guilty?*" as he drew his arm up to its fullest height, and the fetters clanked upon his legs, as he answered with unfaltering tongue and unblenching cheek, "*Not guilty.*" my heart smote me for having involuntarily interpreted against him every sign that was doubtful.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box: he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated that, in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property; and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. With respect to the property of

the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made away with, gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candour, he was bound to admit that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned; for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other. Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant with suspicion at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased Henry Thomson was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and, as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death. If would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his correspondent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively to there being then in his possession jewels of large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties to which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson's departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner's house situated in the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road, even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested. He had not been seen from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith's house, and through which he passed, without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith's gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by *poison*—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained, that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question,—by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself:

there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negatived its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man-servant. The man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put into a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state, most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room; that two persons then came out of the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and singularly enough, since his committal, the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement: that after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel) and he had done his duty; it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found, in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described, by the medical men, as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution: it amounted, in substance, to that which the counsel stated; nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house; but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even knowledge.

When the case was closed, the learned Judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the Judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal, upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impressions that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which at present appeared doubtful. He urged the learned Judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the fatal request.

“Evertere domos totas, optantibus ipsis,
Dii faciles—torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia.”

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds,—upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of a poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of, that property which he was said to have had at Hall. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the

try to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One fact, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer,—the fact of his having gone to the bed-room of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said, that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant: he had, therefore, kept her out of their way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave to it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner of appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more, with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had intervened between the candle and the window, which was totally irreconcilable with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half-

persuaded himself, that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and by that means draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust,—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once*, or *twice*, while it stood there?—A pause: no answer.

I will call it to your recollection: after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left, hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and started. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. A medical man was immediately directed to attend to her; and during the interval occasioned by this interruption to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. In a short time the gentleman who had attended the witness returned into court, and stated that it was impossible that she could at present resume her place in the box; and suggested that it would be much better to allow her to wait for an hour or two. It was now about twelve in the day, and Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by

themselves, adjourned the court for two hours. The prisoner was taken back to gaol, and the witness to an apartment in the gaoler's house; and strict orders were given that she should be allowed to communicate with no one, except in the presence and hearing of the physician. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper hers in the witness-box: the court in the interval had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness—I have very few more questions to ask of you; but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded: the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting, in value, to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result is too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal, but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, convicted and executed.

IRISH AFFAIRS IN THE COMING SESSION.—THE LAST IRISH PARLIAMENT.

SINCE the meeting of the reformed parliament, no complaint has been urged with more strength, or reiterated with more frequency,—no charge has been made with a better foundation, than that so little of the time of the session was devoted to Irish business, and so much of it was consumed in Irish altercation,—miscalled, Irish debate. The evil was of an intolerable nature; and, like all other evils, would have cured itself with a rapidity and an effect proportionate to the severity of the mischief: but, unfortunately, ministers increased the grievance, or at least retarded the cure. The Speaker permitted all possible digressions from the subjects of debate; and Lord Althorp, by an urbanity misdirected and carried to an injurious excess, consented to interminable adjournments upon motions and orders, until his most patient friends were worn out, and all opportunities were lost for bringing forward the subjects of the most vital importance to both countries. The Irish members of the popular party either played their cards most blindly to the interest of Ireland, or they dexterously made those interests succumb to personal popularity. The strength prepensely thrown away against the Coercion Bill might have been better directed against the Church Bill or in supporting measures of pressing interest to Ireland, which were cunningly avoided, or suffered to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot for lack of time and circumstance to bring them forward. For many subjects of great national importance to Ireland her patriots had wanted "time and place," and "would make both;" but when they made themselves, their fitness did unmake the patriots.*

The Coercion Bill of last session was the tub to the whale; and the promised tub of the Repeal of the Union was reserved in the ark for the present Session to be thrown into the jaws of the monster, in order to divert his appetite for other sustenance which it would not be convenient to Irish patriotism to grant. Has Ireland no real grievances, no frightful maladies, that need such immediate attention and undivided energy; that her representatives ought not to be diverted to objects of speculative importance, and of absolutely impossible attainment?

No man can doubt the talents and information of Mr. O'Connell, nor the ardour with which he applies them as a political leader. It is impossible, absolutely impossible—to suppose that he can have either any wish, or expectation, to carry, now or at any future time, a motion for the repeal of the Union. It is equally an absolute impossibility to suppose that any sane member, English or Irish, could give an honest vote in favour of such a motion, unless under the influence of error; for the term honest implies the reverse of administering to popular prejudices for personal objects. Why then is the question of Repeal to be brought forward? and, above all, why is it to be brought forward now? The answer is too obvious and offensive to be repeated. Could we suspect the administration of any such turpitude, we could readily conceive why they should induce Mr. O'Connell to agitate the question—why they should connive at the agitation, and clandestinely promote it; or why they should secretly rejoice and chuckle at the time of the House

which the patriots, for the sake of popularity, are about to consume in their futile, preposterous, and noisy plan of campaign. Except the scheme of 1798, to goad the Irish into a general rebellion, we know of no machinery better than O'Connell's anti-union manœuvres to screen an administration from the necessity of performing what they have promised, and what they ought to do, for the relief of Ireland.

In our Number for August 1830, we noticed the "Historic Memoirs of Ireland, by Sir Jonah Barrington," with his "Secret Anecdotes of the National Convention, of the Rebellion and of the Union," for the purpose of showing the utter absurdity of talking of *restoring* what never existed,—the Irish Parliament. Other authors had exposed that what was misnamed the Irish Parliament was so corrupt to its core, that all its functions were a mere idle, ostentatious, and terribly expensive form, uselessly added to the substance of English measures, for Ireland; but Sir Jonah has gone much further than this. He was by birth an Irishman, a member of the House of Commons and of the administration, acquainted with all the secrets of the Castle, from the arcana of the Secretary's Office, the Lord Lieutenant's Chamber, and his lady's boudoir, (always a scene of political intrigue,) even up to the awkward disclosures that were occasionally made amidst bursts of hilarity at the Viceroy's convivial table. In the practices which he exposes, we acknowledge that he might have added, "*quorum pars magna fui*;" and though this may abstract from the plea of motives, it gives weight to testimony, and a security for his knowing more than any other man. Sir Jonah not only shows that, by the charter or constitution of the Irish Parliament, it was without a single element of a legislative assembly, or, in other terms, no Parliament at all; but that, under the mask of its being a Parliament, it was made a mere machine for effecting the most revolting corruptions of the English administration. But Sir Jonah does much more than this. He exposes the places, pensions, sinecures, and literally the hard cash vulgarly put into the palms of individual members for their parliamentary speeches and votes, not only upon occasion of the Union, but upon all others. He shows you how the clergy, the judges, the bar, the nobility, gentry, and even corporate officers, were bought and sold by Government, until all pollutions ever known in England, and a tinge of which would now rouse the English to rebellion, were as immaculate purity compared to the undisguised habits and practices in Ireland. Not more than this, he shows how duellists were hired and bribed, even by judgeships, as assassins (for they deserve a better name) against any man that dared to be honest; and a mixture of more horrible barbarity, of daring and of sneaking paltry crimes, never disgraced the human species, under the name of a government and parliament. The effects on the population were dreadful, and Dean Swift's fiction of the Yahoos, and the fictions of cannibalism, seemed to be realised, or surpassed, in the climax of 1798, which led to the Union. To revert, therefore, to anything Irish, before the Union—to talk of *restoring* anything that ever existed under the name of Irish Parliament—displays either manly ignorance, or the political ruse of obtaining an object by inflaming passions of ignorance, by means of pretending to aim at that of which the mere thought of the real acquisition would appal the worst nature that ever had existence, or that fancy ever created. Mr. O'Connell would be one of the last men in the empire to consent to a repeal of the Union, and a restoration of the Irish Parliament.

It was understood that the exposures made by Sir Jonah Barrington, in his work, had mainly contributed to deter the Irish members from reviving any allusions to the Irish Parliament, or to the subject of repealing the Union. Now, however, it is rumoured that the statements and views contained in Sir Jonah's work are the very judgements with the O'Connell party for pressing the motion. As this is the case, let us show the public Sir Jonah's exposure of the gross imposition of what was called Irish feeling, Irish interests, or Irish patriotism, in the Irish Parliament.

The reader will find, what is by far more important, that Sir Jonah illustrates, most powerfully, the hollowness of what used to be called the Patriotic, or Popular, or Irish party, in the Dublin senate. We know that in England, until very lately, popular feelings and principles were never appealed to or assumed, except as a cloak to enable opposition to "embarrass his Majesty's Government." In Ireland, this system was practised most palpably; and even where Sir Jonah's predilections are averse to this opinion, his disclosures appear to us to show that even the strongest cases of Irish patriotism were merely Whig or opposition manoeuvres. It is clear that, in the Irish Parliament, there never was but one instance of a representative being influenced by Irish or popular feelings, distinct from government or opposition politics; and this individual, though his talents and his virtues were great, was isolated, reviled, got rid of, and at last treated as insane. We need not say that we allude to Mr. Flood, a truly great man, equally discarded by all parties. Let us attend to facts and dates, and we will appeal to the candid reader, whether every disclosure made by Sir Jonah does not corroborate this opinion.

The first points carried by the Irish patriots were the commercial concessions, consummated in 1782, which Mr. Burke was pleased to call the year of the Irish Revolution. Even Sir Jonah would fain treat this as a triumph of Irish patriotism over the English Government party in Parliament. Never was there a more unfounded delusion; it was merely the triumph of a Whig manoeuvre, carried by Whig partisans, who abandoned all Irish interests, directly they had made their use of the popular sympathies.

The disasters of the American war, and other events which we need not recapitulate, had brought Lord North and his administration into the utmost extreme of obloquy throughout every part of the empire. The previous change of Irish lands from tillage into pasture, owing to the high price of cattle, consequent upon the murrain that had ravaged Holstein, Holland, England, and Ireland; the close of the American market for linens—the staple manufacture of Ireland—had made that country a by far greater sufferer than England, under the general distress that pervaded the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the two kingdoms. Mr. Fox saw that the best way of planting a thorn in the side of Lord North, the best way of "embarrassing his Majesty's ministers," was to rouse Irish energies in favour of commercial concessions from England. Mr. Burke, the Whig, commenced the crusade in the English House of Commons, without, in the first instance, consulting any Irish partisans.

At length a rising genius, Mr. Grattan, offered himself as a Whig champion, for the same object, in the Irish House of Commons. Dr. Lucan had grown weary, and Flood was a radical, a real Irish patriot,

ually hateful to Whig and Tory. Lord North himself was at length glad of an opportunity to make the concession, with a view of breaking the strength of the most rapacious Irish oligarchy and English monopolists. The concessions were made, and, on Lord North being driven from power, the Whig administration granted the simple repeal of the Act of Geo. I., which had made English statutes paramount in Ireland. All this was trumpeted forth with matchless chicanery, as the triumph of Irish patriotism in the Dublin parliament. It was merely a Whig job; and as soon as the Irish Whig patriots had gone as far as the Castle had directed or permitted, they threw Irish patriotism, Irish interests and Irish feelings to the dogs, and the business of the Irish legislature went on as subserviently to the English treasury as ever it had done in the days of Lord North.

Mr. Grattan's first motion in favour of free trade (12th October, 1779,) was made in compliance with the Lord Lieutenant's wishes, and it was, of course, carried, and thirty-seven peers in the English parliament supported the same measure. The Whigs were gaining strength; and Mr. Grattan's second motion (a resolution) was carried by one hundred and seventy to forty-seven. Lord North then took the job out of the patriot's hands, and himself brought forth his commercial concessions. The Whigs' next manœuvre was the repeal of the 6th Geo. I.;—the simple repeal. Mr. Grattan made his popular motion on 19th April, 1780, and the house adjourned unanimously. The next trial of strength was upon the atrocious and unpopular Mutiny Bill; and yet Government carried the Bill on a division of sixty-nine to twenty-five. Next session Mr. Grattan and Mr. Flood united on the same subject, and were easily defeated by a large majority. In the ensuing session Grattan and Flood, Whig and Radical, upon a resolution impugning the Act of Geo. I., were defeated by a division of one hundred and thirty-seven to sixty-eight.

Lord North having conceded all that he intended to concede, treated Irish independence, Irish popularity, and Irish Whiggism with sovereign contempt; and this division of one hundred and thirty-seven to sixty-eight was at a time when he was at his last gasp, on the eve of succumbing to the Whigs in England. At last Mr. Fox came into power, and his first letter to Ireland was to make the Irish opposition "*the principal supporters of the new administration.*" This is sufficiently intelligible, and the Irish patriots took the hint. Mr. Grattan opposed the new Lord Lieutenant's opening address, and his resolution was carried *nem. con.* His speeches and resolutions cut up every Irish grievance root and branch, and the English Supremacy Act of Geo. I. was denounced as illegal and detestable, and Irish independence was to be renounced only "*with our lives.*" Mr. Fox agrees to repeal this act; Mr. Grattan forthwith votes "*an unconditional grant of 100,000*l.* to the English minister, and a resolution that "there would no longer exist any constitutional question between the two nations that can interrupt their harmony."* Two members objected to this abject submission, and the house divided—two hundred and eleven to two. Mr. Grattan, for his patriotism, obtained his memorable grant of 50,000*l.* Mark the sequel. Mr. Flood denounces the repeal of the 6th Geo. I. as deceptive and imperfect, and he requires England not only to repeal the statute, but to relinquish the claim or right of passing laws for Ireland. Mr. Grattan now turns tail

The last Irish Parliament

upon Mr. Flood and the patriots; and actually only six members supported the motion. So thoroughly was parliament, the volunteers, and the nation, the tools of any English party that was represented, that of 306 volunteer companies, 306 were in favour of Mr. Curran, and the Lord Lieutenant. The Whigs are now ousted, and Lord Curran's supporters voluntarily accede to Mr. Flood's views, and the Irish parliament hail the concessions, though only the year before but no members could be found to support it. Toryism is now triumphant; and the Whig leaders have recourse to the old trick of patriotism and populism. Mr. Grattan now broaches the doctrine of reform, and all Ireland is responsive to the call; and yet we shall see by what majorities Government carried all unpopular, and resisted all popular, motions.

On the first motion for retrenchment, Mr. Flood opposes Mr. Grattan and the Castle, and is beaten by fifty-seven. Upon a question of reform the division was one hundred and fifty-eight to forty-nine; the next division was one hundred and fifty to sixty-eight; and then one hundred and fifty-nine to eight-five; and next Grattan, Curran, Whigs and Patriots, tried their strength with the Castle on the popular question of retrenching pensions, and the division was one hundred and thirty-four to seventy-eight. At one period, the legal amount of the civil list pensions was 7000*l.*, and the actual amount 72,000*l.* per annum. In this period, in which every administration was so uniformly successful in obtaining majorities, there had been innumerable changes of parties, varying from the extremes of Whiggism under Fox, to the most iron sway of Toryism under Mr. Pitt.

By this brief outline the reader must see that parliamentary patriotism in Ireland was a mere trick of opposition; that her best patriots were but hired partisans; and that the Irish parliament was a most venal, subservient body, totally destitute of principle or *nationality*, and the tools of the Castle equally upon Irish, English, or mixed questions. In fact, of the three hundred members, fifty-three pensioned peers nominated one hundred and twenty-three, and influenced the return of ten; fifty-two pensioned commoners nominated ninety-one, and influenced the return of three; whilst the remaining seats of seventy-three members were in the open market. But the state and condition of all classes, from the Lord Lieutenant to the meanest cottier—the morals and feelings of every grade of society—the *clique* honour of the different parties and professions, as they are incidentally betrayed—or directly exposed, by Sir Jonah Barrington, are precisely what must have arisen from such a sink of political corruption.

Happily for Ireland, for humanity, and for the honour of our common nature, the Union put an end to this government of bribery. The Irish people, except as objects of plunder, as victims of vengeance, or as serfs, be counted as make-weights in party strife, were never held in the slightest consideration in the Irish Parliament. It was not until the Union that the Irish people ever were of the slightest consideration in the eyes of government. The greatest curse that ever befel the people of Ireland, was the repeal of the Act of 5th Geo. I. After that repeal, the government of England could do nothing for them, except through the medium of the Irish Parliament; the members of which, even the most soddened in bribery, were intractable and restive at all attempts to

meliorate the condition of the people, however abjectly slaves they might have been to Ministers upon all other subjects.

Sir Jonah Barrington depicts the horrors of the Rebellion of 1798, compared to which all the real or fictitious raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories of Robespierre and the French Revolutions are as riplings of the milk of human kindness. He shows that in suppressing the Rebellion, the chief difficulty of the English government was to check the excessive cruelty of faction against faction. Even the pretended false movement of one of our corps, at the slaughter called the battle of Vinegar Hill, was a premeditated contrivance for the escape of the miserable rabble called rebels. That the Irish aristocracy and members of the Commons produced the Rebellion, with Mr. Pitt's consent, as a means of effecting the Union, by driving all parties for shelter from horrible evils to the English government, Sir Jonah Barrington clearly shows; but that Mr. Pitt had any idea of the dreadful character that the Rebellion would assume, we do not believe. Mr. Pitt himself was but a tool in the hands of the Irish oligarchy. He had no notion of the enormities that were to be committed in the Rebellion. Of all men in Europe, he was the worst informed as to those details of Irish life, upon which Sir Jonah Barrington's work is so instructive, and so important at the juncture of the meeting of a Parliament, in which the repeal of the Union is to be agitated. He knew nothing of the Irish Parliament, except as a body enormously expensive, and absorbent of all that it wrung from the Irish people by way of aid and contribution to the commonwealth of the united empire. Mr. Pitt was surrounded solely by that part of the Irish oligarchy which had the greatest interest in concealing from him the real state of Irish affairs. He fell into their trap; but they over-reached themselves. The Irish oligarchy introduced fire and sword, the tomahawk and scalping knife, into their country, in order to enhance their importance and price in the bureau of the English minister. Their price became intolerable, and the storm they gathered was too violent for their management. Sir Jonah Barrington's details amply fill up this outline. The Irish people are now in a position to reap the benefits of the Union; they have representatives able to take care of her interests—amply able—if they would throw aside all considerations but those of Ireland and the Irish people; but the Irish popular members are now acting precisely as Sir Jonah Barrington shows that the Irish patriots acted in the Irish Parliament, from 1782, until they were all bought *en masse* at the Union.

Were Mr. O'Connell and his party to bring forward measures in detail for the benefit of the *people* of Ireland—were they to unite in opposing, not the Government measures, but those dreadful neutralizing modifications which our peerage impose upon those measures, they would not only unite all the English liberals, semi-liberals, radicals, and even Tories in their favour, but they would recruit into their ranks two-thirds of the sixty Irish members that keep aloof from them, upon an impression of their mischievous schemes, and upon a suspicion of their unworthy motives. It is impossible to read Sir Jonah Barrington's disclosures, respecting the Irish Union, without perceiving the analogy between the precursors of that event, and the game which the Irish popular party is now playing in the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

A SINGING IN MY HEAD.

I HAVE a singing in my head,—the result of an accumulation of tunes which has been gathering in it for nearly half a century. Depletion is requisite to prevent apoplexy ; a determination of tunes to the head being as serious a disease as one of blood. Garrick said of Shakspeare, that, when he wrote, he dipped his pen into his own heart. Mine takes its direction upward to a loftier organ.

I remember a housemaid, in my father's residence in Bucklersbury, who used to scrub the stairs singing, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," and "Ah! sure a pair," from Sheridan's "Duenna." I caught the contagion, and, although I could not have been more than five years of age, (this happened in the year 1780,) I bawled out "Had I a heart," in so loud a key that you might have heard me as far as Butler's eating-house, at the back of the Royal Exchange. The City Marshal warned my father to piano my efforts, as the rioters were then in full fire, and might have taken me for one of their fraternity. Moore's "Harp, that once through Erin's Hall," to the same tune, has since driven Sheridan's song from the ears and tongues of the present generation ; but I am one of the old school, and mean to have a "heart for falsehood" framed to the end of the chapter. Leoni must have been the singer who brought that air into vogue at that period. I have since heard his pupil, Braham, sing it : but, somehow, I prefer the recollection of the housemaid. Rodney now captured the Count de Grasse in the Ville de Paris. The ballad-singers took the hint ; and a tall woman, in a red cloak, sang, under our window,—

"With Rodney we will go,
And with Rodney we will go,
With a blue cockade all in our hats
With Rodney we will go."

There was something in it, also, about—

"We'll fight the bold Americans,
And soon we'll let them know,
That we are the sons of Britain,
For with Rodney we will go," &c.

There was a big boy in our school, from New York, who gave me what was then called a thump on the head (it is now denominated a punch) for this threat to the Transatlantics : but it failed to knock the song out of it. Rodney dined one day with my grandfather, a Russia merchant, in King's Arms Yard, when I was called in, and made to sing that song, to the great amusement of the line-breaking commander.

I have but a faint recollection of the pantomime called "Omai, or a World Discovered:" but I remember Edwin in it, in the character of an English ship's carpenter, who had gone ashore at Otaheite, (I wish the modern voyagers would stick to the O, and not keep calling it Taheite,) and who had been decorated in feathers by the female natives. Thus accoutred, he sang a song, the burden of which was "Chip chow, cherry chow." This, as a matter of course, I got by heart, and I used to sing it to the boys, on a half-holiday, standing under the master's sounding-board to give it a more sonorous effect. Jack Yates brought

to school a printed volume of songs, which made all the bodies decidedly bacchanalian. If we had had anything to drink I would not have answered for the consequences. The whole school (at my dictation) rang with—

“Then deign, ye kind powers, with this wish to comply,
May I always be drinking, yet always be dry.”

The opera of “Lionel and Clarissa” about this time fell into my hands. Joe Williams brought it down to school with him. I had not the slightest idea of the proper tunes, so I manufactured my own. Lionel’s song, “Oh, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!” I accordingly set to “Paddy Whack;” and very well it goes to it. Edwin had a sailor’s song, about that period, of which the burthen was “Fal de ral, tit!” varying to “Tit, fal de ral, my boys!” It began, “As I was a walking down Thames-street.” I went, in the Midsummer holidays, with Jack Oliphant to visit Green, whose father lived in the Tower. We went from Green’s father’s house, at Walworth, and consequently had to cross London Bridge, and then to turn into the first street on our right. What should it prove to be but Thames-street. “Why, Tom Treble!” exclaimed Oliphant, “I’ll be hanged if this is not the Fal de ral tit street.” I accordingly walked reverently, treading as I did upon classical ground. Edwin died in the year 1790. I saw his funeral; and, as they deposited him in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, I could not help singing to myself, from the opera of “The Farmer,” “Gad-a-mercy! devil’s in me,” with a solemnity suitable to the occasion.

Cobb’s “Haunted Tower” gave a loftier aim to my ambition. I disdained all the chip chows and the fal de rals as trifles unworthy of a songster of any spirit. “When Time has from your Lordship’s face,” I accordingly managed tolerably well; but when I attempted to mount to “Spirit of my sainted sire,” I found that saying was one thing, and singing another. It was a decided breakdown. I drilled some of my schoolfellows in “By mutual love delighted,” and was just exclaiming, “Sestetto and chorus, gentlemen,” when the entrance of the dominie, with his long cane, drove all the harmony clean out of our respective heads. I should have exclaimed, “Monster, away!” but I had not at that time seen “Artaxerxes.” Charles Dibdin, at or about the time in question, opened his entertainment at first, I think, in Beaufort-buildings, and afterwards in a street out of Leicester-square, where he had exhausted his money in erecting a new theatre: the public preferred the shabby old one. In this respect the town is like a hive of bees, who will sometimes stick to their old straw tenement, and disdain the proffered mahogany and glass new one. I have Dibdin now distinctly depicted “in my mind’s eye, Horatio,” in his court-dress suit and cannon-curved hair, seated behind his pianoforte, in the centre of his Lilliputian stage, where I have witnessed his “Whims and Oddities,” written, composed, sung, and accompanied by himself. The double talent of poetry and music, so rarely united in one person, enabled him to give an effect to his verses which I have never seen equalled. “While Echo resounds the cry of my hounds,” in “Poor Vulcan,” may be cited as an example. He there and elsewhere did what Pope failed to do, by making “the sound an echo to the sense.” It is not to be supposed that one who had such a singing in his head as I possessed could avoid catching the infec-

tion in Beaufort-buildings. Certain it is, that for at least two years I was "Jolly Dick the Lamplighter," and sailed merrily in the good ship Rover, finding all relations stranded after a most melodious rate—not to mention a most domestic intimacy with "Father and mother and Suke." "Sweet Poll of Plymouth" was my dear, for a very short period—I never quite liked her: "Meg of Wapping" (I am ashamed to own) was a girl much more to my mind; and she, in her turn, was condemned to wear the willow when I "looked on the moon and thought of Nancy."

Songs are like women—when we cease to love them we are too apt to hate them. We recollect in the hour of satiety our moments of former over-fondness, and disgust ensues. I remember being enamoured of "My own dear Somebody," and "The little bird then flew away;" and am half disposed to knock my head against the wall for my former inconceivable stupidity. As for Mrs. Jordan's "O where! and O where!" (as if one "O where!" would not do,) I mean to brazen it out that I never sang it in the whole course of my life.

Anacreon Moore created a new sensation in the lyrical world, and turned me into a terrible assassin of the female sex. I then first managed, by the aid of my cousin Anne, to sing to the pianoforte; and most tender looks I cast around me, while chaunting "The wreath you wove," "Fly not yet," "I'd mourn the hopes," and "Come, tell me, says Rosa." It seemed to me that thus gifted, like Orpheus, I had only to pick and choose a wife, with "wit, family, and gold;" but, somehow, I found the sex, like voters in a borough, very ready to cry "bravo!" but, when it came to polling, the richest candidate carried the day. Sally Partington, with her twenty thousand pounds, actually shed tears at my "Last Rose of Summer," and the very next day married Dick Discord, with a voice like a raven, merely because he was second partner in a brewhouse. I took refuge in Dibdin's "Quaker," and revenged myself by singing "Oh Woman's a Will o' the Wisp!" Moore's Melodies certainly soothed my savage breast, by driving away several "whack fal de rals" of which the popularity of Irish Johnstone had made me enamoured. I, however, keep constant to the "Groves of Blarney," on account of the cadence at the end of each verse, to which I flatter myself I did melodious justice.

I had not hitherto ventured upon duets; but the popularity of "Slighted vows," "Could a man be secure?" and "Together let us range the fields," fired my ambition, and my cousin Anne's piano was again put in requisition. But here an unexpected difficulty occurred. I had a good ear for a first, but a villanous one for a second; and many an hour's toil the poor girl had to keep me to my part. When she began "Together let us range the fields," I always was allowing her to sing "fields" before I echoed her; whereas I ought to have caught it up, and repeated it when she came to "range." It was the same with "Could a man be secure?" it being my business to answer "Could a man?" the moment she had said the word "man." As a return for all this toil, on my account, I made Anne a present of a pair of ear-rings, which she acknowledged by the following epigram:—

"A gift like this from you appears
The best you can bestow:
'Tis fit you *decorate* my ears,
You've *bored* them long ago!"

Was there ever such a jade!

When I ventured upon a song in society, I was sadly puzzled as to which I should select. My crack articles of that kind for many years were "Jolly Dick the Lamplighter," when I was merry, and "When you tell me your heart is another's," when I was disposed to be killing. But here lay the difficulty. How did I know with which of them to begin? Put your best leg foremost is a very good rule when you know you have another to follow; but how can you be sure that you will be called upon to sing another song? I have missed many a love attachment by beginning (and ending) with "Jolly Dick."

Things had assumed this shape when Mozart's "Don Giovanni" first appeared at the Opera-house. This wrought a powerful and revolutionary effect upon my vocal efforts. From its great importance it must form the subject of a separate communication.

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

I.

The Union Club versus the College of Physicians.

O COLLEGE of Physicians, rest,
Give o'er your useless labour,
Nor aim to ape, in outward vest,
The Union Club, your neighbour.
The brush gives her a healthy hue,—
"Pulchrum et idem semper;"
While, College of Physicians, you
Are painted in *distemper*.

II.

To Dr. Quin, on his system of Cure by Minims, or the smallest possible Doses.

Quin, in your scheme I spy a flaw:
It violates a rule of law;—
I cannot guess what you're at.
Your patients thus no longer vex;
But recollect the adage, "Lex
De minimis non curat."

III.

On the recent Accident at Hatfield House, whereby the Dowager Marchioness of S—— was thrown down.

Conservatives at Hatfield House
Grow very harum-scarum;
What worse could the Reformers do
Than upset Old Sarum?

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

NO. III.—MRS. DUVAL AND HER LODGERS.—THE OLD EMIGRÉ'.

THE town of B—— is, like many of our ancient English boroughs, full of monastic remains, which give an air at once venerable and picturesque to the old irregular streets and suburban gardens of the place. Besides the great ruins of the abbey extending over many acres, and the deep and beautiful arched gateway forming part of an old romantic house which, although erected many centuries later, is now falling to decay, whilst the massive structure of the arch remains firm and vigorous as a rock,—besides that graceful and shadowy gateway which, with the majestic elms that front it, has formed the subject of almost as many paintings and drawings as Durham Cathedral—every corner of the town presents some relique of “hoar antiquity” to the eye of the curious traveller. Here, a stack of chimneys,—there, a bit of garden wall,—in this place, a stone porch with the date 1472,—in that, an oaken-raftered granary of still earlier erection—all give token of the solid architecture of the days when the mitred abbots of the great monastery of B——, where princes have lodged and kings been buried, (as witness the stone coffins, not long since disinterred in the ruined chapel,) were the munificent patrons and absolute suzerains of the good burghers and their borough town. Even where no such traces exist, the very names of the different localities indicate their connexion with these powerful monks. Friar Street, Minster Street, the Oriel, the Holy Brook, the Abbey Mills,—names which have long outlived not only the individual churchmen, but even the proud foundation by whom they were bestowed,—still attest the extensive influence of the Lord Abbot. If it be true, according to Lord Byron, that “words are things,” still more truly may we say that names are histories.

Nor were these remains confined to the town. The granges and parks belonging to the wide-spreading abbey lands, their manors and fisheries, extended for many miles around; and more than one yeoman, in the remoter villages, claims to be descended of the tenants who held farms under the church; whilst many a mouldering parchment indicates the assumption of the abbey property by the crown, or its bestowal on some favourite noble of the court. And amidst these reliques of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth, be it not forgotten that better things were mingled,—almshouses for the old, hospitals for the sick, and crosses and chapels at which the pilgrim or the wayfarer might offer up his prayers. One of the latter, dedicated to “Our Ladye,” was singularly situated on the centre pier of the old bridge at Upton, where, indeed, the original basement, surmounted by a more modern dwelling-house, still continues.

By far the most beautiful ruin in B—— is, however, the east end of an old priory, situate at the entrance of the town from the pleasant village of Upton, above mentioned, from which it is divided by about half a mile of green meadows sloping down to the great river, with its long straggling bridge, sliding, as it were, into an irregular street of cottages,

trees, and gardens, terminated by the old church, embosomed in wood, and crowned by the great chalk-pit and the high range of Oxfordshire hills.

The end of the old Priory forming the angle between two of the streets of B——, and being itself the last building of the town, commands this pretty pastoral prospect. It is placed in about half an acre of ground, partly cultivated as a garden, partly planted with old orchard trees, standing back both from the street on the one side, and the road on the other, apart and divided from all other buildings, except a small white cottage, which is erected against the lower part, and which it surmounts in all the pride of its venerable beauty, retaining almost exactly that form of a pointed arch, to which the groined roof was fitted; almost, but not quite, since on one side part of the stones are crumbling away into a picturesque irregularity, whilst the other is overgrown by large masses of ivy, and the snapdragon and the wallflower have contributed to break the outline. The east window, however, is perfect,—as perfect as if finished yesterday. And the delicate tracery of that window, the rich fretwork of its Gothic carving, clear as point-lace, regular as the quaint cutting of an Indian fan, have to me,—especially when the summer sky is seen through those fantastic mouldings, and the ash and elder saplings, which have sprung from the fallen masses below, mingle their fresh and vivid tints with the hoary apple-trees of the orchard, and the fine mellow hue of the weather-stained grey stone,—a truer combination of that which the mind seeks in ruins, the union of the beautiful and the sad, than any similar scene with which I am acquainted, however aided by silence and solitude, by majestic woods and mighty waters.

Perhaps the very absence of these romantic adjuncts, the passing at once from the busy hum of men to this memorial of past generations, may aid the impression; or perhaps the associations connected with the small cottage that leans against it, and harmonizes so well in form, and colour, and feeling, with the general picture, may have more influence than can belong merely to form and colour in producing the half-unconscious melancholy that steals over the thoughts.

Nothing could be less melancholy than my first recollections of that dwelling, when, a little school-girl at home for the holidays, I used to open the small wicket, and run up the garden-path, and enter the ever-open door to purchase Mrs. Duval's famous brioches and marangles.

Mrs. Duval had not always lived in the cottage by the Priory. Fifteen years before she had been a trim, black-eyed maiden, the only daughter and heiress of old Anthony Richards, an eminent confectioner in Queen Street. There she had presided over turtle-soup and tartlets, ices and jellies,—in short, over the whole business of the counter, with much discretion, her mother being dead, and Anthony keeping close to his territory—the oven. With admirable discretion had Miss Fanny Richards conducted the business of the shop; smiling, civil, and attentive to everybody, and yet contriving,—in spite of her gay and pleasant manner, the evident light-heartedness which danced in her sparkling eyes, and her airy steps, and her arch, yet innocent speech, a light-heartedness which charmed even the gravest,—to avoid any, the slightest approach to allurements or coquetry. The most practised recruiting officer that ever lounged in a country town could not strike up a flirtation with Fanny Richards; nor could the more genuine admiration of the raw boy just

come from Eton and not yet gone to Oxford, extort the slenderest encouragement from the prudent and right-minded maiden. She returned their presents and laughed at their poetry, and had raised for herself such a reputation for civility and propriety, that when the French man-cook of a neighbouring nobleman, an *artiste* of the first water, made his proposals, and her good father, after a little John Bullish demur on the score of language and country, was won, imitating the example related of some of the old painters, to bestow on him his daughter's hand, in reward of the consummate skill of his productions (a magnificent *Pâté de Perigord* is said to have been the *chef d'œuvre* which gained the fair prize,) not a family in the town or neighbourhood but wished well to the young nymph of the counter, and resolved to do everything that their protection and patronage could compass for her advantage and comfort.

The excellent character and excellent confectionary of the adroit and agreeable Frenchman completely justified Fanny's choice; and her fond father, from the hour that he chuckingly iced her wedding-cake, and changed his old, homely, black and white inscription of "Anthony Richards, Pastry-cook," which had whilom modestly surmounted the shop window, into a very grand and very illegible scroll, gold on a blue ground, in the old English character, (*arabesque* the bridegroom called it; indeed, if it had been Arabic it could hardly have been more unintelligible,) of Anthony Richards and Louis Duval, *Pâtissiers et Restaurateurs*, which required the contents of the aforesaid window to explain its meaning to English eyes,—from that triumphant hour to the time of his death, some three years afterwards, never once saw cause to repent that he had entrusted his daughter's fortune and happiness to a foreigner. So completely was his prejudice surmounted, that when a boy was born, and it was proposed to give him the name of his grandfather, the old man positively refused. "Let him be such another Louis Duval as you have been," said he, "and I shall be satisfied."

All prospered in Queen-street, and all deserved to prosper. From the noblemen and gentlemen at whose houses on days of high festival Louis Duval officiated as *chef de cuisine*, down to the urchins of the street, halfpenny customers, whose object it was to get most sweets for their money,—all agreed that the cookery and the cakery, the soufflés and the buns, were inimitable. Perhaps the ready and smiling civility, the free and genuine kindness, which looked out and weighed a penny-worth of sugar-plums with an attention as real and as good-natured as that with which an order was taken for a winter dessert, had something to do with this universal popularity. Be that as it may, all prospered, and all deserved to prosper, in Queen-street; and, until the old man died, it would have been difficult, in the town or the country, to fix on a more united or a happier family. That event, by bringing an accession of property and power to Louis Duval, introduced into his mind a spirit of speculation, an ambition (if one may apply so grand a word to the projects of a confectioner) which became as fatal to his fortunes as it has often proved to those of greater men. He became weary of his paltry profits and his provincial success,—weary even of the want of competition,—for poor old Mrs. Thomas, the pastry-cook in the marketplace, an inert and lumpish personage of astounding dimensions, whose fame, such as it was, rested on huge plum-cakes almost as big round as herself, and little better than bread with a few currants interspersed,

wherewith, under the plea of wholesomeness, poor children were crammed at school and at home, could never be regarded as his rival,—these motives, together with the wish to try a wider field, and an unlucky suggestion from his old master the Earl, that he and his wife would be the very persons for a London hotel, induced him to call in his debts, dispose of his house and business in Queen-street, embark in a large concern in the West End, and leave B—— altogether.

The result of this measure may be easily anticipated. Wholly unaccustomed to London, and to that very nice and difficult undertaking, a great hotel, and with a capital which, though considerable in itself, was yet inadequate to a speculation of such magnitude, poor Monsieur and Madame Duval (for they had assumed all the Frenchifications possible on setting up in the great city) were tricked, and cheated, and laughed at by her countrymen and by his, and in the course of four years were completely ruined; whilst he, who might always have procured a decent livelihood by going about to different houses as a professor of the culinary art, (for though Louis had lost every thing else, he had not, as he used to observe, and it was a comfort to him, poor fellow, lost his reputation,) caught cold by overheating himself in cooking a great dinner, fell into a consumption, and died; leaving his young wife and her little boy friendless and penniless in the wide world.

Under these miserable circumstances poor Fanny naturally returned to her native town, under some expectation, perhaps, that the patrons and acquaintances of her father and her husband might re-establish her in her old business, for which, having been brought up in the trade, and having retained all the receipts which had made their shop so celebrated, she was peculiarly qualified. But, although surrounded by wellwishers and persons ready to assist her to a certain small extent, Mrs. Duval soon found how difficult it is for any one, especially a woman, to obtain money without security and without any certainty of repayment. That she had failed once, was reason enough to render people fearful that she might fail again. Besides, her old rival, Mrs. Thomas, was also dead, and had been succeeded by a Quaker couple, so alert, so intelligent, so accurately and delicately clean in all their looks, and ways, and wares, that the very sight of their bright counter, and its simple but tempting cates, gave their customers an appetite. They were the fashion, too, unluckily. Nothing could go down for luncheon in any family of gentility but Mrs. Perry's biscuits, and poor Mrs. Duval found her more various and richer confectionery comparatively disregarded. The most that her friends could do for her was to place her in the Priory Cottage, where, besides carrying on a small trade with the few old customers who still adhered to herself and her tartlets, she could have the advantage of letting a small bedchamber and a pleasant little parlour to any lodger desirous of uniting good air, and a close vicinity to a large town, with a situation peculiarly secluded and romantic.

The first occupant of Mrs. Duval's pleasant apartments was a Catholic priest, an *émigré*, to whom they had a double recommendation, in his hostess's knowledge of the French language, of French habits, and French cookery, (she being, as he used to affirm, the only Englishwoman that ever made drinkable coffee,) and in the old associations of the precincts ("piece of a cloister") around which the venerable memorials of the ancient faith still lingered even in decay. He might have said,

with Antonio, in one of the finest scenes ever conceived by a poet's imagination, that in which the Echo answers from the murdered woman's grave,—

" I do love these ancient ruins ;
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history ;
And, questionless, here in this open court
(Which now lies open to the injuries
Of stormy weather) some lie interred,
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely to it,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday ; but all things have their end :
Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)
Must have like death that we have."

Webster—*Duchess of Malfy*.

If such were the inducements that first attracted M. l'Abbé de Villaret, he soon found others in the pleasing manners and amiable temper of Mrs. Duval, whose cheerfulness and kindness of heart had not abandoned her in her change of fortune ; and in the attaching character of her charming little boy, who,—singularly tall of his age, and framed with the mixture of strength and delicacy, of pliancy and uprightness, which characterizes the ideal forms of the Greek marbles, and the reality of the human figure amongst the aborigines of North America,* and a countenance dark, sallow, and colourless, but sparkling with expression as the natives of the south of Europe, the eyes all laughter, the smile all intelligence,—was as unlike in mind as in person to the chubby, ruddy, noisy urchins by whom he was surrounded. Quick, gentle, docile, and graceful to a point of elegance rarely seen even amongst the most carefully-educated children, he might have been placed at court as the page of a fair young queen, and have been the plaything and pet of the maids of honour. The pet of M. l'Abbé he became almost as soon as he saw him, and to that pleasant distinction was speedily added the invaluable advantage of being his pupil.

L'Abbé Villaret had been a cadet of one of the oldest families in France, destined to the church as the birthright of a younger son, but attached to his profession with a seriousness and earnestness not common amongst the gay noblesse of the *ancien régime*, who too often assumed the *petit collet* as the badge of one sort of frivolity, just as their elder brothers wielded the sword, and served a campaign or two, by way of excuse for an idleness and dissipation of a different kind. This devotion had of course been greatly increased by the persecution of the church which distinguished the commencement of the Revolution. The good Abbé had been marked as one of the earliest victims, and had escaped, through the gratitude of an old servant, from the fate which swept off sisters, and brothers, and almost every individual, except himself, of a large and flourishing family. Penniless and solitary, he made his way to England, and found an asylum in the town of B—, at first assisted by the pittance allowed by our government to those unfortunate foreigners, and subsequently supported by his own exertions as assistant to the priest of the Catholic Chapel in B—, and as a teacher of the

* My readers will remember West's exclamation on the first sight of the Apollo,—
" A young Mohawk Indian, by Heaven !"

French language in the town and neighbourhood; and so complete had been the ravages of the Revolution in his own family, and so entirely had he established himself in the esteem of his English friends, that when the short peace of Amiens restored so many of his brother *émigrés* to their native land, he refused to quit the country of his adoption, and remained the contented inhabitant of the Priory Cottage.

The contented and most beloved inhabitant, not only of that small cottage, but of the town to which it belonged, was the good Abbé. Every body loved the kind and placid old man, whose resignation was so real and so cheerful, who had such a talent for making the best of things, whose moral alchemy could extract some good out of every evil, and who seemed only the more indulgent to the faults and follies of others because he had so little cause to require indulgence for his own. One prejudice he had—a lurking predilection in favour of good blood and long descent; the Duke de St. Simon himself would hardly have felt a stronger partiality for the Montmorencies or the Mortemars; and yet so well was this prejudice governed, so closely veiled from all offensive display, that not only *la belle et bonne bourgeoise* Madame Lane, as he used to call the excellent wife of that great radical leader, but even *le gros bourgeois son époux*, desperate Whig as he was, were amongst the best friends and sincerest wellwishers of our courteous old Frenchman. He was their customer for the little meat that his economy and his appetite required, and they were his for as many French lessons as their rosy, laughing daughters could be coaxed into taking during the very short interval that elapsed between their respectively leaving school and getting married. How the Miss Lanes came to learn French at all, a piece of finery rather inconsistent with the substantial plainness of their general education, I could not comprehend, until I found that the daughters of Mrs. Green, the grocer, their opposite neighbour, between whom and dear Mrs. Lane there existed a little friendly rivalry, (for, good woman as she was, even Margaret Lane had something of the ordinary frailties of human nature,) were studying French, music, dancing, drawing, and Italian; and, although she quite disapproved of this hash of accomplishments, yet no woman in Christendom could bear to be so entirely outdone by her next neighbour; besides, she doubtless calculated that the little they were likely to know of the language would be too soon forgotten to do them any harm; that they would settle into sober tradesmen's wives, content "to scold their maidens in their mother tongue;" and that the only permanent consequence would be, the giving her the power to be of some slight service to the good *émigré*. So the Miss Lanes learned French; and Mrs. Lane, who was one of poor Mrs. Duval's best friends and most constant customers, borrowed all her choicest receipts to compound for the Abbé his favourite dishes, and contrived to fix the lessons at such an hour as should authorize her offering the refreshment which she had so carefully prepared. Bijou, too, the Abbé's pet dog, a beautiful little curly spaniel of great sagacity and fidelity, always found a dinner ready for him at Mrs. Lane's, and Louis Duval, his master's other pet, was at least equally welcome; so that the whole trio were soon at home at Mrs. Lane's. And although Stephen held in abomination all foreigners, and thought it eminently patriotic and natural to hate the French and their ways, never had tasted coffee

or taken a pinch of snuff in his days; and although the Abbé, on his part, abhorred smoking, and beer, and punch, and loud talking, and all the John Bullisms whereof Stephen was compounded; although Mr. Lane would have held himself guilty of a sin had he known the French for "how dy'e do?" and the Abbé, teacher of languages though he were, had marvellously contrived to learn no more English than just served him to make out his pupils' translations (perhaps the constant reading of those incomparable compositions might be the reason why the real spoken idiomatic tongue was still unintelligible to him); yet they did contrive, in spite of their mutual prejudices and their deficient means of communication, to be on as friendly and as cordial terms as any two men in B——; and, considering that the Frenchman was a decided aristocrat and the Englishman a violent democrat, and that each knew the other's politics, that is saying much.

But from the castle to the cottage, from the nobleman whose children he taught down to the farmer's wife who furnished him with eggs and butter, the venerable Abbé was an universal favourite. There was something in his very appearance, his small, neat person, a little bent, more by sorrow than age—his thin, white hair—his mild, intelligent countenance, with a sweet, placid smile that spoke more of courtesy than of gaiety—his quiet manner, his gentle voice, and even the broken English, that reminded one that he was a sojourner in a strange land, that awakened a mingled emotion of respect and of pity. His dress, too, always neat, yet never seeming new, contributed to the air of decayed gentility that hung about him; and the beautiful little dog who was his constant attendant, and the graceful boy who so frequently accompanied him, formed an interesting group on the high roads which he frequented; for the good Abbé was so much in request as a teacher, and the amount of his earnings was so considerable, that he might have passed for well-to-do in the world, had not his charity to his poorer countrymen, and his liberality to Louis and to Mrs. Duval, been such as to keep him constantly poor.

Amongst his pupils, and the friends of his pupils, his urbanity and kindness could not fail to make him popular; whilst his gentleness and patience with the stupid, and his fine taste and power of inspiring emulation amongst the cleverer children, rendered him a very valuable master. Besides his large connexion in B——, he attended, as we have intimated, several families in the neighbourhood, and one or two schools in the smaller towns, at eight or ten miles' distance; and the light and active old man was accustomed to walk to these lessons with little Bijou for his companion, even in the depth of winter, depending, it may be, on an occasional cast for himself and his dog in the gig of some good-natured traveller, or the cart of some stout dame returning from the market-town, (for it is a characteristic of our county that we abound in female drivers—almost all our country wives are capital whips,) who thought themselves well repaid for their civility by a pinch of rappee in the one case, or a "Tank you, Madame!" "Moche obligé, Sar!" on the other.

Nobody minded a winter's walk less than M. l'Abbé; and as for Bijou, he delighted in it, and would dance and whisk about, jump round his master's feet, and bark for very joy, whenever he saw the hat brushing, and the great coat putting on, and the gloves taken out of their

drawer in preparation for a sortie, especially in snowy weather—for Bijou loved a frisk in the snow, and Louis liked it no less. But there was one person who never liked these cold and distant rambles, and that personage was Mrs. Duval; and on one dreary morning in January especially she opposed them by main and by might. She had had bad dreams, too, and Mrs. Duval was the least in the world superstitious, and “she was sure that no good could come of taking such a walk as that to W——, full a dozen miles, on such a day—nobody could be so unreasonable as to expect M. l’Abbé in such weather; and as for Miss Smith’s school, Miss Smith’s school might wait!”

M. l’Abbé reasoned with her in vain. “Your dreams—bah!—I must go, my dear little woman. All Miss Smith’s pupils are come back from the holidays, and they want their lessons, and they have brought the money to pay me, and I want the money to pay you, and I will bring you a pink ribbon as bright as your cheeks, and Louis—”

“Oh, pray let me go with you, M. l’Abbé,” interrupted Louis.

“And Louis shall stay with you,” pursued M. l’Abbé. “You must not go, my dear boy; stay with your mother; always be a good son to your good mother, and I will bring you a book. I will bring you a new Horace, since you get on so well with your Latin. God bless you, my dear boy! Come, Bijou!” and M. l’Abbé was setting off.

“At least stay all night!” interposed Mrs. Duval; “don’t come home in the dark, pray!”

“Bah!” replied the Abbé, laughing.

“And with money, too! and so many bad people about! and such a dream as I have had!” again exclaimed Madame Duval. “I thought that two wolves——”

“Your dream! bah!” ejaculated the Abbé. “I shall bring you a pink ribbon, and be home by ten;” and with these words he and Bijou departed.

Ten o’clock came—a cold, frosty night, not moonlight, but starlight, and with so much snow upon the ground that the beaten pathway on the high road to W—— might be easily traced. Mrs. Duval, who had been fidgetty all through the day, became more so as the evening advanced, particularly as Louis importuned her vehemently to let him go and meet their dear lodger.

“You go! No, indeed!” replied Madame Duval. “At this time of night, and after my dream! It’s quite bad enough to have M. l’Abbé wandering about the high roads, and money with him, and so many bad people stirring. I saw one great, tall, dangerous-looking fellow at the door this morning, who seemed as if he had been listening when he talked of bringing money home: I should not wonder if he broke into the house—and my dream, too! Stay where you are, Louis. I won’t hear of your going.”

And the poor boy, who had been taking down his furred cap to go, looked at his mother’s anxious face, and stayed.

The hours wore away,—eleven o’clock struck, and twelve,—and still there were no tidings of the Abbé. Mrs. Duval began to comfort herself that he must have stayed to sleep at W——; that the Miss Smiths, whom she knew to be kind women, had insisted on his sleeping at their house; and she was preparing to go to bed in that persuasion, when a violent scratching and whining was heard at the door, and on Louis running to open it, little Bijou rushed in, covered with dirt, and without his master.

"Oh, my dream!" exclaimed Mrs. Duval. "Louis, I thought that two wolves——"

"Mother," interrupted the boy, "see how Bijou is jumping upon me, and then running to the door, as if to entice me to follow him. I must go."

"Oh Louis! remember!"—again screamed his mother—"Remember the great fellow who was listening this morning!"

"You forget, dear mother, that we all spoke in French, and that he could not have understood a word," returned Louis.

"But my dream!" persisted Mrs. Duval. "My dreams always come true. Remember the pot I dreamt of your finding in the ruins, and which, upon digging for, you *did* find."

"Which you dreamt was a pot of gold, and which turned out to be a broken paint-pot," replied Louis impatiently. "Mother," added he, "I am sorry to disobey you, but look how this poor dog is dragging me to the door; and look! look! there is blood upon his coat! Perhaps his master has fallen and hurt himself, and even my slight help may be of use. I must go, and I will."

And following the word with the deed, Louis obeyed the almost speaking action of the little dog, and ran quickly out of the house, on the road to W——. His mother, after an instant of vague panic, recovered herself enough to alarm the neighbours, and send more efficient help than a lad of eleven years old to assist in the search.

With a beating heart the brave and affectionate boy followed the dog, who led with a rapid pace and an occasional low moan along the high road to W——. The night had become milder, the clouds were driving along the sky, and a small, sleety rain fell by gusts; all, in short, bespoke an approaching thaw, although the ground continued covered with snow, which cast a cold, dreary light on every object. For nearly three miles Louis and Bijou pursued their way alone. At the end of that time, they were arrested by shouts and lanterns advancing rapidly from the town, and the poor lad recognized the men whom his mother had sent to his assistance.

"Any news of the poor French gentleman, master?" inquired John Gleve, the shoemaker, as he came up, almost breathless with haste. "It's lucky that I and Martin had two pair of boots to finish, and had not left our work; for poor Mrs. Duval there is half crazy with her fears for him and her dread about you. How could thou think of running off alone? What good could a lad like thee do, frightening his poor mother?—And yet one likes un for 't," added John, softening as he proceeded in his harangue; "one likes un for 't mainly. But look at the dog!" pursued he, interrupting himself; "look at the dog, how he's snuffing and shuffling about in the snow! And hark how he whines and barks, questing like! And see what trampling there's been here, and how the snow on the side of the path is trodden about!"

"Hold down the lantern!" exclaimed Louis. "Give me the light, I beseech you. Look here! this is blood—*his* blood!" sobbed the affectionate boy; and, guided partly by that awful indication, partly by the disturbed snow, and partly by the dog, who, trembling in every limb, and keeping up a low moan, still pursued the track, they clambered over a gate into a field by the road-side; and in a ditch, at a little distance, found what all expected to find—the lifeless body of the Abbé.

He had been dead apparently for some hours; for the corpse was cold, and the blood had stiffened on two wounds in his body. His pockets had been rifled of his purse and his pocket-book, both of which were found, with what money might have been in them taken out, cast into the hedge at a small distance, together with a sword with a broken hilt, with which the awful deed had been committed. Nothing else had been taken from the poor old man. His handkerchief and snuff-box were still in his pocket, together with three yards of rose-coloured ribbon, neatly wrapped in paper, and a small edition of Horace, with the leaves uncut. It may be imagined with what feelings Mrs. Duval and Louis looked at these tokens of recollection. Her grief found in tears the comfortable relief which Heaven has ordained for woman's sorrow; but Louis could not cry—the consolation was denied him. A fierce spirit of revenge had taken possession of the hitherto gentle and placid boy: to discover and bring to justice the murderer, and to fondle and cherish poor Bijou, (who was with difficulty coaxed into taking food, and lay perpetually at the door of the room which contained his old master's body,) seemed to be the only objects for which Louis lived.

The wish to discover the murderer was general throughout the neighbourhood where the good, the pious, the venerable old man,—harmless and inoffensive in word and deed, just, and kind, and charitable,—had been so truly beloved and respected. Large rewards were offered by the Catholic gentry, and every exertion was made by the local police, and the magistracy of the town and county, to accomplish this great object. John Gleve had accurately measured the shoe-marks to and from the ditch where the body was found; but farther than the gate of the field they had not thought to trace the foot-marks; and a thaw having come on, all signs had disappeared before the morning. It had been ascertained that the Miss Smiths had paid him, besides some odd money, in two 10*l.* notes of the W—— bank, the numbers of which were known; but of them no tidings could be procured. He had left their house, on his return, about six o'clock in the evening, and had been seen to pass through a turnpike-gate, midway between the two towns, about eight, when, with his usual courtesy, he bade a cheerful good night to the gate-keeper; and this was the last that had been heard of him. No suspicious person had been observed in the neighbourhood; the most sagacious and experienced officers were completely at fault; and the coroner's inquest was obliged to find the vague and unsatisfactory verdict of "Found murdered, by some person or persons unknown."

Many loose people, such as beggars and vagrants, and wandering packmen, were, however, apprehended, and obliged to give an account of themselves; and on one of these, a rag-man, called James Wilson, something like suspicion was at last fixed. The sword with which the murder was committed, an old regimental sword, with the mark and number of the regiment ground out, had, as I have said before, a broken hilt; and round this hilt was wound a long strip of printed calico, of a very remarkable pattern, which a grocer's wife in B——, attracted by the strange curiosity with which vulgar persons pursue such sights to go and look at it as it lay exposed for recognition on a table in the Town Hall, remembered to have seen in the shape of a gown on the back of a girl who had lived with her a twelvemonth before; and the girl, on being sought out in a neighbouring village, deposed readily to

having sold the gown, several weeks back, to the rag-man in question. The measure of the shoes also fitted; but they unluckily were of a most common shape and size. Wilson brought a man from the paper-mill to prove that the entire gown in question had been carried there by him, with other rags, about a month before, and other witnesses, who made out a complete alibi on the night in question; so that the magistrates, although strongly prejudiced against him, from countenance and manner, —the down look and the daring audacity with which nature, or rather evil habit, often stamps the ruffian,—were, after several examinations, on the point of discharging him, when young Louis, who had attended the whole inquiry with an intensity of interest which, boy as he was, had won for him the privilege of being admitted even to the private examinations of the magistrates; and whose ill opinion of Wilson had increased every hour, he himself hardly knew why, suddenly exclaimed, “Stop until I bring a witness!” and darted out of the room.

During the interval of his absence,—for such was the power of the boy’s intense feeling and evident intelligence, that the magistrates *did* stop for him,—one of the police-officers happened to observe how tightly the prisoner grasped his hat. “Is it mere anger?” thought he within himself; “or is it agitation? or can they have been such fools as not to search the lining?”—“Let me look at that hat of yours, Wilson,” said he aloud.

“It has been searched,” replied Wilson, still holding it. “What do you want with the hat?”

“I want to see the lining.”

“There is no lining,” replied the prisoner, grasping it still tighter.

“Let me look at it, nevertheless. Take it from him,” rejoined the officer. “Ah, ha! here is a little ragged bit of lining, though, sticking pretty fast too; for as loose and as careless as it looks,—a fine, cunning hiding-place! Give me a knife—a penknife!” said the myrmidon of justice, retiring with his knife and the hat to the window, followed by the eager looks of the prisoner, whose attention, however, was immediately called to a nearer danger, by the return of Louis, with little Bijou in his arms. The poor dog flew at him instantly, barking, growling, quivering, almost shrieking with anger, bit his heels and his legs, and was with difficulty dragged from him, so strong had passion made the faithful creature.

“Look!” said Louis. “I brought him from his master’s grave to bear witness against his murderer. Look!”

“Their worshipps will hardly commit me on the evidence of a dog,” observed Wilson, recovering himself.

“But look here,” rejoined the police-officer, producing two dirty bits of paper, most curiously folded, from the old hat. “Here are the two W—notes—the 10*l.* notes—signed David Williams, Nos. 1025 and 662. You and the little dog are right, my good boy: this is the murderer, sure enough. There can be no doubt about committing him now.”

It is hardly necessary to add that James Wilson was committed, or that proof upon proof poured in to confirm his guilt and discredit his witnesses. He died confessing the murder; and Bijou and Louis, somewhat appeased by having brought the criminal to justice, found comfort in their mutual affection, and in a tender recollection of their dear old friend and master.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Recent Deaths—National Gallery; Hortolan Amendments, &c.—Return of Masquerades—Contest of Prejudices—Progress of Somnambulism—Lithographic Art.

RECENT DEATHS.—In our Commentary this month we are something like the audiences at Yates's Theatre, "rather squeezed for room." In such a case the annotator of events should contrive to accommodate himself to the prescribed space for his remarks, by making them as broad as they are long: and yet, strange to say, except in some affairs of a political nature, nothing seems to have transpired since we last met the public to afford a *fourd* for mirthful observations. On the contrary, it has been a month of deaths and sorrow—deaths, too, of persons well known to the world, and more or less regretted in different circles as more or less known to them. The humane and pugnacious Dick Martin is gone to his account. So is the once *famous* Colonel Gwillim Lloyd Wardle. The Lord Chancellor's brother, Mr. Brigstock, and Mr. Fenton, have made three new vacancies in the House of Commons. The death of Lord Grenville has vacated the auditorship of the Exchequer, which has been bestowed upon Lord Auckland; and of the chancellorship of the University of Oxford, which the acclamation of that learned body has bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington. Lady Lyndhurst, too, has been added to the list of the deceased.

NATIONAL GALLERY; HORTOLAN AMENDMENTS, &c.—The metropolitan eye-sore is in rapid progress; and we suppose additional hands will be employed upon the work; since, by a strange perversion of terms, the foundations of the *Conservative Club* in Pall Mall have undermined those of the Angerstein House, which has served as a temporary "National Gallery" for the last few years. One cannot but grieve to think how surely and how sadly we are destined to have St. Martin's Church re-interred amongst the surrounding houses; but we suppose, as in all other grievous calamities, we must grin and bear it.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have been obliged to take the semi-circular garden at the end of Portland-place into their own keeping; it has been hitherto open to the public, and the consequence has been that scenes of unbearable impropriety and indecency have occurred within its mazes. For the future the admission will be more select, and the domain will be watched by green-coated keepers, such as superintend Kensington Gardens and other places of gratuitous resort. Although it appears that the enlightened public cannot be trusted without looking after, we suppose by-and-by we shall hear of the shameful tyranny of excluding the PEOPLE, or of controlling their amusements.

RETURN OF MASQUERADES.—We are glad, for the sake of variety, that masquerades are likely to be again fashionable. Those who have seen no masquerade but a public one, and have turned with disgust and loathing from its yells and filthinesses, can have no conception of the fun and agreeableness of private ones. Those who remember Mrs. Orby Hunter's, Mrs. Beaumont's, Lady Warburton's, Mrs. Chichester's, Lady Hort's, and half-a-dozen similar entertainments, will remember how gay

and how delightful they were. The Duchess of Bedford has set the example recently at Woburn Abbey, and we expect to find it followed early in the London season.

CONTEST OF PREJUDICES.—This is the age of science and research. Societies, learned and literary, have multiplied in an extraordinary degree. What the advantages likely to be derived from them may be is yet to be seen. The Royal Society was at one time thought to contain all the requisite elements of utility and advantage to the country: to that succeeded the Society of Arts,—then the Society of Antiquaries,—and then the town seemed fully stocked. But now we have a Geological Society—a Horticultural Society—a Zoological Society—an Asiatic Society—a Society of Literature—a Linnean Society—a Geographical Society, and half-a-dozen others, for all we know.

That these learned bodies assemble, and seat themselves round spacious rooms, and listen to the oration, or rather lecture, of the chairman, we learn with pleasure, and expectation of some great results, and laugh to scorn the ridicule which Foote, some sixty or seventy years ago, cast upon the first of these combinations just at the time of its establishment. But it is impossible not to observe upon the sovereign contempt which the devoted members of any one of these institutions feel for the exertions of those of another.

The zoologist descants, after dinner, upon the bones of a mammoth dug up somewhere in Africa. "Who cares for mammoths?" says he of the Geological. "What was the character of the soil in which the thing was found?" The zoologist, blind to everything but his mammoth, had never thought of marking down the strata in which the relic was embedded, and cannot answer. "Who cares for strata?" cries the third, a member of the geographical corps: "can you tell us exactly the spot where the remains were discovered?" "Not to a nicety, because—" says the zoologist;—but, before he gets his apology half out, the geographical *fellow* has turned away with disgust, and exclaimed to his Linnean friend, "What an ass not to know precisely the latitude and longitude of the spot where the thing was found!" "I wonder," says the Linnean, "if he could describe the nature or character of the trees or plants near the place." The Asiatic man takes up a book and reads during the discussion, having said to himself, "What the deuce signifies anything that happens in Africa?" He is joined in his denunciation, on different ground, by the member of the Society of Arts; who says, that they gave the gold Ceres medal, fifteen years before, to Miss Timberlake, of Highbury Place, for a pasteboard model of a mammoth, (from fancy,) which was infinitely more interesting to *him* than all the real mammoths (if there ever were any) in the world. "If it had been a mummy," sighs an experienced unroller, "it would have been something to talk about!" "That is to say," cries he of the Royal Society, "if it had contained any interesting hieroglyphics in its folds." "Or any coins in its case," cries the antiquary. "Or any bulbous roots in its body," exclaims the horticulturist.

Nevertheless, the mammoth-finder descants upon every bone and bump of his favourite animal, until he has scraped him dry: when the geologist seizes his opportunity, discusses at length the interesting appearance of some wretched old hill in Cumberland or Westmoreland;

and describes, with an energy and interest wholly at variance with the feelings and tastes of all his hearers, the entire composition of his favourite mountains: and so they go on, and pass what they call satisfactory evenings, which are chiefly enlivened by the flat contradictions which all the worthy persons in company give each other, and the suppressed laughter with which the learned on one subject "pooh, pooh" down the proficient in another art or science.

In their separate classes they are all admirable in their way; the men of "one idea," then "find variety in one," and are happy; but when they are mixed indiscriminately, each man believes not only that his talents are brighter, and his knowledge more profound, than those of his neighbour, but that his "one idea," that is to say the science to which he himself is devoted, is *the* only one worth attending to. Of the *arcana* of very learned bodies, Mr. Haslewood has, to be sure, left some curious records. It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to expose the Freemasonry of such a knot; but it is really lamentable to think, that men who claimed an exclusive power of superiority, as they did, should have indulged in absurdities fitted, perhaps, for the Beef-steak Club or the worshipful fraternity of Odd Fellows, but certainly inconsistent with the object which they professed to have in view.

PROGRESS OF SOMNAMBULISM.—One of the most striking cases of Somnambulism we ever met with, has recently been published in the ordinary police reports; so striking, that if it had appeared through any other medium, and without the corroborative testimony of medical and other men, to whom the truth of the statement was known, one would really have thought it a pleasant bit of fiction. A man of the name of Green charged one Mary Spencer, "a well-looking young woman," according to the reporter, for stealing a bundle from his arm, on which he was carrying it, at ten o'clock at night, through the Borough of Southwark, the complainant declaring himself utterly ignorant of all the circumstances.

Upon this admission, Alderman Thorpe very naturally inquired of Mr. Green if he were drunk. "No, Sir," says Green, "indeed I was not, but I was fast asleep." This was enough even to startle an Alderman: to walk in one's sleep in noisy crowded streets, was carrying the joke a little too far; but, as we have already said, the statement was substantiated by acting inspector M'Craw, who knew the complainant, and knew that this wandering was constitutional. A gentleman present also vouched for the truth of this statement, and added, that the man (who is a plasterer by trade) frequently fell asleep while working on the scaffold, but continued working as if he were awake; and, in that state, would answer questions properly and rationally, and had never met with any accident or injury.

If this—and we cannot doubt it—be true, if it were not for the name of the thing, we might sleep all day and nobody be the wiser, Rothschild might negotiate a loan in his night-cap; Lord Althorp raise the ways and means in a doze; and Sir Henry Hallford prescribe for his patients without depriving himself of his natural rest.

There have occurred during the month two cases of outrages committed by the masters of haberdashery shops, aided and abetted by

their molly-coddling myrmidons, in the shape of shopmen, which ought to be recorded, not only to caution people against similar atrocities, but to make the public acquainted with the names of the people who have been convicted of such disgraceful conduct.

The first affair happened in the shop of John Simpson, in Bishopsgate-street, where a Mr. Timothy applied to purchase a frock *marked in the window* at 5s. 11d. and was refused, in the most insolent manner. The man in the shop to whom he addressed himself called him a d—d Jew; adding, that if he wanted such a frock as that he must pay 7s. 6d. for it; not content, however, with using this foul language, the fellow proceeded to blows—nine or ten of the shopmen fell upon Mr. Timothy, knocked him down, and beat him while down; from this rascally assault he was rescued by the spectators, but not until he had received a severe beating, and had lost his hat, and three half-crowns out of his pocket.

In order to obtain further information upon the matter, the Lord Mayor despatched one of the marshalmen to the house, who, on his return, stated that he had been called a d—d rascal, and ordered by one of the shopmen to get out of the shop.

All the parties concerned in this outrage were held to bail; but coarse and shameful as is its character, it falls very far short of another assault, perpetrated by another set of fellows upon the person of a lady of high character and most respectable connexions, residing at Clapham Rise.

This infamous proceeding took place in the shop of a man named Vince, a linendraper at Stockwell, and is described by Miss Newman, the victim of the shameless violence of the man and his assistants, in the following manner:—

On Thursday, the 9th, Miss Newman went into the shop and desired Collier the shopman to show her some lawn similar to some she had seen there a few days before, but for which he asked a different price. Upon Miss Newman's mentioning the fact, the man said, "What do you mean by that?" Miss Newman repeated the observation; and not particularly pleased with the man's manner quitted the shop, it being then nearly dusk. She had not proceeded far when Collier, the shopman, came up to her, and, tapping her on the shoulder, told her that they had lost a piece of handkerchief; to which the lady replied, "Upon my honour I have not taken it." Nevertheless, Collier said she must come back, and took her by the arm to compel her to do so. On their way back they met Vince, the master of the shop, and a man named Skinner, who joined them and repeated the history of the loss. When Miss Newman arrived at the shop she was shown into a room, where, in addition to Vince and the others, she found a policeman and two women. Vince then said to the lady, "You must strip." This Miss Newman refused, but offered her cloak and muff for examination, but Vince persisted in the determination that Miss Newman should strip. She was accordingly taken up stairs, where Vince's wife, or daughter, and a servant, actually stripped her of every article of clothing, except one garment, which they minutely inspected, unlaced her stays, and searched her pockets; and when they permitted her to dress, observed, "That, after all, she might have dropped the article;" the fellow Vince having previously told her, that "if she had not accused him of charging two prices, he should not have had her searched."

These defendants, like the others, were all held to bail to answer the

charge at the Sessions ; but Miss Newman, who is in extremely delicate health, and was obliged to be carried from the office to her brother's carriage, did not feel equal to appearing as prosecutrix, and the Magistrates, much against their inclination, were compelled to change their decision and fine the three men five pounds each ; the women, insolent and indelicate as they were, having been forgiven at Miss Newman's earnest request.

The newspapers have most properly commented upon these two affairs, and one or two of them have expressed a hope that the conduct of Mr. Simpson of Bishopsgate-street, and Mr. Vince of Stockwell, will induce ladies, when they require articles of female dress, to deal with females, who can so much more correctly and delicately sell them.

The long-expected death of the venerable Lord Grenville has taken place. A brief memoir of his Lordship appears in another department of our present number. The event, besides vacating the Auditorship of the Exchequer (since conferred on Lord Auckland, Master of the Mint, President of the Board of Trade, and Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital) also caused a vacancy in the high and important office of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, which his Lordship had held ever since the year 1810.

Several eminent noblemen were mentioned as his Lordship's probable successor, Lord Mansfield and Lord Talbot among the number ; but none appeared likely to be unanimously elected, except the Duke of Wellington, upon whom a deputation from the University waited, in order to request his Grace to permit himself to be put in nomination. The Duke begged thankfully and respectfully to decline the honour, upon the ground that Sir Robert Peel, who had been their representative in Parliament, and who was not only a member of the University (which his Grace is not) but had most eminently distinguished himself by his classical attainments, and by his warm attachment to the interests of the learned body which he once represented. It was, however, in vain that his Grace endeavoured to transfer the call, and he eventually consented to be nominated. In the mean time a deputation from a meeting held at Merton had proceeded to Sir Robert Peel, who firmly and decidedly declined the honour. Indeed it is questionable whether, as a commoner, he would have been, strictly speaking, eligible to the office, which is supposed to imply an advocacy of the interests of the University in the House of Lords, while the two representatives watch over them in the House of Commons. The election took place on Wednesday, when the Duke of Wellington was chosen unanimously. The installation will take place in June or July.

Whether the wind will have changed before we go to press of course we cannot say ; but from the middle of November up to the present hour it has unvaryingly remained at south-west ; the consequence of which is, that, at the time we write this, upwards of one thousand sail of vessels are wind-bound in the various ports along the coast. The delay has been ruinous, not only to the owners in the way of demurrage, but to the passengers, many of whom have been already twice as long at Portsmouth and Plymouth as they ought to have been completing their passages to their different places of destination. They say, "it is an ill

wind that blows nobody good." The truth of this saying is exemplified by the fact, that in all the sea-ports the pawnbrokers have reaped a heavy harvest of watches, and trinkets of various sorts, which the unfortunate *detenus* have been obliged to dispose of in order to subsist during their delay. One case is very curious: the *Dart*, bound to Madeira, sailed in company with four other vessels, which touched at Portsmouth, which she did not; she has made her voyage, landed her cargo, reloaded, and returned from Madeira to Portsmouth, finding, on her arrival, all her former companions still at anchor at Spithead.

While these winds are damaging trade and commerce, the mildness of the season is threatening our harvest. All the spring flowers are in bloom, hawthorn, fresh and sweet as in May, polyanthus, crocuses, snowdrops, and violets spangle the ground; and the wheat, which it has been found necessary to "feed off," in the absence of frost, is threatened, in various places, with the slug. A bad harvest this year would be a much more serious evil than the political economists think: however, we will not anticipate gloomily.

The divorced Lady Ellenborough is again married to a member of the *corps diplomatique* at Munich, at which court she has been favourably received. Miss Kemble, it seems, is not yet married. A statement that letters had been received in London from her, with her signature as Mrs. Butler, was communicated to the "Chronicle" by somebody, who "happened to know the fact;" but it was, nevertheless, erroneous. Mr. Barham is married to Lady Katherine Grimston, one of the beautiful daughters of the Earl and Countess of Verulam; and Colonel Sir Henry Cooke is to be married, on the 13th, to Miss Harriet Raikes. The Marquis of Hastings has had his son christened by the curious names of Panlyn Reginald Serlo. He is Earl of Rawdon and Moira, and heir to the titles and estates of three noble families;—to the marquise of Hastings, from his father; to the earldom of Loudon, from his grandmother; and to the most ancient of all, the barony of Grey de Ruthven, from his mother.

We still have to lament the absence of a very large portion of the aristocracy from England, and apprehend even more *exportations* before the meeting of Parliament, or rather before the political campaign actually begins.

The very important and protracted court-martial upon Captain Wathen, on charges preferred against him by his commanding officer, Lord Brudenell, has terminated, and the finding and sentence will, in all probability, be promulgated before we go to press. The general impression is, that an honourable acquittal will be the result; and we believe that impression is derived purely from the evidence which has been adduced during the arduous investigation of the charges. The newspapers represent the noble prosecutor as being much agitated and depressed at the course which the proceedings took; and little doubt can be entertained that the gallant officer who has been subjected to the painful ordeal, will come from it, with the fame and reputation he had previously so deservedly acquired, unsullied and untarnished. The Court were not more than half an hour deciding the case—a prompt-

ness and unanimity which of themselves afford us every reason to be confident of the result.

It is impossible not to laugh outright at the easy credulity with which the public, newspapers and all, have swallowed that most palpable trick called the "Napoleon Match," at the gambling-rooms in St. James's-street. Editors who have devoted their columns to the denunciations of all such establishments,—writers who have strained every nerve to warn the innocent and proclaim the guilty frequenters of such places,—are found deliberately giving the details of this bubble, got up for no other purpose than to begin the evening. The pretended match lasts one hour. One man, known to be a partner in the concern, plays for England; but, as there is nobody actually representing the French *salon* to play against him, one of his confederates, or brothers, perhaps, dressed up in a mask, represents the Gallic gaming-house;—this very bit of absurdity might surely serve to explode the whole affair. Why should a Paris gambler, where gaming is not only tolerated, but sanctioned and regulated by the law, why should *he* wear a mask in a place where not one person in a hundred would know him, and if that one did recognise him he would only find a French "Leg," and the Englishman sit and play against him with his face bare. It seems that the unhappy members of the real Athenæum, amongst whom are numbered most of the Judges and many of the Bishops of the realm, are in a state of considerable uneasiness, because the gaming-house people have thought proper to call their den in St. James's-street by the name of the club in Waterloo-place; the Athenæum being almost the only club in London in which games of any kind (excepting chess sometimes in the morning) are very rarely, if ever, played.

The King will open Parliament in person, and his Majesty will return to Brighton afterwards to remain until the Queen shall hold her first drawing-room for the season, when the Court will remove to London and Windsor. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland arrived at St. James's palace on the 22d, attended by his equery Lord Charles Wellesley. Her Royal Highness the Duchess and Prince George remain at Berlin, where the attentions of Baron Graffe to the suffering prince are unremitting. In a case of such importance one avoids encouraging too much hope of success for fear of ultimate disappointment, but M. Graffe still expresses confidence in his course of treatment, which is merely preparatory to an operation which he purposes, at a future period, to perform.

It appears that the Benchers of the Inner Temple, after having heard counsel and evidence in support of Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey's demand to be called to the Bar, have decided that nothing has occurred during these proceedings to alter the determination to which the Bench had come on the 13th of November, 1821; thus again refusing to accede to Mr. Harvey's application.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Remarks on Forest Scenery, and other Woodland Views. By the late Rev. W. Gilpin, A.M. Edited by Sir T. Dick Lauder, Bart. 2 vols.

WE have little sympathy with the man who can regard, without enthusiasm, the various beauties of Nature in her forest walks. Even a single tree is always an interesting, and generally a beautiful object; it gives variety to the landscape; it suggests the idea of shelter and protection; and it is the prominent connecting link between animal life and stationary existence. It affords the philosopher a striking subject for meditation, from the mode of its growth, the varieties of its form, and the numerous uses to which it is applied; and, if he chooses to extend his reasonings from "Nature up to Nature's God," a tree, germinating from a diminutive seedling, a key, or an acorn, fixing its roots in the earth, whence and from the surrounding atmosphere it imbibes its nourishment by contrivances admirably adapted to the purpose,—erecting its stem, shooting wide its branches, generating seed, and clothing its spray with foliage, while it towers aloft in its gigantic proportions far above all vegetable and animal creation,—surely no object, purely inanimate, more forcibly, or at least more obviously, presents the marks of design, and suggests the necessary existence, of a wise Artificer. In this respect, indeed, it falls far short of the exquisite skill displayed in animal organization, and even in the vegetable kingdom we meet with many nicer structures; but a tree, from its size and prominent character, readily attracts our attention, and, from its frequent occurrence, presents us with a subject for meditation in every mood of the mind.

It is not in their individual character, however, but in their endless combinations, that trees deserve our highest admiration. Without them scarcely any landscape pleases the eye of taste; where they are present, no scene is absolutely devoid of beauty. The forest has, from time immemorial, been the favourite walk of the painter, the lover, and the poet. Even the fool, our old friend Touchstone, whom the melancholy Jaques so greatly admired, had the good sense to seek the forest when he found himself in the humour for moralising. Jaques himself found, in the same neighbourhood, abundant food for cherishing his philosophical and gentlemanlike melancholy, when

"As he lay
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,"

he expressed his pity for the poor stricken deer.

But it is time to introduce to the notice of our readers the two delightful volumes which have, at this dreary season, when the forest is denuded of half its honours, recalled to us its intrinsic beauty and its thousand associations of pleasure.

Mr. Gilpin's work has long been favourably known to artists as a valuable and delightful guide in the study of Nature, amidst her forest walks. The amiable author, himself an amateur artist of some eminence, contemplates every object with the eye of taste; while he seldom neglects that accuracy which, though it be absolutely necessary for the purposes of science, is too often overlooked by the painter, whose habits incline him to regard only effect. It is evident, however, that even for the purpose of being at all times able to create the desired effect, an artist ought to be well acquainted with the minuter parts of his subject, for upon a skillful combination of these the general effect often entirely depends. In Mr. Gilpin's book both objects are attended to, and with such masterly discrimination and elegance of description, that the landscape painter cannot possibly have a companion at once more delightful and instructive. But

Mr. Gilpin's work is not exclusively, nor perhaps principally, calculated to please the professional artist; to the arboriculturist it is particularly valuable, as it minutely describes our indigenous trees, and the principal exotics which have been introduced into our clime, together with the nature of the soils in which they delight, their value as timber, and their most striking combinations in the lawn, the park, and the forest. To the botanist it is valuable for its science, especially in those very important additions which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has made to the original work; and to the general reader, who, like ourselves, has neither lawns to adorn nor landscapes to plant, nor more skill in botany than is sufficient to give him a keener enjoyment of the beauties of external nature as displayed in her vegetable kingdom,—we can honestly recommend this edition of Gilpin's "Forest Scenery," as one of the most delightful books which we have ever read.

This work, though often mentioned with high praise by men well qualified to judge of its merit, has never met with that extensive popularity which it deserves. In England, indeed, it was formerly sufficiently well known, but in Ireland and Scotland, we believe, it never had an extensive circulation, and even in England we have reason to know it has long been out of print. This last circumstance we cannot now regret, as it has induced the present publishers to give to the world, under the able editorship of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, an edition incomparably superior to any former one, in the beauty of its typography, in the excellence of its numerous illustrations, and above all, in the numerous and valuable additions by the highly-gifted editor, which give to the present volumes the character of almost an original work. His part in it must not be passed over slightly. In bulk his additions nearly equal the original work of Gilpin; and the excellence of this additional matter, or at least an estimate of its excellence, may be gathered from the declaration, which we make advisedly and after a very careful perusal of the whole, that, if taken separately, we should find considerable difficulty in deciding which to prefer, the old part or the new. Mr. Gilpin is of course entitled to all the merit of the original plan; he also writes with more ease, as one to whom the subjects on which he descants are familiar as matter of daily and hourly contemplation. His residence in the New Forest enabled him to extend his rambles, for daily exercise or pleasure, through scenes which suggested, at every step, some hint for his memorandum-book; and his temper, as well as his highly-cultivated taste, seems to have admirably qualified him for deriving pleasure from woodland scenery, and for imparting that pleasure to others. We know little of Gilpin's personal history, but, judging of his character from his book, (no very accurate or certain test, we admit,) we should say, he was rather a habitual and placid than an enthusiastic admirer of nature; a sufficiently accurate observer, with taste highly cultivated, but somewhat indolent withal; perhaps the planter of an orchard, certainly a pruner of his own vines; fond of classical study, but still fonder of conversing with gipsies, gray-headed land-stewards, and superannuated gardeners. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, we have the means of knowing, is in some respects very different from this: he is full of enthusiasm, active, restless, and various in his pursuits. He has already distinguished himself in several departments of literature. His novels have that vigour of conception and bustle of incident without which a work of fancy is scarcely ever readable, and, with many faults, bear the impress of original genius. His account of the Moray Floods is scarcely more interesting for its facts than for the simple eloquence with which they are recorded; and his scientific labours, though not ostentatiously obtruded on the public, would be creditable to a *savant* by profession, much more to a gentleman amateur. Sir Thomas, like Gilpin, can handle the pencil as well as the pen, and is thus a competent judge of picturesque effect. Like him, too, he views every object with the eye of taste; but his sense of beauty, unlike the simple percep-

tion of the tranquil tenant of Vicar's Hill, is so mixed up with vivid associations, and the wild imaginings of an enthusiastic temperament, as to assume, sometimes, the appearance of extravagance, but more generally that warm glow which is properly more ascribable to the medium through which the object is viewed, than to the inherent beauty of the object or the impression which it is naturally calculated to impart. Hence, no doubt, Sir Thomas has been tempted, in his present work, to adopt, in its unqualified sense and to its fullest extent, that theory which admits, to use his own words, "no inherent quality of beauty existing in objects or forms," and which resolves all our perceptions of beauty into a principle of association—a theory, the accuracy of which, at least to the extent pleaded by him, we shall have occasion afterwards to question.

There is, however, one remarkable coincidence between Sir Thomas and his ingenious predecessor. He too appears to possess all that real benevolence and unaffectedness of character which we have ascribed to Gilpin, and like him, we doubt not, is the patron and unwearied catechist of "oldest inhabitants," gipsies, and nurserymen,—a predilection with which we have no right to quarrel, as we owe to it many of the delightful anecdotes with which these volumes abound. It is this feature which chiefly recommends the book to the general reader, who is supposed to care less for the purely scientific part; and we dare say, even those who consult it principally for use will not be very sorry at finding it agreeable also. For our own part, we willingly confess that we see no necessary connexion between knowledge and dullness, and we are happy to see our view practically confirmed in the "Forest Scenery." Much of this praise is due to Sir T. Dick Lauder: he has made the work truly a scientific one, by giving the class and order to which each tree belongs, distinguishing the more important varieties of the same species, and adding much curious matter respecting their natural history; while, at the same time, he has greatly enlivened the whole with amusing anecdotes of personal adventure and observation. Gilpin's original plan admits of all this being done without injury to his arrangement; and so happily has Sir Thomas blended his additions with the former matter, that he appears less in the character of a mere editor than of an original author filling up, from more extensive observation and more accurate knowledge, his own outline. Had the learned baronet passed the whole of his life in the forest of Amiens or of Ardennes, instead of swaying the mobility of political meetings, and acting the tribune of the people in a crowded city, (and we sincerely regret to think that a man so honourable-minded and so highly-talented as Sir Thomas, should ever lend himself to such fooleries,) he could not have executed his task in a more masterly manner, or with more entire enthusiasm. To him the age of a particular tree is an object scarcely less interesting than that of an individual of his own species. He rejoices in the vigour of a sapling as he would in the health of a favourite child; he watches its growth with the utmost solicitude, marks down in his memorandum-book its progress from year to year—he exults in its "*greatest girth*"—observes symptoms of its decay with anxious sorrow; and, when at last it yields to the force of the tempest, or perishes under the touch of gradual decay, he laments over it as he would over a friend dying in a good old age; but if it fall untimely under the axe, the biographer of trees evidently contemplates the unhappy forester with something like the feeling of horror which the moralist entertains towards an unfeeling murderer. With Sir Thomas an offence against taste is a serious crime; and wo to the unfortunate squire to whose charge he can lay the desecration of a grove, the awkward grouping of a clump, or even the misplacing of a single tree! Pollarding is an offence little short of petty larceny, and *barking* is death without benefit of clergy. We question whether, in spite of the genuine sense of religion which his remarks discover, and his character as a man of taste and a lover of architecture, Sir Thomas could have sincerely joined in admiration of the first Temple, or

has been able, as a Christian, ever to forgive Solomon's forty score thousand Jewish hewers who produced such havoc among the celebrated forests of Lebanon.

We love this enthusiasm, especially when, as in the present case, it is accompanied with genuine taste. It is only such men as Gilpin and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who unite a keen enjoyment of the beauties of nature with habits of attentive observation, a refined taste, and intimate acquaintance with her minutest modes of operation, that can do justice to her forest scenery; and, accordingly, their labours outweigh in value the lucubrations of a score of plodding arboriculturists, who get unbounded credit for solidity merely because they are imperviously obscure and impenetrably dull.

Gilpin's arrangement is methodical and simple. He divides his work into three books, in the first of which he considers trees—which, he justly observes, are the foundation of all scenery—as single objects; and here he has investigated their general picturesque qualities in their several kinds, and in the specific character of each; and he concludes this part of his work with a short account of the most celebrated trees. In the second book he considers trees under their various modes of composition, from the clump to the forest; concluding this part with a view of forest scenery, and of the several forests that may be traced in Great Britain. The third book is entirely dedicated to the New Forest, the scenery of which is described in a series of journeys through that interesting tract of country, with which the author was more intimately connected; and lastly, the modes and habits of life are described of such animals as inhabit it.

Sir Thomas's part of the present edition consists principally, as we have already mentioned, in filling up the original plan, by the addition of such information as increased experience and more extensive observation have suggested, and partly in rectifying Gilpin's mistakes, and combatting some of his particular decisions in matters of taste. Besides this, he has greatly added to the value of the work by his important additions to the scientific part; and to its interest, by the many anecdotes, all intimately connected, and generally illustrative of his subject, with which he has enlivened it. All of these additions are carefully distinguished from Mr. Gilpin's text, by being in a smaller type; and each respective portion is introduced immediately after the original matter to which it refers. This we think a much better plan than loading the book with notes, which, from their number and bulk, must have been inconvenient for consultation, and at the same time offensive to the eye.

Before we dismiss these delightful volumes we have a word or two to say on a subject to which we have already adverted—we mean the editor's theory of Beauty, as unfolded in his preliminary essay "On the Nature and Principles of Taste." We say *his* theory, because, although he professes to give only an abstract of Mr. Jeffrey's review of Alison's *Essays* on this subject, he advocates the theory in a more absolute sense than, as appears to us, was ever meant by either Alison or his ingenious reviewer; and, at all events, carries it to an extent which we think unwarranted by sound philosophy. We are aware that Mr. Alison's opinion, that the power of certain objects to excite certain emotions of pity, terror, &c., depends upon association, is now pretty generally received; and, to a certain extent, we believe it to be just: nay, we are even prepared to admit, that in *every* case our sense of beauty, sublimity, and so forth, is capable of being heightened or modified by association. But we cannot help adhering in part, at least, to the good old creed which acknowledges a beauty in certain objects, independent of all association, which affects immediately not what the reviewer sneeringly calls a new sense, but a simple feeling of the mind, by which, through the medium of any sense, it receives impressions of beauty or deformity, pleasure or disgust, from certain objects. With regard to some things, the impression is so invariable and universal, that, in so far as they are concerned, taste is as certain as the moral sense itself.

Few men are altogether insensible to what we call natural impressions, from the various objects presented to them in the appearances of external nature. Emotions of pleasure, of awe, and of admiration, in many cases, accompany, and are suggested by, the contemplation of what men have learned to call graceful, stupendous, or sublime, in objects presented to the eye either singly or in combination. These emotions are common to all men, and some of them are invariably suggested by the same object to all men, under all circumstances—at least, we are not aware that, amid all the disputation about the existence of inherent beauty, and the difficulty of settling the principles of taste, the universality of particular feelings, as invariably connected with particular objects, (though this class of objects is indeed limited), has ever been denied. Innumerable are the instances in which tastes differ, but upon certain subjects all tastes coincide. A lofty mountain, for example, broken into a thousand chasms, and ribbed with rocks, occasionally bristling with the giant pines of a half-exterminated forest, planting its base near some wide-extended lake, and hiding its eternal snows amid the clouds of heaven—such an object, we say, is naturally calculated to create a feeling of the sublime; and we know, in fact, that such is the emotion which more or less powerfully it invariably does excite: while the smiling valley of which it forms the boundary, divided by its winding stream, and enamelled with every flower of spring, as invariably gives rise to emotions connected with the perception of beauty. We do not deny that the feeling in either case may be heightened by our associations, but we find it difficult to believe that they originate in associations only: we can imagine our associations with respect to them to be reversed without our present emotions being very materially affected. We therefore think it more consistent with a sound philosophy to suppose that certain objects and combinations of objects are actually calculated to excite certain emotions in the mind, altogether independent of association; although we at the same time admit, what is indeed undeniable, that in many cases our associations give a particular and a strong character to what would otherwise have appeared indifferent—that in a few cases they violently alter and even reverse the emotion which is naturally suggested by an object, and that in almost all they have a certain influence over our appreciation of beauty. We are at present combatting not the theory of Alison, for he admits of objects affecting our emotions “by association or otherwise;” nor of Mr. Jeffrey, who acknowledges that “certain combinations of colours and of sounds are *originally* agreeable to the eye and the ear, and constitute a sort of beauty which may be said to be the direct and peculiar object of our perception, and of which no other account can be given than that, by the constitution of our nature, such objects are agreeable to us;” but only Sir Thomas Dick Lauder’s unqualified position that *all* beauty depends upon association. No doubt this is only carrying Mr. Alison’s principles to an extent perfectly warranted by that eminent writer himself, when he attempts to account for all our ideas of beauty, on the ground of their having reference to some social or selfish affection; but Sir Thomas is unfortunate in choosing for illustration of the theory some particulars which Mr. Alison wisely or inadvertently overlooked, and which, in our humble opinion, are fatal to the universality, at least, of his doctrine of association. For instance, to what class of associations are we to refer the sense of beauty suggested by certain contortions and twistings of the branch of a tree, and of deformity as generally suggested by irregularities of a different form? Nay, even that which pleases in one species of tree displeases in another. We suspect it would not be easy to account for this on the principle that all objects are beautiful or otherwise only as they have the power of reminding us of the proper objects of our familiar affections.

But we feel that we have not room at present fully to discuss a subject which has already employed the pens of Burke, and Price, and Knight, and Gilpin, and Alison, and Jeffrey; and we should, therefore, not have

alluded to it at all were we not satisfied that the reader of the "Forest Scenery" will often find it difficult to reconcile many of those beauties which both Gilpin and Sir Thomas acknowledge, in their description of trees, with the exclusive principles of taste so warmly advocated by the latter; and therefore we would advise him, when at a loss to account for his perceptions of beauty in a leaf, a branch, a tree, or any similar object, to say, with Mr. Jeffrey, "by the constitution of our nature such objects are agreeable to us."

In conclusion, we have only to repeat, that few books have afforded us more real pleasure than this valuable and beautiful edition of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery." It cannot fail to be extensively known, and we feel satisfied that it requires only to be known in order to be admired.

The Coquette. 3 vols. By the Author of "Miserrimus."

"Miserrimus" was a clever, indeed, an extraordinary book: upon its faults and its perfections it is not now our business to comment, but being the production of no ordinary mind, we have been naturally led to expect a great deal from the author when he again levelled lance in our literary lists. It was evident that he was young as a writer of fiction, but he was therefore perhaps more vigorous; and it has seldom been our task to peruse a volume of deeper interest. The author commenced the "Coquette" with (as he tells us, in a modest, well-written preface) no higher object in view than mere amusement. We are sorry, and we blame him, for this; because people who can do well ought not to be content with mediocrity;—and it is surely no high or desirable end to wile away time without having made us wiser or better during the hours we have consumed. The author has, however, performed what he promised, has produced the effect he had contemplated, and the "Coquette" is to the full as amusing as coquettes generally are. Indeed, the gentleman seems so fully alive to the imperfections of this gay and sparkling class, that we shrewdly suspect he has been somewhat a sufferer by the bright eyes and beaming smiles of the "witches" of England or France. The whole composition of the "Coquette" savours of the latter school, and did we not know to the contrary, we should be led to believe that its origin was derived from some of those plumed pens that paint so skilfully the schemes, follies, and intrigues of French *médiocre* society. Let "Miserrimus" say what he will, coquetry is not the character of our fair English women; they may affect it, as they do a host of other faults and follies, but it is not their nature—they are too sensible, too sincere, too true-hearted for coquetry. We advise our author forthwith to resume his pen, and, taking a few hints from his neighbours, make the *amende honorable*, to the fair sex, by setting forth the "*Male Coquette*," in all his hideousness of form and character. What, we would ask him, can a poor girl do?—if there were none of the "*opposite sex*" to coquette with, they must either flirt with each other, or give up the practice altogether. Men set an example, which women in their weakness follow; and that, in the words of Orator Snub, is "the long and the short of the matter." "The Coquette" is a most amusing library-book, and would be exceedingly proper as well as entertaining to read aloud these long, wet, winter evenings, were it not for certain passages written with a carelessness, to say no worse of them, for which, from one who so evidently knows right from wrong, we can *make no excuse*.

These offensive paragraphs (for they are but few) may be very easily expunged when the "Coquette" changes her dress—by which we mean arrives at a second edition; and it is a pity that anything written with a kind intent, and a total freedom from the affectations (saying and except *the rose leures*) of fashionable novels, should be at all stained by a fault arising more from the *façon de parler*, too common amongst young men.

Several of the characters are exceedingly well drawn—indeed they are obviously sketches from the life, and there is a sparkling vivacity through

the whole work. If we cannot rank it at the head of its class we may at least fairly consider it an acquisition to the library during these dull winter months, when a pleasant, humorous, and gossiping companion is more welcome to our fireside than a head brimfull of knowledge, and a tongue dropping "wise saws." The author must, however, labour with a higher object than mere amusement—he is capable of thinking and of writing better than he has yet done. We trust we may, ere long, see the results of such counsel in a work of fiction that shall be as powerfully interesting as "*Miserrimus*," and as merry as the "*Coquette*," but more useful and natural than either.

The Book of Psalms, with Scriptural Illustrations.

The compiler of this useful and elegant little volume justly observes that "the multitude of marginal references added in some of our Bibles presents a great obstacle in the way of pursuing such a plan generally; for, many of them having more of the character of a concordance, are unsuitable to the end proposed." This is undoubtedly true; and some of the most beautiful passages in the Psalms are, in the careful work before us, illustrated by different portions of the Old and New Testament. We are convinced that the other portions of Scripture similarly arranged would be invaluable, particularly to those who lack the time to investigate for themselves. The author, we understand, is an excellent and accomplished lady, whose main object has been to gratify and assist her own extensive circle, but who has given to the public the power of participating in the "great good" which cannot but result from her well-directed labours.

The Tale without an End. From the German. By Mrs. Austin.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and design of this German fairy tale, embellished as it is by the most delicate wood engravings. Mrs. Austin does all things well, though we doubt if there are not some points that she might have either omitted or altered materially in her very elegant translation.

The Fire-flies should not be made to tell stories instead of truth; the great point is to use and not abuse the beauties of fable.

The Parliamentary Pocket Companion.

We are happy to perceive that our recommendation of this valuable little work has been fully responded to. In the very first year of its birth—ever memorable as the year of the reformed Parliament—it ran through several editions. The extensive patronage it has won, and its fixedness as one of the most useful and valuable of our annuals, have not diminished that industry in the compilers which was the primary element of its success. In the present day, when every one affects political knowledge, this key to both houses of parliament is of indispensable necessity. It furnishes at once a complete history of the politics, votes, and connexions of the members of both houses, in many instances agreeably relieved by personal and characteristic anecdotes. It gives, besides, the amount of the constituency in every place invested with the franchise, and the number of votes which secured the return of the sitting member, as well as of those by which the less successful candidate was sustained; thus enabling those curious in political statistics to become acquainted with the opinions of the general electorate body of the empire as regards the great questions now at issue. A very valuable characteristic of this little book is its freedom from any particular party leaning. Induced to go through it in consequence of the very valuable information which it is calculated to afford, we could not even make a guess whether the compilers are Tories, Whigs, or Radicals; whether they view the late great change in our constitution as of good or of evil omen. The objects they seem to have prescribed to themselves are a relation of facts, and an explanation of forms; and this they have done

Critical Notices.

with a fulness and clearness scarcely credible in a work so necessarily concise. Until the reader has very frequently referred to it, he can with difficulty believe that so much information is contained in so circumscribed a compass.

Barnardiston. 3 vols.

There are few persons who must be more completely out of their element than soldiers when half-pay, economy, and idleness succeed to the happier days of death, destruction, and rapid promotion. A half-pay officer is the most unfortunate of created beings;—

“The day of his destiny’s o’er,
And the star of his fate has declined.”

A solitary chop has succeeded to the cheerful companionship of the mess-dinner; an eternal frock-coat has superseded the glittering uniform; and, instead of being the “cynosure of neighbouring eyes” in a country assembly, he is reduced to a perpetually-recurring question of “What shall I do with myself to-night?” No wonder he takes refuge in novel-reading; and as nothing is more alluring than

“The quicksand path that leads from thought to crime,”

novel-reading soon leads to novel-writing; and then the long morning and long evening is filled up with love, sorrow, battle, and sudden death; while the now fortunate H.P. luxuriates in dreams of profit to be obtained and fame to be acquired,—dreams like

“The horizon’s fair deceit,
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas! to meet.”

It may be asked, what have these circumstances to do with “Barnardiston,” a tale of the sixteenth century? Why, we have enlarged on the author’s actual situation, as, if that does not furnish an excuse for writing, we fear that none will be found in the work itself.

Cabinet of Romance.—The Dark Ladye of Doona. 1 vol.

This is a very picturesque story, founded on the traditions wherein the old age of time delights; the very name, “The Dark Ladye,” is enough to make the fortune of a romance published in November. It is the history of a warlike and piratic dame, very celebrated in the popular legends of Ireland. It opens with great spirit; and the early and romantic attachment of the beautiful and wild young chieftainess is quite in a novel style to the generality of such affairs. We do not, however, think that the story improves as it proceeds. It grows more commonplace, more in the usual run, and the imagination of the writer is overlaid with his actual material. As a whole, “The Dark Ladye of Doona” is not equal to the other productions of its author. We were so very much pleased with some of the stories of Waterloo, that we expected more than we have found—a common finish to the expectations of men and critics. Still, we look forward; and recommend our author to more modern topics, and scenes of more actual interest.

The Life and Works of Burns. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. I.

We received this volume too late in the month to do it justice; and must for the present confine ourselves to a recommendation of it as one of the best edited works of modern times—judging from the first volume, and the plan which Mr. Cunningham proposes to pursue. The illustrious peasant has, at length, fallen into good hands. His biographer can understand and appreciate the extraordinary character of the man, and the stupendous genius of the poet. He is a kindred spirit—himself a poet, and a Scottish poet; and although his lot has been cast more fortunately—the elements of his nature blended more happily—and he is reaching age respected as well as admired—a fate widely different from that of his great country-

mar.—Mr. Cunningham has doubtless known what it is to contend with difficulties—difficulties over which he has triumphed, but under which the other Scottish bard fell.

The Young Gentleman's Book : a Series of Choice Readings.

This is one of the most skilfully arranged and least exceptionable compilations we have ever seen. It contains an immense mass of information upon almost every topic useful or interesting to young or old; and though published more especially for the former, it may be consulted with pleasure and profit by the latter. In general the authorities are given, and they are the best. The several divisions embrace a vast variety of subjects, of which explanations and illustrative anecdotes are given—such as geology, ornithology, botany, logic, rhetoric, &c. &c. The volume is, moreover, "got up" with exceeding taste; and is just such a present as one would desire to make to a young friend, or one whose claim may be nearer and dearer.

Remarks on Mr. Hayward's Prose Translation of Goethe's "Faust."

By D. Boileau.

Every one who is acquainted with Mr. Boileau's "Nature and Genius of the German Language" will be delighted to peruse these remarks on "Faust," which may in fact be considered as a sort of sequel and completion to the former work, as well as a most useful supplement to Mr. Hayward's. While bearing willing testimony to the great ability and general fidelity of Mr. Hayward's prose translation of the "Faust," Mr. Boileau scrupulously points the student's attention to some mistakes which none perhaps but a native like himself could so satisfactorily have cleared up. In fact, the pamphlet—for in shape and size it is no more—abounds in copious illustrations, thrown together from the exuberance of a mind richly stored with all the treasures of modern German literature, of those delicacies of expression and niceties of phrase which raise so much difficulty in the way of any one not "to the manner born." All the numerous examples, drawn from so great a variety of sources, are accurately translated and explained; indeed, Mr. Boileau displays almost as intimate and familiar an acquaintance with English and with French as with his native tongue. In common with every genuine lover of the noble language of our Saxon forefathers, we rejoice that the English public is now in possession—through the joint labour of Mr. Hayward and Mr. Boileau—of a complete apparatus for mastering the difficulties of that strange and somewhat mysterious drama, Goethe's "Faust."

Tales and Popular Fictions. By Thomas Keightley.

The task of reviewing this work is at once bewildering and delightful—bewildering, because (although it has a much higher aim and nobler purpose) it is in itself a brilliant review of the whole region of fiction; and delightful, because every page glows with beauties, which seem to unfold themselves the more, the more frequently we recur to them. The author is admirably adapted for his present undertaking, by the deep and varied researches his work on Fairy Mythology compelled him to make; and he presents to us, in rapid succession, the popular fictions and legends of all ages and nations, tracing the glowing records of Persia, India, and Arabia, through all their changes, and in all their European disguises, whether shrouded in mist, hidden in obscurity, or mouldering in the long lost records of ages gone by.

Mr. Keightley begins his work by expressing an opinion, the truth of which he endeavours to prove, that "man is an inventive and independent, rather than a merely imitative, being." No one can peruse his work, without acknowledging that there is indeed a much greater sameness of inven-

tion in human nature than we usually give it credit for; or, to use the author's language, "brief fictitious circumstances might be referred to the poverty of the human imagination, which, having a limited stock of materials to work on, must, of necessity, frequently produce similar combinations." Still, where there has been imitation, he has traced it to its source; no labour of investigation, no depth of research, has been spared; and the reader may delight in the flowers he gathers, and the fruit he culls, without encountering one thorn to annoy, or one difficulty to discourage him. He glides, in the author's delightful company, through France, Spain, Russia, Scandinavia, in short, all the old world, and finds himself, perhaps, not least delighted when listening to the author's pleasing description of home scenes and his own boyhood.

The stories will make the work a treasure to the young; they are so clearly told, and so exquisitely illustrated by the graceful pencil of W. H. Brooke. The curious information its pages contain will recommend it to the learned; and the grace, feeling, and ease, with which it is written, will secure it a cordial welcome from the ladies of a country which yields to none in the care and finish bestowed on the education of its daughters.

The Round Towers of Ireland.

If enthusiasm was always allied with truth, and truth had always been illustrated and established by learning, then would Mr. O'Brien, the author of the present book, be indeed to be envied. Infinite ingenuity, untiring perseverance, and a vast fund of antiquarian and literary lore, have been brought to the task. But Mr. O'Brien treats all opposing theorists with a most merciless rancour, which may, perhaps, fairly be attributable to the opposition and ill-treatment he has endured. But save us! we should say, pray save us! from offending so formidable a gladiator in the arena of letters as our author. He not only demolishes the errors of his predecessors, but he leaves them not until he has sung over their prostrate opinions his joyous song of triumph. Many of his adversaries will be inclined to say, with Sir Andrew Ague Cheek—"Had I known he had been so cunning at fence, I'd seen him d—d ere I'd fought him."

The "Round Towers of Ireland" have been an enigma for a length of time that no *Oedipus* among antiquarians had been able to solve. The Royal Irish Academy offered a gold medal and fifty pounds for the best essay on this curious subject. A Mr. Petrie obtained the prize, and an inferior reward of twenty pounds was given to Mr. O'Brien, which reward had not been originally intended, but that the decision of the council, first in favour of Mr. Petrie, and then receiving and apparently approving the theory of Mr. O'Brien, induced them, though they could not revoke their decision, to acknowledge Mr. O'Brien's merit by declaring an additional prize. On this Mr. O'Brien is very indignant, and it certainly does appear that the council, to say the least, have acted impolitically and with indecision. The proceedings, however, affect not the truth of Mr. O'Brien's hypothesis with regard to the round towers, which he asserts to have been Buddhist Temples, erected by the ancient Phœnician colony which settled in Ireland long before the Christian era, and called by Irish historians *Tuath de Danaans*. The way in which he treats the subject will amuse and instruct others than antiquarians. His frequent recourse to intense expressions, and his constant use of italics to give importance to words that have none, is a vice of constant occurrence in his composition. He is a young writer, and a great enthusiast; so that these peculiarities are a little excusable. For the truth of his positions we should be sorry to vouch, and more sorry to deny,—as the latter course would most assuredly leave us at the mercy of Mr. O'Brien, with whose powers for controversy we wish not to be made personally acquainted: presuming that

our fate in the encounter would be something like that of the Lacedæmonians, buried under the number and weight of their adversaries' weapons.

The Book of Science.

Mechanics !—Hydraulics ! !—Hydrostatics ! ! !—What else ? " Oh, the days when we were young ! " Science *was* science then—hard, stiff, crabbed—in all respects as bad as the multiplication table. Here is a familiar introduction to the principles of natural philosophy, adapted to the comprehension of young people. We have carefully perused every page, and every page has afforded us proofs of accuracy and observation which we hardly expected. There cannot be a more delightful present to the young, or any thing better calculated to refresh the memories of the old. The wood-cuts are both useful and ornamental ; and we are glad to find that the series will be continued. We sincerely wish it success, and assure our friends that it is substantially bound, and in every respect well arranged—the book of all others to teach young people how to think.

Illustrations of Political Economy, No. XXIII.—The Three Ages ; a Tale. By Harriet Martineau.

We do not like this number so well as many of its predecessors ; it deals too much in exaggeration, wants interest, and paints too entirely in shadow for truth. The first age is that of Henry the Eighth, which is about as bad as it can be ; the second is the time of Charles the Second, and that is worse ; the third is our present day, and that is worse still. Now, there are two ways of viewing everything ; and while we would be among the first to confess abuses, and rectify, or, at least, endeavour to rectify, abuses, we still must enter our protest against sweeping censures and general assertions ;—it is quite as necessary to admit the good as to state the bad. Our space, however, will only allow us to speak of the fictitious merits of these pages ; and, as an historical painter, Miss Martineau has not been successful. There is no life, no colouring in her scenes : the dialogues smack of the present day and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

The Sabbath Minstrel ; consisting of Select Melodies from the most esteemed Composers, adapted to Words from distinguished Authors. By John Blockley.

Of this work, which is of periodical appearance, eight numbers have been issued, and will be followed by four more, with the stated design of forming a volume expressly suited to the demands and occasions of the music room on the Sabbath eve. The compiler has taken a free range among the works of the first musical masters, in quest of the richest beauties of melody, for incorporation with the devout poetic compositions which he has selected for his purpose ; and he has executed his task hitherto in a more cheerful spirit than is commonly evinced in musical collections of a devotional character. Successful in presenting a varied range of interest in his subjects, he has enhanced the variety by occasionally comprehending in his arrangements two, three, and four voices. A piano-forte accompaniment serves to bind the whole together. The price of each number is extremely moderate : indeed, a cheaper work of the musical kind, whether as relates to class or to quantity, has not come under our notice ; and we hold that every departure from the extravagant standard of price maintained in the musical publications of the day is in itself a merit.

LITERARY REPORT.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau; an Account of a Residence at some of the Fashionable Watering Places in Germany.

A Continuation of White's Natural History of Selbourne, from the unpublished Papers and Journals of Mr. White.

A Second Series of Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.

A Posthumous Work of Monk Lewis, being the Journal which he kept while living among his Slaves in the West Indies.

Travels in Norway, by Routes not usually taken by English Travellers.

The Life and Campaigns of General Sir John Moore is nearly ready.

The Military, Statistical, Moral, and Political State of Russia, in 1833, by an officer, late in the Russian Army, is in the press,

A volume of Heeren's Miscellaneous Works, containing his Essay on the Political Results of the Reformation, on the Rise of Political Theories in Europe, on the Continental Interests of Great Britain.

An extensive Series of Synchronistical Tables, from the Flood to the Present Time, partly from the Latin of Dumbecq, but improved by Comparisons and Additions from the Works of Fynes Clinton, Hale, and others.

Makanna, a Tale of Southern Africa; including a Series of Maritime Adventures on the Indian Ocean, 3 vols.; will be published in the course of next month.

The Geography of Sacred History considered, &c., by Charles T. Beke, Esq.

Elements of Medical Police; or the Principles and Practice of Legislating for the Public Health. By Bisset Hawkins, M.D., King's College.

The Royal Mariner, a Poetic Sketch of the Naval Scenes in which his present Majesty bore an honourable and conspicuous part, by Charles Doyne Sillery, will be published early in the year.

Dr. Lindley is preparing a Familiar or Popular Introduction to Botany, on the Model of Rousseau's celebrated Letters, and illustrated by numerous Plates.

The third and concluding volume of Mr. Smedley's History of the Reformed Religion in France is preparing for publication.

The History of the Church in Scotland, by the Rev. Dr. Russell, is under preparation.

Nearly ready for the press, Memoirs and Remains of Bishop Lowth, by the Rev. P. Hall, M.A.

The Curate of Marsden; or, Pastoral Conversations between a Minister and his Parishioners, by E. and M. Attersoll.

Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad, by Mrs. Jameson.

Imaginative Biography, by Sir Egerton Brydges.

A new work of Fiction, by the authoress of "Mothers and Daughters."

Taxation and Financial Reform, by R. Torrens, Esq., M.P.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle of 1833.

A volume of dramas, entitled the Seven Temptations, by Mrs. Howitt.

A translation of Zschokke's Popular History of Switzerland, with the author's subsequent alterations.

Natural Education as it exists in Prussia; translated from the report of M. Victor Cousin, by Sarah Austen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Encyclopædia of Gardening, by J. C. Loudon, new edit. No. II. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Annual Biography and Obituary for 1834, Vol. XVIII. 8vo. 15s.

Gilpin's Forest Scenery, edited by Sir T. D. Lauder, with thirty Illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.

The Baboo, and other Tales, descriptive of Society in India. 2 vols., post 8vo. 21s.

Grace Kennedy's Works, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s.

The Stoic; or, Memoirs of Eurythenes the Athenian, by J. Stanford. 12mo. 4s.

Narrative of a Journey to the Falls of the Cavery, with a Description of the Neilgherry Hills, by Lieut. H. Jervis. 8vo. 12s.

Lectures at Home, by Maria Hack. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Good's Book of Nature, 3d edition. 3 vols f.c. 8vo. 24s. bds.

Domestic Architecture, by F. Goodwin, 2nd Series. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

Theory of the Constitution compared with its Practice in Ancient and Modern Times, by J. B. Bernard, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

O'Neil's Dictionary of Spanish Painters Part. I. Royal 8vo. 21s.

Tierney's History of Arundel. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Plates, 2l. 10s.

Pictures of Private Life, Second Series, by Sarah Stickney, f.c. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Contarini Fleming, by D'Israeli the Younger, 2nd edition. 4 vols. f.c. 18s.

Metrical Analysis of Euripides' Hecuba and Medea. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed, each.

Tales and Popular Fictions, by Thomas Keightley. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

The Dublin University Calendar, 1834. 12mo. 6s.

Sir Charles Scudamore on the Effects of Inhalation in Consumption. 2nd edition. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Pathological Anatomy. Illustrations of the Elementary Forms of Disease, by R. Carswell; Fas. 4, Melanoma. Folio. 15s.

A Manual of the History of the Political System of Europe and its Colonies, from its Formation at the close of the Fifteenth Century, to its Re-establishment at the Fall of Napoleon, by A. Heeren. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Analytical Statics; a Supplement to the 4th edition of a Treatise on Mechanics, by W. Whewell. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Allan Cunningham. Vol. I. (containing Life.) 12mo. 5s.

Companion to the American Almanac, 1834. 5s.

Analysis of Sounds, by E. M. Newman. 12mo. 5s.

FINE ARTS.

The Citation of Wickliffe.

THIS is a very clever and interesting print from a picture by an artist of the name of Jones,—one with whose works we are not familiar. He evidently possesses many qualifications necessary for historical painting; and if he be young in his art, we have no doubt of his arriving at excellence. The venerable Reformer is finely conceived, and the characters by whom he is surrounded are well designed and grouped. The principal personages introduced into the picture are portraits; and a useful key accompanies the print. If we do not comment on the faults of the performance, it is because we look upon it as the promise of better things. It is a spirited undertaking on the part of the publisher, thus to engrave and issue the production of one as yet unknown to fame, and we trust the speculation will be found an advantageous one.

The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Parts I. and II.

It is high time that lovers of art and collectors of engravings should have the power of collecting, at a small expense, the works of the great painter of England: they may now attain this object. Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves have issued the 1st and 2nd numbers of a work, which, when completed, will contain prints from nearly all the best pictures of Sir Joshua. We shall have other opportunities of noticing it.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

At Covent Garden the only novelty has been the production of a comedy from the pen of Jerrold, entitled the *Wedding Gown*. It has been perfectly successful, though not one of the most excellent of the productions of the same author. The plot is founded on the disasters and hardships encountered by Lubieski (Mr. Cooper), a Polish exile, during his residence in England. His daughter Augusta (Miss Phillips), lodging in the garret of the house of a Mr. Creamley, has contrived, unknown to her father, to supply him with the means of subsistence by obtaining employment as a milliner. In this capacity she is introduced to Lady Margaret (Miss Taylor), who, pleased with her manners, gives her encouragement, and engages her to make her wedding gown, she being about to be married to Clarendon (Mr. King), a nephew of one Beeswing (Mr. Farren), who, meanwhile, has taken under his patronage the noble Pole, at the request of his landlord, Creamley. This, however, does not take place without some ludicrous mistakes and happy explanations. Beeswing, rich and kind, has been so often imposed upon by roguish mendicants, that he first suspects Lubieski

of inventing a tale of woe to excite his benevolence. This charge the Pole indignantly rebuts, and satisfies Beeswing of his pride and his honour. He is then taken confidentially into his employment. Thus father and daughter are alike engaged in situations which they attempt to conceal from each other, having the laudable purpose in view of saving the feeling of degradation the one supposes the other would entertain at being compelled to seek subsistence by an almost menial occupation. Clarendon, who is to marry Lady Margaret, however, is informed by his servant of the presence of Augusta in London, he having known her, and been strongly attached to her, when at Dresden; but, having lost sight of her altogether, had consented to the marriage of policy proposed by his uncle with Lady Margaret. Clarendon at once renounces his intention; for which Lady Margaret is grateful, never having loved him; his uncle is angry, and suspects the Pole and his daughter with intriguing for a marriage with one who, by his relation's bounty, it is thought would be wealthy; the father and daughter each discover how each has been engaged; they repel the charge of ingratitude and intrigue, and everything is harmoniously arranged, to the satisfaction of all parties. It is altogether a superior effort of the author, though, as we before intimated, not his best. There are many smart hits and sharp allusions, little bits of piquant satire, and some excellent *equivoques*. Its chief fault as a composition is the frequent occurrence of clap-traps—too many appeals to sympathy, an overworking of the nerves of the auditor on those subjects to which all bosoms thrill, but on which, if over-excited, they become lethargic. It is the fault of one who writes for temporary popularity, rather than for permanent fame. In Mr. Jerrold's future efforts we should hope to see this corrected. The performers, most of them, do their duty, though there is no display of particular excellence.

We have little to say of the other theatres this month, inasmuch as the Pantomimes—the merriest creatures of Christmas—have engrossed the attention of all the managers, as usual; and as they have little to recommend them on the score of novelty, a notice concerning them, now that they are about to “hide their” already “diminished heads,” would be therefore out of place. Next month, we trust, we shall have much to say upon the matter. We must, however, make an exception in favour of the Adelphi. The *Revolt of the Naiades*, a translation from the French, has been produced at this theatre with great and deserved success. It exhibits an army of pretty women, and tells the story of a recreant Knight, who falls desperately in love with a water-nymph, but in the end returns to his allegiance. The piece is “got up” with exceeding splendour. “The Victoria,” too, is prospering, and meriting prosperity. These two theatres, usually known as the “Mimors,” because of the more limited space of ground they occupy, bid fair to become the “Major” in interest, value, and importance, as they already are in energy and exertion to achieve popular favour. To the “Victoria” we shall next month devote a larger space than usual.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Wilkinson read an essay on ancient warlike engines. He began by observing that the conquest of this country by the Romans was wholly owing to their proficiency in arms. Of projectiles, the sling was the most ancient; it was mentioned in Scripture, by Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and other early writers; it was common in Greece, though the Grecian soldiers did not excel in its use. Alexander considered its employment a mark of reproach, and fit only for those to wield who had not weapons of a more

refined order,—common only for right-handed soldiers, but below the practice of officers; yet a bullet, thrown with skill from one of these slings, was sufficient to pass through a three-inch deal board. The last time the sling was employed in European warfare was about 1550. One of these was exhibited; it was the same as that still used by boys in this country, though seldom seen in the metropolis. The next was the javelin; in the use of which the inhabitants of New Holland excelled above all others. The bow might be traced to the early times in history of almost all nations; it was mentioned in the book of Genesis, consequently it was employed 4000 years ago; the Greeks derived it from the Scythians, and it passed to other nations. The bow was chiefly made of wood, but frequently of horn, as was evident from the writings of the ancient poets: the present race of Laplanders used this instrument with greater skill than any other people. It was narrated of an English archer, that he equalled even Tell; for he could discharge an arrow to a considerable distance with so much precision, as to fix between the expanded fingers of a man's hand. Other archers there were who could send an arrow a distance of 600 yards; the common distance was between 400 and 500. The Persian ambassador, when he was last in England, sent an arrow 400 yards into the air, in presence of the Toxophilite Society. Some of the Persian poets recorded exploits, however, which far outdid this; they told of an archer who sent his arrow 500 miles—it was discharged at sunrise, and did not fall till noon! Such assertions may probably have given rise to the phrase now so common in discrediting boasts, of “shooting with a long bow.” The use of the bow was forbidden by Henry VIII. The powerful engine used for battering walls was the next spoken of; and Mr. Wilkinson quoted very cleverly a variety of classical authors to show the great use made of it by the ancients. Such an instrument, weighing about 42,000lbs., and requiring 1000 men to work it, did no more execution than a cannon-ball of 36lbs. shot point blank. The battering-ram was used in the fourteenth century; and Sir Christopher Wren demolished the walls of the old church of St. Paul's by its means, as he could find nothing better to answer his purpose. Other projectiles were enumerated, as mentioned by Tacitus, Vitruvius, &c., among the ancients, and by Camden and Hollinshed among ourselves; the very names of which are now happily unknown to us. The lecturer then came to the invention of gunpowder, to which Swartz, the monk, could have no claim; for, according to Mr. Wilkinson, it was no discovery of his. The detonating powers of nitre were very anciently known; and Roger Bacon probably gained his information from the Arabs, who were good chemists. Guns and pistols were introduced to England about the fifteenth century; but those with spring-locks were not invented till some time after, at Nuremberg. The aversion to fire-arms at first was exceedingly great, as it was imagined they increased the ratio of destruction in warfare; at all events, it could not be denied that fire-arms gave a civilized, prodigious advantages over a barbarous nation; and, probably, in the end, it would be found that he who increased the powers of destruction aided the cause of humanity. The lecturer concluded by mentioning three remarkable pieces of cannon—viz. the Pocket-pistol of Queen Elizabeth, at Dover; the Mons Meg of Edinburgh Castle; and another at Rome, made from the nails which fixed the iron plates of the Parthenon. On the table was a great variety of warlike instruments from the armoury of the Tower, liberally lent by the Board of Ordnance; among them was a shield, entered in the catalogue of arms as belonging to one of the Edwards. The point in the centre was formed of a large pistol; there was a small grating, through which the party bearing it might take aim, and so act on the offensive as well as the defensive. There was also exhibited the veritable walking-stick of Harry the Vth. It is a terrible-looking instrument, six or seven feet in length, remarkably thick and heavy, and armed at the end with a cluster of angular iron knobs, and a spear-like point. Henry had this formidable weapon in his possession when he was taken to the Poultry Compter.

The lecturer observed that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to enumerate all the gradations of improvement that had taken place in fire-arms since their first introduction; but they might be arranged in five classes:—1st, the mere application of the match by the hand; 2dly, by the match-lock; 3dly, by the wheel-lock; 4thly, by the flint-lock; and lastly, by the percussion-lock, or the introduction of fulminating powder. The first three were described in his former lecture on ancient engines of warfare. He pointed out the errors into which amateur improvers of fire-arms were liable to fall from various causes; and observed that innumerable plans were presented to the Board of Ordnance, which invariably met with attention, although that body were sometimes blamed for their apparent reluctance to adopt new inventions, which arise either from the failure of the experiments proposed, or from the great expense that must attend any change in the military arms of the country, while our depôts and arsenals were overstocked, and in a time of peace; but that, in the event of a war, there could be no doubt the percussion system would be adopted, and that experiments were already commenced to determine the comparative merits of the flint and copper-cap plans. After explaining the construction of the flint-lock, and the various mechanical means that had been devised for the application of fulminating powder to fire-arms, since its first introduction by the Rev. Mr. Forsyth, he described the nature of the fulminating compositions employed, and then showed the different forms of breechings for guns. The first great improvement was the patent breeching by the late Mr. Henry Nock, now in general use; since which, Mr. W. has invented a new elliptical breeching, the advantages of which he proved experimentally, and caused the fire of fulminating powder to pass through a charge of loose gunpowder without exploding one grain of it. The same powder was used in another experiment, which was to prove that the ignition depended on the velocity of the transit. The shock of an electrical jar was passed through good conductors, and through a box of gunpowder, without any inflammation taking place; but, on substituting a tube of water to form part of the conducting medium, the powder immediately inflamed,—thus establishing the fact that gunpowder will not ignite so readily as might at first be imagined; or, as the lecturer observed, that it might be possible theoretically to determine what velocity must be given to a red-hot cannon-ball to enable it to pass through a barrel of gunpowder without exploding it. He then entered on the manufacturing department, and explained the various processes, particularly the mode of preparing the iron and steel to form the different kinds of barrels called *stub*, *stub twist*, *wire twist*, *Damascus twist*, &c., in all their combinations, from the horse-shoe nail, or scrap iron, to the finished barrel, and experimentally performed the operation of twisting. All the stages to produce these varieties were prepared by Mr. W., and exhibited. The theory and practice of rifling barrels was briefly described, and one curious fact stated, namely, that a smooth-bore barrel, if bent to the right, would throw a ball considerably to the left of the object aimed at, and *vice versa*. The lecture closed with firing a model of a 32-pounder in all the ways now practised. Numerous curious arms and inventions were placed on the table by Mr. Wilkinson: amongst them, a machine for turning gun-stocks; patent rifles and pistols to load at the breech; and elegant inlaid pistols, of his manufacture, for Persia; also a kind of blowing air-gun and target, which it has been proposed to use as a substitute for the blowing tube in the game of skill common in Lancashire and Derbyshire. The illustration was attended by upwards of 400 persons, and was exceedingly applauded.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting there was read a portion of a very elaborate memoir of a map of the eastern branch of the Indus, giving an account of the alterations produced in it by the earthquake of 1819, and the bursting of

the dams in 1826 ; also a theory of the *Runns* formation, and some surmises on the route of Alexander the Great, by Lieut. Burnes. The portion selected had reference to the Runn between Cuth and Sinde. This singular tract, the author states, extends from the Indus to the western confines of Guzerat, for a distance of full 200 miles ; in breadth from the island it is about 35 miles ; and taking into consideration its different belts, &c., it is by no means overrated at the enormous space of 7000 square miles. The whole tract may be truly said to be a "*terra hospitibus ferox.*" Fresh water is never to be had any where but on its islands, and there it is scarce : it is without herbage on all parts, and vegetable life is only discernible in the shape of a tamarisk bush, which thrives by its suction of the rain-water that falls near it. The author believes it to be a space without a counterpart in the globe, differing as widely from what is termed the Sandy desert, as it differs from the cultivated plain ; neither does it resemble the Steppes of Russia ; but may justly be considered of a nature peculiar to itself. No where is that singular phenomenon, the *mirage* seen with greater advantage than on the Runn ; the smallest shrubs on it have, at a distance, the appearance of a forest, and on a nearer approach assume sometimes that of ships in full sail—at others, that of breakers on a rock : in one instance Lieut. Burnes observed a cluster of bushes which looked like a pier, with tall masted vessels lying close up to it ; and on approaching, not a bank was near the shrubs to account for the deception. Our gallant friend then enters very minutely into a variety of interesting points, such as—traditions concerning the Runn ; its state at a former period ; description of the islands on it, &c. ; and states the two following propositions :—1. That Cutch has, in all probability, been separated from Sinde by an influx of the sea caused by an earthquake, and that the Runn, which now intervenes between the countries, has been, *without doubt*, at some time or other, an inland navigable sea : 2. That the present state of the Runn, which is neither that of a navigable sea, nor one at all, has been brought about by a chain of causes quite in accordance with the laws of nature.

A paper, entitled "A Trip to El Dorado," by Mr. Hillhouse, of British Guiana, has been read. In 1801 an expedition of several gentlemen was sent from Demerara up the Essequibo, to communicate with the Portuguese through their post on the Rio Branco, to endeavour if possible to stop the Indian slave-trade, which had been heretofore carried on by the Caribbees in that vicinity. Dr. Hancock, since well known in the scientific world was the most ostensible individual employed on that mission ; and from him we learn that the Portuguese authorities denied countenancing the traffic, which is true ; but, as they take no steps for its suppression, it is also true, that in the Rio Branco, and other tributaries of the Amazon, the Portuguese settlers have regular slaving parties, the whites themselves being actively engaged in them, as corroborated by Lieut. Maw ; and that they kidnap indiscriminately from all the native tribes in their neighbourhood, with the exception of the Caribbees, who join them in these excursions. The party compiled a rough map of their progress, which is so far valuable, as it gives comparative distances pretty accurately, and lays down the points of entrance of the great tributaries ; from which it appears, that after the junction of the Rippanoomy, the Essequibo takes a south-east direction, and is supposed to rise in the mountains about the longitude of the Comantine river. The Cuyuny river has long been ascertained to have a direction about parallel with the Oronoque, or W. by N., till it has passed the district of the missions ; but after that, its course is enigmatical. On consulting the maps and observations of Humboldt, the author says he was immediately convinced that the Massaroony must be the national drain of the intermediate space between the Cuyuny and the Essequibo ; and by giving it a south-west direction, it would intersect that undiscovered region, the El Dorado, or great Golden Lake of geographical fable. From repeated

inquiries made amongst the Indians, the author was convinced that no lake existed in all that space; but all reports agreed in describing the inhabitants of that region as the most savage and uncourteous, refusing to allow any traveller to enter their territory. During the progress of the author's researches after the native cottons, he fell in with many stragglers of different nations, by whom he was assured that there was no longer any war among them; he determined, in consequence, to explore the Mas-saroon, and the short dry season of 1830 saw him start on this expedition. We are sorry we cannot follow Mr. Hillhouse to the end of his journey. He proceeded nearly 400 miles up the river, as far, indeed, as the Falls of Makribagh and Coomarow. The narrative abounds with exceedingly interesting details: *ex. gr.*—the root of the hai-arry, a papilionaceous plant, bearing a cluster of bluish blossoms, contains a white gummy milk, which, when expressed, is a powerful narcotic, and is used by the Indians in poisoning the water of the rivers; in about twenty minutes after this substance is thrown into the water, every fish within its influence rises to the surface, and is either taken by the hand or shot with an arrow. The quality of the fish is not in the least deteriorated.

COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

Mr. Pettigrew has unrolled a mummy, brought to this country thirteen years ago, and belonging to the Royal College of Surgeons, who not only gave the subject for examination, but the use of their hall for the accommodation of the public at the lecture which accompanied it. Mr. Pettigrew illustrated the three principal (and perhaps only) methods of embalming resorted to by the ancient Egyptians to preserve the earthly tabernacles of their dead as a receptacle for their souls, which, in the event of decomposition, must migrate for 3000 years through animal, insect, and other hateful forms. He also explained the mythological characters painted on the cases, the nature of the colours employed and their mode of application, the kinds of inscription, and the progress recently made in deciphering these long-inexplicable mysteries; and predicted, from the knowledge thus attained, that the mummy before him would turn out to be a male, and was, indeed, that of Horseisi, a son of Naspilimegori, an incense-bearing priest of the Temple of Ammon, at Thebes. In the course of the lecture, Mr. Pettigrew produced a portrait on thin wood, which he had discovered last week on the breast of a mummy in the British Museum: this unique representation was, no doubt, a likeness of the deceased, and the most ancient portrait in the world. The eyes are large and dark, the hair black, the countenance fine, the upper part Greek-looking rather than Coptic; and in the distribution of some of the lights there is an artist feeling which renders this performance still more extraordinary.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the mummy was unrolled by Mr. Pettigrew, assisted by Mr. Clift; and the process excited intense curiosity throughout the crowded theatre. The almost endless rolls of cotton cloth, becoming coarser as they were nearer to the body, were unfolded; and finally, after a secret repose of 2000 years, the corpse of the youthful priest of Ammon was exposed to view. We have not room to detail all the particulars; and shall only mention, that the eye-sockets were supplied by enamel substitutes for the visual orbs; that an amulet of various-coloured stones was on the breast, and, lower down, a scarabæus, about an inch in length, in jade, or other hard substance; and that the finger-nails were coloured with henna. The body is a good deal charred with the heat of the materials applied to it; but, upon the whole, its investigation has afforded much satisfaction to the literati and antiquaries who are so sedulously pursuing their inquiries into the condition and records of the cradle of mankind.

VARIETIES.

The Pipe Rolls.—A measure of great importance to persons engaged in historical researches, and to the public at large, has recently been carried into effect by the exertions of the Commissioners of the Public Records of the realm, and their secretary, Mr. Cooper. The accounts rendered into the Exchequer by the sheriffs, and by other persons, ministers, and bailiffs of the crown, are entered of record in rolls, which, for some reason not at present well understood, are called pipe rolls. There is now in existence a series of these annual rolls, commencing with the second year of King Henry II. (A.D. 1155), and reaching to the present year. It cannot but be regarded as highly creditable to the officers of the Court of Exchequer that this series should have descended unbroken, except by the loss of two rolls only. A few months ago, thirteen were understood to be lost. The commission issued under the auspices of the present Chancellor were not satisfied with this information: they directed that very strict and close search should be made in all the depositories of Exchequer records; and the result has been, that eleven out of thirteen have been discovered, and are restored to the use of the public, leaving only two still wanting to complete a series of 677 annual rolls. The Commissioners have found out a means of opening much of the information to be found in these rolls to the public; and, with the concurrence of the officers, the Chancellor's rolls have been removed to the British Museum, where they are regarded as other manuscripts contained in that great repository, and where they may be consulted by every one who chooses, subject only to the same regulations as affect the use of any other books or manuscripts there.

A circumstance, which must prove highly interesting to all lovers of geology, has lately been brought to light by the discovery of a bed of fossil shells (marine) in a good state of preservation. Accident, as usual in discoveries of this kind, led to their detection. A well had been sunk some fourteen years ago by a native, half a mile distant from Saugor, beside the road leading to Jubulpore, and with the stones turned out of it he erected a small hut for his workmen, little dreaming, at the time, he was piling up such geological treasures. A man, the other day, seeing something unusual in a lump of the limestone of which the hut was built, dragged it out, and took it to his master, Mr. Frazer, who immediately recognised it as being a shell. So interesting a fact could not be lost sight of, and means were immediately taken to follow up the discovery. On searching the walls of the dwelling, several other stones, equally rich in shells, were detected, and the owner of the ground being questioned, stated they came out of the well about half way down; but ocular proof was not to be obtained, from the sides of the well being stoned up with large blocks of sandstone. To allow a point of so much interest to remain in doubt would have been highly culpable, and Dr. Spry immediately set about sinking a shaft parallel to the well. After sinking through bassal both soft and hard, he came upon a bed of soft, fatty soil, containing nodules of lime, and presently reached the anxiously-sought limestone-bed, from which he had the satisfaction of disintombing some rich specimens of shells. The bed is formed exactly 17 feet below the present surface. The shells are univalved, of different sizes—some nearly as large as the hand, and all of them are what is termed *reversed shells*.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A German merchant, residing at Valparaiso, in Chili, who is a great amateur of antiquarian research, some time ago engaged an intelligent Dane, named Kenous, to explore some of the wild regions of Chili, which probably, had never before been visited by European travellers. This man is said to have made the most interesting discoveries. Among the Andes of Chillan, he has found an extensive plain, over which are scattered the ruins of a considerable city. As the Indians of Chili have always been nomades, and as the Incas never succeeded in establishing their power in that country, it may be concluded that the city above-mentioned was built and inhabited by a civilized people, who have, subsequently, entirely disappeared. It is alleged that, in other parts of South America, there have also been discovered traces of high civilization, no remains of which are observable among the Indians who now inhabit those countries.

The Minister of Public Instruction has addressed a circular to the prefects of the departments, requiring returns of catalogues of all the books in the several communal libraries within their districts. The object of this is to arrange, with the consent of the Communal Councils, for exchanges of books, so that those which, according to the pursuits and extent of the education of the inhabitants, are uninteresting or useless in one commune may be transferred to another, where they may be serviceable. The prefects are also required to cause an examination to be made into the several public collections of books within their respective departments, in order to discover any scientific or literary works fallen into obscurity, but which may contain matter that may be useful and instructive to the people at large, particularly recommending a minute inspection of all manuscript copies of Greek and Latin classics, pointing out those of Terence, Quintilian, Suetonius, Livy, Cicero, Greek glossaries, and others. Manuscripts relating to the history of France are also recommended to peculiar attention. There are but few departments which do not possess some volumes, or at least some unpublished documents, illustrative of their local history either as to the towns, families, or remarkable persons.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The *Journal de Smyrne* relates that, "on exploring the foundation of a holy fountain outside the walls of Constantinople, the remains of a chapel of the Lower Empire have been discovered. There were found several mosaics and some bones, which are said to be those of a princess in the times of Leon the Isaurian. These relics have been deposited in the Patriarchal church, where, it is said, there are already a great many jewels of value, and also some royal robes; but they are concealed, no doubt, in order that they may be the more easily disposed of. This fountain, on the site of which they are about to build a magnificent church, was formerly called the Golden Fountain, though it now bears the name of Baloucti. It has always proved a source of gold to the Greek priests who established themselves there."

Education in Spain.—The following statistical account of the state of education in Spain will be found of interest at this moment, although it goes back as far as 1831, as few changes have taken place since that period:—"Spain has twelve Universities—namely, at Salamanca, Valladolid, Alcala, Granada, Seville, Saragossa, Santiago, Cervera, Oviedo, Huesca, Toledo, and Orate. The number of students in 1831 amounted to 9864, of whom 4207 studied the sciences, 930 theology, 3552 civil law, 546 canon law, and 629 medicine. In 56 semiparishes and colleges there were at the same period 8351 students, of whom 2295 studied theology. In these the course of education is carried up to the higher classes. There are, besides, eight other colleges where tuition is confined to the minor classes, containing 1230 pupils, of whom 251 follow the sciences, and the rest are taught only the inferior branches of instruction. The fathers of the Esculapius had likewise in 1831 several colleges, in which 158 pupils were

taught the sciences and 4831 Latin, and 10946 children received a rudimental education. There were moreover, in Spain 774 Latin schools, with 26,275 pupils; 9558 other boys' schools, with 356,520 scholars, and 3070 girls' schools, containing 119,202 scholars, making in all 13,402 schools, attended by 501,997 scholars. It results from the above statement that Spain two years ago had 10,682 young men acquiring the sciences and philosophy in her universities, seminaries, and colleges; 3225 students in theology in the same establishments; 3552 students in civil law; 546 students in the canon law, and 629 students in medicine, at her universities; 31,409 pupils in Latin in her colleges and Latin schools; 368,149 boys receiving rudimental education in the colleges and schools; and 119,202 girls receiving education in the schools; making a total of 537,394 young persons and children receiving education. In this number, however, are not comprised the students in the colleges of medicine and surgery, nor a great many young females who receive their education in convents. The entire population of Spain, according to M. Balbi, amounts to 13,900,000 souls."—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The following is a summary of the new pieces performed at the different theatres of Paris during the last year:—Académie Royale de Musique, 4; Théâtre Français, 12; Opéra Comique, 11; Opéra Italien, 1; Gymnase, 19; Vaudeville, 22; Palais Royal, 29; Variétés, 23; Porte St. Martin, 13; Gaîté, 12; Ambigu, 28; Folies-Dramatiques, 9; Cirque, 4; Molière, 23; Panthéon, 9; making a total of 219. In 1831 there were 272 new pieces, and in 1832—258. 148 authors have contributed to the production of these works, but M. Scribe has written more than any other, having given 14, or 1 more than in 1832. M. Melesville and M. Ancelot have each brought out 9; M. Paulin Duport, 8; M. Xavier Santini and Alexis Camberousse, 7; M. Brazier, 6; Messrs. Carmouche and Maillan, 6; M. Theodore Naze, 2.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

A New Metal.—In the month of August last, Professor Breithaupt, in Freiburg, determined a new substance, possessing very remarkable properties,—solid or native iridium. Platina has long been considered the heaviest of all metals; but Professor B. shows that native iridium is two parts heavier, viz. 23.3 to 23.6; platina being only 21.5. In the 17th and 18th Nos. of the "Annals of Chemistry and Physics," there is an article, from which we extract the following particulars relative to this discovery. Professor Breithaupt found the substance which he has determined in grains from the gold and platina works of Nischno-Tagilsk on the Oural, which were brought to him by some young Russians who are studying at Freiburg. This substance has a shiny and perfectly metallic lustre. Externally the colour is silver-white, strongly inclining to yellow; internally it is silver-bluish, inclining to platina grey. "Its hardness," says M. B., "is from 8 to 9 of my scales, and therefore it immediately polishes the best files. This substance is consequently the hardest, in all probability, of all metals and metallic compounds." This metal is, therefore, a new species. According to the examination hitherto made by Professor B. it consists of iridium with a very little osmium. It combines with their hardness and specific gravity, in which it exceeds all metals hitherto known, two other remarkable properties. It actively resists the action of acids, and is in a high, perhaps the highest, degree infusible.

The French Navy.—The French navy, according to the estimates, consists of the following numbers and descriptions of vessels:—Ships of the line, 33; frigates, 37; sloops, 17; ditto for carrying dispatches, 8; brigs, 34; brigs for dispatches, &c. 18; bomb-vessels, 8; brigs fitted as gun-boats, 6; galleys, cutters, and luggers, 17; batimens de flotille, 36—214—Store-ships, 29; gabares, 26—total 260.

AGRICULTURE.

It being amongst our purposes of enlarging the information contained in our Miscellany, regularly to devote a portion of our space to this subject, we cannot commence at a more momentous period, for there can be no doubt that the tiffes, the corn, and the poor-laws, which must come to be discussed in Parliament this Session, will give even a deeper interest than has hitherto attended that really most interesting of all questions, the provision of the subsistence of the nation. Ever since 1815, the fluctuations occasioned by the operation of a fixed duty to elevate and depress unseasonably, and with the utmost incertitude, the price of the commodity, has wrought most disadvantageously for the tenantry and for the country, and its effects must ultimately reach the landlord, who is not, however, by any means so culpable as it is the cry to represent him. We are not, however, about to enter into a disquisition which would extend far beyond our limits. Our present intention is only to point out that the three momentous topics above mentioned have the effect at present to render everything connected with agriculture uncertain, even more so than the crop is by the season. It is not now a good trade,—it cannot be better till these anxious doubts are set at rest.

The season has been most unusually mild and open, the first and most important consequence of which appears in the compensation thus afforded by Providence against the very deficient crop of turnips. Had the winter been attended to its ordinary rigours, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, in many districts to have maintained the stock, and in all most ruinously expensive, coupled as was the deficiency with a short hay-crop. It is impossible, for instance, to compute the failure in Norfolk, and the whole eastern side of the kingdom; it is certainly not excessive to say, there was not half a crop; and there cannot be a time when it may be more useful to enforce the advantages to be derived from the Northumberland, or ridge-system, which Mr. Coke declared, at the last of his sheep-shearings, made the turnip-crop as certain as any other. The success of his experiments was universally made known, and has been reiterated since by the agricultural publication; yet the practice has scarcely extended itself at all. This year, even the ridge-system has failed, but not by any means to the extent of the broad cast. Nature, however, seems to have restored the loss, in the feed which the open weather has permitted; and if we be visited by no late protracted frost and snow, the suffering will be comparatively little or none, from what was to be esteemed a very threatening and dangerous deficiency.

The progress of agricultural employment, during this dead time of the year, has been rather accelerated than impeded, for although the operations of carting manure, &c., have not gone on so briskly as they might during frost, particularly upon the wet soils, the plough has been at work more generally, and other out-door business has been done, which winter generally stops. Although much rain has fallen, it has been attended with no more inconvenience than flooding certain districts partially, and the effects of this will hereafter be advantageous, for they become, in truth, the winter-watering of artificial irrigation; and thus, it is probable, the spring-grass will be both earlier and more abundant. No more serious evil has occurred: neither rot, nor any other incidental disease, is anywhere the subject of complaint.

The close of the year presents a fitting time to review the trade in corn, and we perceive, accordingly, that the last has not been a year of great fluctuation. In this respect the existing law has done its duty,—namely, to prevent excessive rise and fall; and we do not hazard anything in affirming, that to this end a graduated scale is by far the best adapted. The average price of wheat for the whole kingdom, at the beginning of the year, was 53s. 11d.; in March it had declined to 52s. 6d.; towards the

end of August, it had again risen to 55s. 5d. From that time till the end of December, it continued to sink, and closed at 49s. 9d., the lowest price since the enactment of the graduated scale. During the month of January, the trade has been heavy, and the arrivals at Mark-lane extremely small, while the moist state of the atmosphere has an injurious effect upon the samples, which are mostly in a damp and rough condition. Such parcels are difficult of sale, or indeed hardly to be suited at all. Flour comes up in moderate quantities; the sale was dull, and ship-flour could only be got off at declining prices. The duty on barley, rye, and beans, declined respectively on the 16th, 1s. 8d. per quarter; that on wheat, 1s. 37s. 8d.; the weekly average 49s. 2d. Though barley was scarce and prices did not fall, the buyers, expecting increased supplies, held off. Malt is dull in the last markets, but prices the same. Oats sold freely, but though getting scarce, no advance could be obtained. In peas and beans no alteration.

The trade in wool has, during the year, been the most promising from the activity of the clothing districts, and notwithstanding the superior quality and increasing supplies from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. When it is known that not quite eleven years ago no more than twelve Saxon sheep were transmitted to Tasmania, and that, in the last year only, 150,000 bales of wool, weighing 10,500,000 lbs., have been sent to England, of a better quality than the German growth, both the mother country and the colonists have reason to rejoice and be proud of their successful industry. This quantity fully equals the entire export of the whole kingdom of Spain. The Tasmanian wools exceed in quality those of South Wales. In spite of the extensive sales at this advanced period of the season, the prices have been sustained; and low and middle qualities have, in some instances, attained an advance of from 1 to 2 per cent. Nor is this the fruit of speculation. The present prices, which are now probably fixed for the spring, are—Australasian, super, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 4d. per lb.; seconds, 2s. 9d. to 3s. 10d.; inferior, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d.—Tasmanian, super, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d.; middling, 1s. 10d. to 2s. 1d.; inferior, 1s. to 1s. 9d. per lb.

Prices of meat in Smithfield, per stone of 8lb. sinking the offal—Beef, from 2s. to 4s. 2d.; Mutton, 2s. 8d. to 5s.; Veal, 4s. 2d. to 6s.; Pork, 2s. to 4s. 4d. The seed market dull: the supply of vegetables unusually good.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Ornamental Forest Trees.—*The Chestnut.*—There are two quite distinct kinds of trees known under this name, so botanically distinct as not to be ranked in either the same order or class by either Linnæus or Jussieu. The common horse-chestnut, *Æsculus hippocastanum*, the *Marronnier d'Inde* of the French, which comes originally from the north of India, is exceedingly well known in our shrubberies, and is universally admired for the beauty of its flowers, which Daines Barrington calls "fit for a giant's nosegay," and its noble growth. Some of the American species of horse-chestnut are, however, so much handsomer than that commonly grown in our shrubberies, that they deserve to be better known, and more extensively cultivated. *Æsculus carnea* takes its name from the colour of its flowers, which are a pale pink, very beautiful. This tree seldom grows above twenty feet high. *Æsculus rubicunda* is still more ornamental. Its flowers are of a bright scarlet, and are extremely splendid. There is a very elegant specimen of this tree at Witley Hall, the seat of Earl Mountnorris. It grows in the beautiful valley called Narbath's Vineyard, and, when covered with flowers, can scarcely be exceeded in beauty. There are several other species of *Æsculus*; one with shining leaves, and the others with white flowers; all very beautiful and hardy plants, well worthy of cultivation: besides several now considered as belonging to the genus

Prunus, but closely resembling that of *Aleulus*. Of these, *Pavia humilis*, commonly called *Alchatus humilis*, is not above two feet high; and *P. flava* and *P. vulgaris* have yellow flowers. All the species of both genera are very showy, and are well adapted for lawns and pleasure grounds. They are all hardy, and bear frost as many as the horse-chestnut does not. The horse-chestnut, which is generally considered as worthless, is a tree of great beauty, and is well adapted for the country. It may be fattened with a small quantity of manure, and is a very ornamental flowering tree. Common to all other trees.

The Horse-chestnut, *Aesculus hippocastanum*, is a tree which belongs to the natural order of the Malvaceae, and is not only useful for its fruit, but produces excellent timber. Many of our oldest buildings are said to have been built with it; particularly the roof of Westminster Hall. Some of the oldest trees in Europe are chestnuts. There are many varieties; one of which, *Aesculus hippocastanum*, is very ornamental. The fruit is much eaten on the continent, and the south of France, and Italy; cakes are made of it when green and raw.

The Beech is quite a classical tree. Every schoolboy who has read Virgil is familiar with the name of *Fagus*; and some beautiful lines addressed to the beech-tree many years ago by one of our sweetest poets, and which have run the round of the country newspapers and pocket-books for the last twenty years, have rendered the idea of the beech-tree equally familiar to the mere English reader. Till within the last few years only two species of beech were known in England.—*Fagus sylvatica* and *Fagus ferruginea*;—but in the year 1830, two others were brought over. The beeches generally found in England are, however, all varieties of the first species, and they are very numerous; upwards of a dozen may be seen in the arboretum of the Messrs. Loddiges, at Hackney, all deserving notice. Of these, perhaps the most conspicuous is the purple beech, which is a remarkably handsome tree in a shrubbery or on a lawn, from the deep colour of its leaves, and the graceful form which it assumes in every stage of its growth. There is a very beautiful tree of this kind, apparently a drooping variety, at Enville, the seat of the Earl of Stamford, in Worcestershire, which literally sweeps the ground with its foliage, covering a space of fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and resembling an immense plume of feathers, or a pyramid of tassels of a rich, glossy, purplish brown. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this tree, though many others might be mentioned in different parts of the country. The copper-coloured beech is another variety, only differing from the other in the colour of its foliage. There is a fine tree of this kind in the gardens of the Duke of Northumberland, at Sion House. The common beech is a native of England, and very fine specimens of it may be seen growing wild in the New Forest: at Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh's, near Chichester; at Bear Wood; at Frankley, in Worcestershire; and in many other places. A noble specimen at Shardeloes, in Buckinghamshire, has a smooth trunk sixty-five feet high to the first branch, and measures seven feet nine inches in circumference at five feet from the ground.

The beech is not of much value as a timber tree, but the masts are eaten by swine and deer; and the leaves are used in France to stuff beds for the peasantry instead of straw, and also for fuel: the children gather them into sacks and load their donkeys with them. The leaves of the beech take a fine colour in autumn, and generally hang very long on the tree. The cut, or fern-leaved variety of beech is very curious.

The Hornbeam, *Carpinus Betula*, closely resembles the beech. It takes its name from having been formerly generally used for the yokes of cattle. The wood is white, and of a fine close texture. The tree is of little value as an ornamental plant, excepting that, as it grows thick, and its leaves are persistent, like those of the beech, it is well adapted for forming close hedges. It was generally used for labyrinths in the old gardens.

The Lime, *Tilia Euronæa*, is much used for avenues and public walks.

particularly on the continent. "Meet me under the limes" is a common assignation in many countries. It is a handsome tree, with fragrant flowers, which are particularly agreeable to bees, and are considered to make excellent honey. The honey produced from the forests of this tree in Lithuania sells for more than double the price of any other, and is reckoned particularly good for liqueurs. The wood is smooth and beautifully white, it is generally used by the carver, the turner, and the musical instrument maker. Gibbon used it for his beautiful awning at Chatsworth, &c.; and the inner bark, macerated in water, makes the Russian bass, or more properly bass, mats. There are several species of lime-trees; the most remarkable of which are the red-twigged lime: the broad-leaved lime, some curious old trees of this species, in Bohemia, are said to have borne hooded leaves ever since some monks were hanged on them; the black lime, and the silvery lime. All are handsome, particularly the last, and make an agreeable variety in shrubberies.

Important to Farmers.—By the fifth section of 3 Geo. IV., c. 95, it is provided, that the owners of waggons and carts, the wheels of which are six inches wide, with the nails counter-sunk, are entitled to an allowance of one-third of the ordinary toll demanded at all turnpike-gates; but that such allowance is not generally demanded.

USEFUL ARTS.

Dr. Simon, a foreign professor of physics, has delivered experimental lectures in Regent-street. The operator, whose apparatus is so extensive and complete as to form a very fine exhibition in itself, selects for demonstration the most striking phenomena in three departments of natural philosophy,—pneumatics, electricity, and electro-magnetism; and performs some very delicate and rare experiments, which few but those professionally engaged in scientific pursuits have the means of accomplishing for themselves. A general outline of the plan pursued by Dr. Simon will be sufficient to show the instructive as well as entertaining nature of his experimental lectures. Dr. Simon commences his exhibition by performing some pleasing experiments in pneumatics, demonstrating the elastic quality of air, its immense power when condensed, and the compressing action of the atmosphere. The lecturer then proceeds to experimentalize with electricity, and among the phenomena displayed by him in this department of physics there are two particularly deserving of notice. The first is an experiment showing the impermeability of electricity through glass. A plate of glass is placed between two electric conductors, the points of which are fixed opposite to each other on the surface of the glass. Electricity is then strongly excited, and the spark passes from one rod to the other, not, however, in the same way as it would pass through a metal plate or any other conducting material, but by breaking a minute hole in the glass, and thus opening a door for escape. The next experiment is the production of a light similar in appearance to the Aurora Borealis. This is effected by the introduction of the electric fluid into a glass tube, from which the atmospheric air has been previously exhausted: and Dr. Simon is therefore induced to suppose that the beautiful natural phenomenon of the northern lights is occasioned by the diffusion of the electric fluid in a highly rarified atmosphere, unattracted by any conducting matter. Another experiment connected with electricity is also exhibited by Dr. Simon, highly interesting from its novelty. It is known that gunpowder when compressed, as when in a loaded pistol, may be exploded by means of electricity, but the usual effect of passing the electric fluid through powder unmixed with extraneous substances in a loose state, is to scatter without inflaming it. Dr. Simon, however, by causing the electric spark to pass

through spirits of wine diluted with water, and thereby retarding its passage, succeeds in exploding the loose powder. The exhibition concludes with experiments in electro-magnetism. The electro-magnet is composed of a soft piece of iron, bent somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, and bound round with copper wire. The two ends of this wire being brought in contact with the galvanic battery, the effect immediately produced is to communicate to the iron, which before possessed not the slightest power of attraction, an extraordinary degree of magnetic influence—a fact which, Dr. Simon, observed, established the existence of an affinity between the galvanic and magnetic fluids.

Harveian Society.—Fumigating Baths.—At a meeting, Mr. Green, of Great Marlborough-street, read a paper on baths, heat, and fumigations. Among many other valuable observations, he remarked, that water-baths, when resorted to for painful affections of the joints, spasms, &c., should be taken at a higher temperature, and for a longer period, than is usual. Sea-water baths, when used for the cure of complaints of the skin, Mr. Green is of opinion do no permanent good; and to the debilitated are frequently injurious. Vapour bathing, to which recourse is now frequently had in this country, is generally administered on a wrong principle. A vapour bath ought to be so constructed, that the feet should always be kept the hottest, and the head should seldom be enclosed. But as a means of maintaining, improving, or restoring health, Mr. Green contends that there are no baths comparable with the dry or fumigating baths, of which the temporary application of increased heat to the whole of the body except the face, constitutes the principle, and to which is added medicine in the form of gas, the absorption of which into the system is of the greatest use in obstinate disease, or when the coats of the stomach or bowels are too weak to retain medicine taken in the usual way. This mode of treatment, however, ought not to be intrusted to ignorant or unskillful hands; or the consequences may be the reverse of beneficial.—*Literary Gazette.*—[We have seen an excellent pamphlet on this subject published by Mr. Green. It contains a vast number of proofs in support of his theory, and, we feel ourselves justified in saying, establishes the utility of a system he has laboured so indefatigably to introduce into general practice. Mr. Green is disinterested as well as zealous; and is anxious that the beneficial results experienced from his own baths, in Great Marlborough-street, should be shared as widely as possible. Their efficacy in curing diseases of the skin and complaints arising from indigestion—evils common to all whose lives are either too gay or too sedentary—cannot be too extensively known. The pamphlet is evidently the production of a man of sound sense and practical experience. It is without the slightest particle of quackery, and bears ample testimony that the writer is eminently qualified, by education and practice, to procure the more general adoption of a plan which, if judiciously administered, is almost certain to cure many terrible diseases ere yet they have mastered Nature.]

Improved Apparatus for Warming and Ventilating Buildings.—Mr. Sylvester describes his improvement thus:—The first part of my invention applies to a grate in which the fire is made nearly, or quite, on a level with the floor or hearth; under which grate I make an excavation for the two-fold purpose of an ash-pit, and of supplying fresh air to the bottom of the fire; and I place the fire-bars of this grate with their back ends resting upon the back brim of the ash-pit. Each bar lies separate from the other, leaving the usual space for the ashes to fall through, and for the air to pass up into the fire; and from the front part of each fire-bar I make a prolongation of sufficient length to bear upon, and lie over some portion of the common hearth. Each prolongation is increased in width from the fire-place outwards, so much that all the prolongations taken together shall form one continuous plate or metal hearth in front of the fire-place, nearly or quite level with the floor, as may be convenient: and I make along the

underside of each prolongation of the fire-bars, a groove or furrow, which, by lying on its bearing, will form a tubular perforation for the admission of fresh air to the ash-pit, and thence to the fire, and for the emission of warm air into the room.

The outward or front line of the metal hearth, or the line which bounds the ends of all the prolongations, may be either straight or curved, and the fire-bars, with their prolongations, may lodge in a curb of stone or metal, at discretion. And in order the more readily to open the ash-pit to remove the ashes, I leave four or more bars unfastened, except by their weight, and which may be taken out at pleasure.

The second part of my improvement consists in attaching to the sides or back, or to the sides and back of my fire-grate, and extending as high as may be convenient, or the situation will permit, a vessel or vessels for holding water to be heated by the fire. In my improvement I cause currents of air to be directed through tubes similarly placed, but make the air impinge against the outside of my vessel or vessels of heated water, by which arrangement a more equable temperature may be kept up with much less care and labour in attending to the fire.

When it is desirable to keep up a large fire in the grate for transmitting the heat copiously to distant apartments, without giving out too much heat to the room in which the grate is fixed, I form a cover to fit over and in front of the fire, having a door-way through which fuel may be supplied.

Improved Ships' Moorings.—Mr. Mitchell, an eminent civil engineer of Bellast, has recently obtained a patent for a graving-dock to facilitate the repairing, building, or retaining of vessels, and for certain parts applicable for other purposes. One of these applications is an improved mooring, which portends to be of great importance to the nautical world. It is on the principle of the screw, the spiral thread being extended, so as to form a broad flange, with little more than one revolution round the central shaft. This flange, when forced round by means of a long shaft, adapted by joints to the depth of water, insinuates itself into the earth, until a firm hold is obtained, when the long shaft is withdrawn, leaving the mooring at the required depth, with a strong bridle-chain attached. The advantage of these moorings is, that they may be used wherever the water is not of extraordinary depth, unless the ground is rocky. In soft grounds, they may be sunk considerably below the surface; but where the bottom is firm, a depth of six or seven feet is generally sufficient. By this arrangement, the objections of the ordinary modes are obviated. One of these is, where a broad, flat stone is sunk two or three feet into the ground, with a bridle-chain attached. To this it is objected, that, in shallow water, vessels frequently receive injury from it; in addition to which, the excavation for receiving the stone is almost impracticable in more than three, or three and a half, fathoms water. The other description is formed of a strong chain stretched along the ground, and secured at its extremities by mooring-blocks, or anchors, the vessel swinging at a bridle-chain in the middle. The vast expense of this apparatus,—the foul bottom which it makes,—ships' anchors often catching in the ground-chain, and thereby occasioning much labour and difficulty,—and, in fact, that, in shallow water, the mooring-blocks are as dangerous as rocks,—constitute very great and almost insuperable objections. We are glad to announce that Mr. Mitchell's invention has received the attention of the Lords of the Admiralty, and that the Supply transport and Echo gun-brig were attached to his moorings at Deptford in the month of December; that they rode out the destructive gales of that month undisturbed; and that so far the experiments have proved perfectly successful. Further experiments are in progress; and we understand that the Thames Navigation Committee have directed their attention to the subject.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM DECEMBER 24, 1833, TO JANUARY 21, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 24.—C. S. ASHFORD, Abchurch-lane, scrivener and bill-broker. S. REED, Eastbourne, draper and grocer. W. T. GOODING, Welbeck-street, plumber and glazier. J. and J. BROAD, Spring Vale Iron-works, Sedgley, Staffordshire, iron-manufacturers. H. WILSON, Norwich, tobaccoist. J. CHAPMAN, Feltwell, Norfolk, shopkeeper. C. E. WELBOURNE, Falkingham, Lincolnshire, schoolmaster and coach-proprietor. J. G. CANNELL, East Dereham, Norfolk, saddler and harness-maker. W. J. SEGRE, Liverpool, merchant. W. SHAKESPEARE, Devizes, Wiltshire, hatter and mercer.

Dec. 27.—J. LEECH, Fleet-street, tavern-keeper. A. WISEMAN, Ulster-place, Regent's-park, druggist. S. DRINKWATER, Liverpool, coal-merchant. S. LIVESKY, Manchester, victualler. J. B. BRADLEY, Beyton, Suffolk, grocer.

Dec. 31.—F. WYMER, Star-street, Wapping, victualler. J. WRIGHT, jun., Cross-lane, coal-factor. S. ELLIS, Fleet-street, victualler. W. HALL, Plymouth, silversmith. R. R. LINTHORNE, Poole, victualler. J. TAYLOR, Bradford, grocer. B. BARKER, Bridlington, grocer. J. MEW, Coventry, riband-manufacturer. J. MASON, West Butterwick, Lincolnshire, brickmaker. P. NURSKY, Melton, Suffolk, architect. P. LEATHER, Manchester, fustian-manufacturer. J. J. SPURR, Maltby, Yorkshire, paper-maker. W. WALDEN, Reading, slopseller. W. J. DUNKLEY, West Haddon, Northamptonshire, cattle-dealer.

Jan. 3.—W. SHEPHERD, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, manufacturer of water-proof articles. W. ROLFE, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, manufacturer of water-proof articles. W. S. CASTELL, Piccadilly, printer. H. H. FRAGNIER, Strand, coffee-house-keeper. T. ATKINSON, jun., Knottingley, Yorkshire, lime-burner. R. HUTTON, Leeds, linen-draper. W. and J. FIRTH, Skelmanthorpe, Yorkshire, manufacturer of fancy goods. W. KINGSFORD, Buckland, paper-manufacturer. J. ROBERTS, Norwich, money scrivener. B. H. PHILLIPS and J. SEARLE, Totnes, Devonshire, ship-owners. J. HUMPHREY, Weedon-Beck, Northamptonshire, inn-holder.

Jan. 7.—R. SHEA and T. PINN, Great Pulte-

ney-street, tailors. J. GARNETT, Chiswell-street, hat-manufacturer. D. HAMILTON, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, tailor. J. HARTLEY, sen., Bradford, Yorkshire, gardener. J. BARNETT, Birmingham, coach-proprietor. R. ALSOP, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, miller. J. ROBERTS, Carnarvon, merchant. J. WILLIAMS, Bath, veterinary-surgeon. J. DINGLEY, Birmingham, haberdasher.

Jan. 10.—W. SHARP, Threadneedle-street, insurance-broker. R. EARNSHAW, West Bradford, farmer. E. WALKINGSHAW, Liverpool, merchant. R. GREENHAM, Liverpool, merchant. T. PEARSON and R. G. ROBERTS, Liverpool, timber-merchants.

Jan. 14.—H. F. HOLT, Holywell-street, Westminster, surgeon. J. PULLEN, Austin-friars, scrivener. W. HOWARD, Brick-street, Piccadilly, chymist. R. WIDOWFIELD, jun., Park-place, Kennington-cross, chymist. J. CAPEY, Fore-street, haberdasher. H. DAVIES, Carmarthen, cabinet-maker. D. RANKINE, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, merchant. J. GOULDING and R. DAVIES, Liverpool, ship-brokers. P. DALY, Liverpool, bricklayer. S. L. LAZARUS, Bath, soap-manufacturer. E. W. LEVET, Ledbury, Herefordshire, innkeeper. S. BENNETT, Bath, grocer.

Jan. 17.—T. COOPER, Stafford-row, Pimlico, shoemaker. J. J. ROUTLEDGE, High Holborn, silkman. J. COLES, Maids Moreton, Buckinghamshire, miller. J. WHITESIDE, Whitehaven, merchant. A. CLAPHAM, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, soap-manufacturer.

Jan. 21.—J. WANSSELL, Howland-street, dealer in musical instruments. J. and J. WRIGHT, Limehouse-hole, ship-chandlers. R. SPRINGETT, Saint Margaret's-hill, Southwark, hop-merchant. W. DURANT, Lindfield, brewer. T. ASHBURNER, Manchester, grocer. J. HANSON, T. WARDLEY, J. LANN, J. FIELDING, T. FIELDING, J. FIELDING, J. MELEEU, G. T. BUTTERWORTH, and H. BARNES, Two Brooks, Lancashire, calico-printers. D. B. HOLE, Acre-lane, Brixton, victualler. L. GARDIE, Leicester-square, importer of foreign goods. G. B. PIX, Liverpool, pawnbroker. H. C. RYLAND, Goswell-street, victualler. T. DUCKWORTH, Manchester, calico-printer. A. W. MILLS, Carey-street, stationer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE commencement of the new year has brought with it, if not all the activity and vigour which usually animates trade at such a period, still a considerable improvement upon the languor which characterised the close of that which has expired. A good deal of business has been done during the last month in Colonial produce; and not-

withstanding the large quantities offered for sale, the holders have been enabled, by occasionally withdrawing parcels, to prevent prices from sinking; indeed, an advance is confidently looked forward to. The Woollen Manufacturers have been less busily employed of late, partly, doubtless, from the extraordinary mildness of the season. The trade in Silk

Goods, on the contrary, is extremely brisk. Much inconvenience has been occasioned, and is still felt, in the mercantile world, and considerable loss entailed upon ship-owners, by the long and undeviating continuance of westerly winds, owing to which the Channel is crowded with outward-bound vessels, to the extent of five or six hundred, many of which have been lying there upwards of six weeks. The effects of this delay are already beginning to be felt in our West India Colonies in the absence of shipping to take off the produce, which is ready for this market.

For British Plantation Sugar there continues to be a tolerably brisk demand, particularly for good colouring qualities, and prices are firmly maintained. A parcel of 128 hlds. of Barbadoes, lately sold by public auction, brought 53s. 6d. for middling and 61s. for fine, being an improvement of about 6d. per cwt. The stock at present in the warehouses exceeds that of a twelvemonth ago by about 7,500 hlds.

Considerable sales have also recently been effected in Mauritius Sugars, and in many instances at an advance of from 6d. to 1s. per cwt.; brown having brought 46s. 6d. to 50s. 6d., and yellow 51s. to 56s. 6d.

There is a fair demand also for East India Sugars, but it is checked by the higher prices put upon them by the holders. A parcel of Bengal brought, by public sale, 24s. 6d. for yellow, 25s. 6d. to 28s. for middling white, and 35s. for very fine. Siam, middling to good white, 23s. 6d. to 25s. 6d.; yellow, 21s. 6d. to 22s. 6d. Manilla, 21s. 6d. to 22s. 6d.

For Foreign Sugars there has been less inquiry; the prices lately realised for 187 chests of Brazil were, for fine brown, 19s. to 22s.; low white, 22s. 6d. to 23s.; good white, 24s. 6d. to 25s. A parcel of damaged white Havannah sold for 26s. 6d. to 27s.

The Refined Market presents a little more animation than it has lately manifested, but the business is principally confined to home consumption. Fine crushed brings from 30s. 6d. to 31s.; or, if manufactured from Foreign Sugar, 29s. 6d. per cwt.

The last average price of Sugar is 11.8s. 4½d. per cwt., being 4d. higher than the average at the corresponding date of last year.

There is a very fair demand for clean good qualities of British Plantation Coffee; but unclean descriptions, of which some large parcels have lately

been offered, could only be disposed of at a reduction from former prices. The prices lately realised have been—for Jamaica middling, 92s. to 98s.; good and fine ordinary, 84s. to 89s.; ordinary, 82s. to 83s.; for Berbice middling, 92s. to 95s.; fine ordinary, 87s.; good ordinary, unclean, 72s. to 75s. 6d. Ariège, 60s. to 85s. Demerara, fair middling, 86s. 6d. to 87s.; good ordinary to middling, unclean, 78s. to 82s.

In East India Coffee a decline of about 2s. per cwt. has taken place, consequent upon the large quantities which have been brought into the market. Good ordinary Ceylon has brought 56s. 6d. to 57s.; Batavia, 54s. 6d. to 55s. 6d.; Samarang fine ordinary, 52s. 6d. Mysore, 60s. to 54s.; and a parcel of damaged Samatra, 43s. to 45s. About 1,270 bales and 800 baskets of Mocha, chiefly of ordinary quality, were sold at 64s. to 68s., with the exception of some baskets of good brown in packages of 20lbs. each, which brought from 75s. to 86s. per cwt.

In Foreign Coffee there has been little done of late, and the parcels that have been offered have been for the greater part damaged; of these Havanna has brought 53s. to 56s.; Brazil, 55s. to 57s. 6d.; Porto Rico, 57s. to 60s.

The demand for Cocoa is still very limited; 947 bags of Brazil, lately offered by auction, were taken in at 22s. 6s. to 24s.; 700 bags of Trinidad have been sold at 38s. 6d. to 49s. 6d.; and for a portion that was damaged, at 36s. 6d. to 37s. A contract has, it is said, been made with Government for 40 tons at 22s. 6d.

The demand for Rum has lately been exceedingly lively; and the fact of an additional purchase having been made by Government of 30,000 gallons, at 2s. 1½d., has caused an advance of full 1d. per gallon on Leewards; scarcely any parcels are left in the hands of the importers, and proofs are held at 2s. 3d.; 5 over, at 2s. 3½d.; 5 to 9 over, 2s. 4d. Some large sales of Jamaica, 30 over proof, have been made at 3s.

In Cotton Wool, the transactions have latterly been on a very limited scale. By public sale, about the middle of the month, 3,400 bales of Surats, very ordinary to fine, brought 5½d. to 7½d.; 480 Madras, fair to good fair, 6½d. to 6¾d.

The Indigo Sale commenced on the 21st, and consisted of 4,290 chests; during the first two days, middling and ordinary descriptions with difficulty maintained the previous current prices,

while the superior qualities suffered a depression of from 4d. to 6d. per lb. Subsequently the accounts from Calcutta were of a character which induced proprietors to put an additional protection on their lots, and an advance of at least 2d. was realized beyond the first day's prices.

The Tallow Market has been for some time past steady, but symptoms of a decline have lately begun to manifest themselves; latterly the price has been 43s. 6d. to 43s. 9d.; but a saleable parcel of damaged St. Petersburg yellow candle tallow, the cargo of a stranded vessel, at 40s. 3d. to 41s. 9d., has created some alarm among the speculators for high prices.

Although the late tempestuous weather has greatly impeded the supply of Grain coastwise, the Corn Market has been exceedingly languid, except as regards the finer qualities of Wheat and Barley, which meet with ready sale without reduction in price.

The Money Market has, upon the whole, been steady during the past month ; the loan of two millions by the Bank to two eminent capitalists towards the close of the year, raised the price of Consols about 1 percent. ; and although some sales of stock invested by Savings Banks, and rumours of hostilities, have produced an effect in the opposite direction, the extremes of fluctuation between

the account of the 22d ult. and the preceding, one did not exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the Foreign Funds the principal fluctuations have been in Portuguese and Spanish; the latter having risen 2 per cent. upon the announcement of the removal of Zea Bermudez from the ministry. The closing prices of the various public securities on the 25th are subjoined:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, $88\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto
for the Account, $88\frac{1}{2}$ —Three per Cent.
Reduced, $88\frac{3}{4}$ —Three and a Half per
Cent. Reduced, $97\frac{1}{2}$ —New Three and a
Half per Cent., $96\frac{1}{2}$ —Four per Cent.,
 $103\frac{1}{2}$ —India Stock, 242-3—Bank, $213\frac{1}{2}$
 $14\frac{1}{2}$ —Exchange Bills, 46s., 47s.—India
Bonds, 25s., 27s.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Brazilian, 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Chilian, 23 24—Colombian, 22 $\frac{3}{4}$ —Danish 73 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4—Dutch Five per Cent., 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Two and a Half per Cent., 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican, 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto New Loan, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian, 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish, 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

SILARES.

Anglo Mexican Mines, 8*l.* 10*s.*, 9*l.*
— United Mexican, 10*l.*, 10*l.* 10*s.*,—
Colombian, 8*l.*, 8*l.* 10*s.*—Del Monte,
49*l.* 10*s.*, 50*l.*—Imperial Brazilian, 61*l.*,
62*l.*—Bolanos, 137*l.* 10*s.*, 142*l.* 10*s.*—
British Iron Company, 30*l.*, 32*l.* 10*s.*—
Canada Company, 51*l.* 10*s.*, 52*l.* 10*s.*—
Irish Provincial Bank, 38*l.* 5*s.*, 38*l.* 15*s.*

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

	Qrs. ended Jan. 5, 1833.		In- crease.	De- crease.	Yrs. ended Jan. 5, 1834.		In- crease.	De- crease.
Customs.....	3,487,306	3,591,287	293,019	15,559,882	14,916,988	612,594
Excise	3,966,488	4,264,493	298,005	14,657,221	14,804,962	183,741
Stamps	1,575,355	1,575,112	843	6,515,344	6,498,686	16,658
Post-Office ..	334,000	324,000	14,000	1,323,000	1,386,000	63,000
Taxes	1,902,823	1,808,701	94,122	4,943,885	4,892,058	51,827
Miscellan....	34,729	27,046	7,683	59,853	57,133	2,720
	11,705,301	11,593,639	298,005	409,667	43,059,185	42,621,827	246,741	684,099
Repayments of Advances for Public Works.....	83,771	103,886	20,115	320,154	315,018	5,136
Total, £	11,789,072	11,697,525	318,120	409,667	43,379,339	42,936,845	264,741	689,235
	Deduct Increase			318,120	Deduct Increase			246,741
	Decrease on the Quarter			91,547	Decrease on the Year			442,494

By this net abstract of the revenue for the year and quarter ended Jan. 5th, it will be seen that there is a decrease on the year of 442,494*l*. and on the quarter of 91,547*l*. When, however, the taxes which have been remitted—as for example, the tax on soap, and various other articles—are taken into consideration, the loss in the revenue will not only not excite any surprise, but rather be deemed a gain to the public. The decrease on the customs amounts, for the quarter, to 293,019*l*. The uncompensated deficiency of 94,122*l*. is found under the head of taxes, which may probably arise from an unwillingness to enforce rigidly the law in their collection. The defalcation in the revenue of Customs on the quarter just expired, as compared with its produce in the corresponding quarter of last year, is owing, we have no doubt, in a great measure, to the difference in the duties for corn. The rise in the Excise presents a gratifying feature in these returns, as this tax is levied on articles chiefly consumed by the middle and labouring classes.

Lord Althorp, in his speech of 20th of April last, calculated the annual diminution of revenue consequent on the repeal of taxes which then took place, at 1,056,000*l*., or 264,000*l*. per quarter. That deficiency for the last three quarters accordingly amounts to 792,000*l*., but the actual diminution of revenue for these three quarters is precisely 349,074*l*., leaving a balance of 442,926*l*. in favour of the revenue.

This view must be reckoned a very favourable one by all, who do not expect that a reduction of taxation is not to be followed by a diminution of revenue.

The diminution for the last quarter is . . .	91,547 <i>l</i> .
For the quarter ending Oct. 10, it was . . .	252,276 <i>l</i> .

160,729*l*.

Here, too, there is a cause of satisfaction to those who consider a surplus of 160,729*l*. to be of some amount.

There has been, in fact, a prodigious increase in the revenue, both for the last quarter and during the last year, in the Excise department, which affords the best means of judging that the people have it in their power to supply themselves, not only with the necessities, but with the comforts, and even superfluities of life.

Those who complain of a falling revenue should remember that the present Ministers have repealed taxes, according to Mr. Spring Rice's statement, to the amount of 3,335,000*l*., and that the late Ministers repealed taxes in 1830, which did not begin to take effect till October of that year, to the amount of 3,400,000*l*., making a total in three years and three months of 6,735,000*l*. Now if the produce of the unrepealed taxes had not augmented, the revenue for the 5th of January, 1834, instead of 42,936,845*l*., would have been about 38,700,000*l*.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

An official document has been published, containing an outline of the arrangements made by the Colonial Department, for bringing about the abolition of Slavery in the West Indies, and for maintaining order and justice, especially between the planters and the negroes, in the intermediate period. This document has been prepared specially for the Crown colony of Guiana, including Demerara and its dependencies; but it will be applied, with the modifications required by circumstances, to all the other Crown colonies, and will be recommended to the legislative assemblies of those islands which possess them. The following is an abstract of the principal provisions:—

"Each justice, having jurisdiction over a given district, is to fix his station there, a track of land being set apart, and buildings thereon erected, one of which is always to be a house of correction, as near as may be to that spot where the population of the district appears most dense, and therefore the subject-matter for magisterial interference most frequent. The station thus fixed upon is to be termed the 'Police Settlement' of the district. The police are to execute the orders of the justice for the repression of crimes, and for enforcing obedience to the laws. In determining the procedure to be observed by these new magistrates in the administration of justice, great and laudable pains are taken by Government to facilitate amicable compromises, and to deter, by reasonable and appropriate penalties, both employers and apprentices from bringing forward frivolous, vexatious, or unfounded charges. The apprentices are to receive, henceforth, from their masters the same amount of provisions, &c., for their maintenance, in consideration of forty-five hours' work per week, as they now receive for sixty hours, and no extra labour imposed as a penalty on the apprentice for misconduct is to exceed fifteen hours per week in addition to the forty-five, during which the Abolition Act compels him to labour. The clauses which treat of the duties to be performed by the apprentices and employers reciprocally have been drawn up with great good sense, and in a spirit of laudable impartiality. Hard labour, and in some aggravated cases whipping, but under the sentence of the magistrate, are the chief punishments resorted to for neglect of duty, absence, desertion, &c., on the part of the apprentice: repetition of an offence always subjects him to an increase of punishment. Drunkenness, insubordination, turbulence, are marked out distinctly for the visitation of the law. Women are in no case to be degraded by whipping; but for offences which expose men to that species of chastisement, females shall be confined in the stocks, and clad in peculiar and disgraceful dresses. The employers are restrained from the exercise of fraud or injustice towards the labourer by the authorized vigilance of the magistrate, both as to the nature of all contracts for task or other special work entered into between the parties, and as to the manner in which their stipulations have been fulfilled. Fine, and, in some instances, imprisonment, are the penalties to be inflicted on employers for a breach of contract."

CANADA.

The number of emigrants to Canada, in the last three years, amounts to 134,970; and the market for British manufactures has increased in a greater ratio than the population. During the last year, 1035 British vessels, amounting to 279,704 tons, navigated by 12,243 seamen, have entered the port of Quebec alone. This astonishing trade has increased from 69 vessels, navigated by 731 seamen, in the year 1805. A million and a half of value on British manufactures had paid duties of import.

FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Our Government having judged the Falkland Islands to be a station of some importance and convenience to our ships proceeding to the Pacific, and, having taken possession of them, have directed that Captain Fitzroy, in the *Beagle*, should survey them; for which service he was about to leave the River Plate. Lieutenant H. Smith, late First Lieutenant of the *Tyne*, is appointed Governor of these islands, and four seamen, volunteers, as a boat's crew, for his use and protection. They were to proceed by the first ship from Rio. It was expected that this little nucleus party of a new colony would be reinforced by a party of Royal Marines from England. It has been ascertained that these islands are not so unproductive as has been believed, and that a limited number of settlers would do well on the eastern island, where, in fact, one is forming; a situation called Port Louis, at the head of Berkeley Sound, had been fixed upon as head-quarters. At least

seven thousand head of fine wild cattle, and five hundred wild horses, are roaming over a large expanse of most excellent pasturage. Game is also in abundance, particularly rabbits; and the shores abound with excellent fish, as well as whales and seals. Though there is no timber on the islands, the sheltered spots are favourable to the growth of hardy trees; there is peat in abundance, which would furnish a never-failing supply of fuel, and kelp for manure. The climate is not severe, considering its localities, and there is anchorage all round the coast.

CEYLON.

On the 9th of July the Governor of Ceylon issued a proclamation, repealing all the existing laws relating to cinnamon, and declaring that, from next day, it should be lawful for all persons to cultivate, possess, and sell the same, subject to certain restrictions and exceptions; and allowing the exportation of it, in any quantity, from Columbo and Point de Galle, at a duty of 3s. per pound.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

THE Session of the French Chamber was opened on Dec. 23rd, by the King in person. The following is an abstract of the Speech:—

"The tranquillity of France has not been disturbed since your last session. It is in the enjoyment of the blessings of order and peace. Throughout the country industry and labour meet with their reward. The population, occupied and peaceful, feels assured of the stability of our institutions, of my fidelity in watching over them; and the public security is the pledge of national prosperity. It was by guaranteeing our rights, protecting our interests, and by the equity and moderation of our policy, that we have obtained these happy results. In order to render them lasting, we shall persevere with energy and patience in the same system. An unceasing vigilance is still necessary; insensate passions and culpable manoeuvres are at work to undermine the foundations of social order. We will oppose to them your loyal concurrence, the firmness of the magistrates, the activity of the administration, the courage and patriotism of the National Guard and of the army; the wisdom of the nation, enlightened as to the danger of the illusions which those who attack liberty, in pretending to defend it, seek still to propagate; and we shall ensure the triumph of constitutional order and our progress in civilization. It is thus, gentlemen, that we shall at length put an end to revolution, and that we shall fulfil the wishes of France. I thank her for the support she has given me; I thank her for the tokens of confidence and affection with which she has surrounded me. I received them with emotion in such of the provinces as I have been able to visit, and I render thanks to Providence for the blessings which our country already enjoys, and for those which the future promises." The Speech proceeds to allude to the new law of customs, which it hopes "will reconcile the protection due to industry, with those principles of prudent freedom which enlightened governments are disposed to admit." His Majesty announces an amelioration in the state of the finances of the country, as well as various projects of law for general improvement. He states that the dispositions of foreign powers towards France promise the preservation of general peace. The affairs of Portugal and Spain are briefly alluded to, and the suppression of the insurrection in the latter country anticipated:—at all events, it is remarked, the French frontier is protected by the corps of observation. A strong hope is declared, that France "continuing to be intimately united with Great Britain," a settlement of the affairs of Belgium will be effected without any interrup-

tion to the tranquillity of Europe. The state of Turkey is briefly referred to, and an assurance is given that the French Government will continue to watch over the preservation of peace in that country.

M. Dupin has been re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies.

AMERICA.

President's Message.—The speech of the American President, on the opening of Congress at Washington, has been received. It is, as usual, a document of great length, and very explicit in its details, as to the existing state and prospects of the Union, which, it must be admitted, are, generally speaking, satisfactory. The President commences by observing:—

“Peace reigns within our borders—abundance crowns the labours of our fields—commerce and domestic industry flourish and increase—and individual happiness rewards the private virtue and enterprise of our citizens. Our condition abroad is no less honourable than it is prosperous at home. Seeking nothing that is not right, and determined to submit to nothing that is wrong, but desiring honest friendships and liberal intercourse with all nations, the United States have gained throughout the world the confidence and respect which are due to the character of the American people, and to a policy so just and so congenial to the spirit of their institutions. With Great Britain, the interesting question of our northern boundary remains still undecided. A negotiation, however, upon that subject, has been renewed since the close of the last congress, and a proposition has been submitted to the British government, with the view of establishing, in conformity with the resolution of the Senate, the line designated by the treaty of 1783. Though no definitive answer has been received, it may be daily looked for, and I entertain a hope that the overture may ultimately lead to a satisfactory adjustment of this important matter. I have the satisfaction to inform you, that a negotiation which, by desire of the House of Representatives, was opened some years ago with the British Government for the erection of light-houses on the Bahamas, has been successful. These works, when completed, together with some which the United States have constructed on the western side of the Gulf of Florida, will contribute essentially to the safety of navigation in that sea. This joint participation in establishments, interesting to humanity and beneficial to commerce, is worthy of two enlightened nations, and indicates feelings which cannot fail to have a happy influence upon their political relations. It is gratifying to the friends of both to perceive that the intercourse between the two people is becoming daily more extensive, and that sentiments of mutual good will have grown up benefiting their common origin, justifying the hope that by wise councils on each side, not only unsettled questions may be satisfactorily terminated, but new causes of misunderstanding prevented.”

After speaking somewhat in the language of complaint of France not having fulfilled all the stipulations of the convention concluded with the United States in July, 1831, in reference to the payment of certain sums of money, the President proceeds to give a passing notice of the principal European governments, with all of whom it is affirmed a good understanding exists, and with many of them fresh arrangements of a commercial character have been made which are likely to be beneficial to the United States. In referring to Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Turkey, &c., while sufficient is said to denote that the American government is not unobservant of what is going on in these several kingdoms, the utmost caution is exercised not to say any thing which amounts to an opinion respecting the rights of any parties: all is strict neutrality. The following is the announcement respecting the finances and the extinction of the national debt:

“It gives me great pleasure to congratulate you upon the prosperous condition of the finances of the country. The receipts into the Treasury during this year will amount to more than 32,000,000 of dollars. The expenditure within the year for all objects, will not amount to 25,000,000 ;

and a large balance will remain in the Treasury after satisfying all the appropriations chargeable to the revenue for the present year. The measures taken by the Secretary of the Treasury will probably enable him to pay off, in the course of the present year, the residue of the exchanged 4½ per cent. stock, redeemable on the 1st of January next. The payment of this stock will reduce the whole debt of the United States, funded and unfunded, to the sum of 4,760,082.08 dollars. This sum is all that now remains of the national debt; and the revenue of the coming year, together with the balance now in the Treasury, will be sufficient to discharge it, after meeting the current expenses of the government. From this view of the state of the finances, and the public engagements yet to be fulfilled, you will perceive that, if Providence permits me to meet you at another session, I shall have the high gratification of announcing to you that the national debt is extinguished. I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure that I feel at the near approach of that desirable event." Still, however, the strictest economy is recommended, as well as the retaining of the present Tariff Duties, notwithstanding the liquidation of the public debt. "The flourishing state of the finances ought not, however, to encourage us to indulge in a lavish expenditure of the public treasure. The receipts of the present year do not furnish the test by which we are to estimate the income of the next. The changes made in our revenue system by the Acts of Congress of 1832 and 1833, and more especially by the former, have swelled the receipts of the present year far beyond the amount to be expected in future years upon the reduced tariff of duties. The shortened credits on revenue bonds, and the cash duties on woollens which were introduced by the Act of 1832, and took effect on the 4th of last March, have brought large sums into the Treasury in 1833, which, according to the credits formerly given, would not have been payable until 1834, and would have formed a part of the income of that year. These causes would of themselves produce a great diminution of the receipts in the year 1834, as compared with the present one; and they will be still more diminished by the reduced rate of duties which take place on the 1st of January next, on some of the most important and productive articles. I cannot, therefore, recommend to you any alteration in the present tariff of duties. The rate as now fixed by law on the various articles, was adopted last Session of Congress, as a matter of compromise, with unusual unanimity, and unless it is found to produce more than the necessities of the government call for, there would seem to be no reason at this time to justify a change."

The remainder of the Message is on the subject of the States' Bank, which the President charges with having exercised its power and money for electioneering purposes, &c., and this and other grounds justifies the measures adopted towards that establishment. Not a word is said on the subject of slavery, which, seeing the great measure resolved upon in England has been so recently adopted, and that it is a topic so immediately connected with the relations subsisting in the United States, is very surprising. The omission has disappointed many in this country.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

LORD GRENVILLE.

At his seat, Dropmore, the Right Hon. William Wyndham Grenville, Lord Grenville, in his 75th year.

This distinguished statesman, the son of George Grenville, was born on the 25th of October, 1759, and received his education at Eton and Oxford. On quitting college, he entered himself a student of one of the inns of

court; but, influenced by the persuasions of his cousin, William Pitt, he abandoned all idea of attaining forensic eminence, and devoted his whole attention to politics.

In 1782, he became secretary to his brother, the Marquess of Buckingham, who had been appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland: and, in the latter end of the following year, was nominated paymaster-general of the forces. At the general election, which speedily followed his acceptance of office, he was returned, by a very small majority, a knight of the shire for Bucks. His perfect knowledge of the privileges and customs of parliament, led to his appointment as speaker of the House of Commons, 1789; but he did not occupy the chair long, for, in the same year, he succeeded Lord Sydney as secretary of state for the home department, and was created a peer, by the title of Baron Grenville. In 1791 he became secretary for foreign affairs; and, by the King's command, on the execution of Louis the Sixteenth, ordered M. Chauvelin, the French Ambassador, to quit the kingdom immediately; a long correspondence ensued, in which the agent of the regicides was treated with severity, and Lord Grenville is believed to have urged the necessity of war.

On account of the violence displayed by the mob towards the King, when his Majesty went to open parliament, in 1795, Lord Grenville introduced a bill for the protection of the royal person; and soon afterwards brought forward another for regulating the residence of aliens in this country, both of which were adopted by the legislature. He went out of office with Pitt, because, as it was alleged, George the Third refused to grant those concessions to the Catholics, which they had been led to expect would have been the consequence of the union, a measure that Lord Grenville had warmly supported. He afterwards made a fruitless attempt to effect a coalition between the Addington party and Pitt, on whose return to power, he obtained the auditorship of the exchequer, worth about 4000*l.* per annum, although he took no office in the new administration. On the death of Pitt, in 1806, he coalesced with Fox, whose principles he had once professed to abhor; and became, nominally, at least, head of the ministry, which has been termed that of All the Talents, during whose brief tenure of power the act was passed for abolishing the slave trade.

Lord Grenville was now severely assailed for retaining his office of auditor of the exchequer, which, however, he would not relinquish, and the sanction of the legislature was obtained to his holding it at the same time with that of first lord of the treasury. A coalition of the united parties in power, with the friends of Lord Sidmouth, led to the introduction to the cabinet of Lord Ellenborough, then Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a proceeding which was termed highly inexpedient, and calculated to weaken the administration of justice. The failure of the expeditions sent out under Whitelock and others, by the new administration, the alleged want of skill evinced in its diplomatic transactions with France, the loss it sustained by the death of Fox, and the difference of opinion existing between its leading members and the King, with regard to Catholic Emancipation, which they were as anxious to grant as he was determined to withhold, contributed, respectively, to its speedy dismissal. Their advocacy of concession, which they had pledged themselves to support, was, however, the immediate cause of the downfall of Lord Grenville and his friends. Sheridan said, that the premier had not only thrust his head against a wall, on this occasion, but had built, clamped, and squared one expressly for the purpose.

On the termination of the restrictions imposed on the Prince Regent, in 1812, it was confidently expected that Lords Grenville and Grey would have been called to power; but they declined to act in concert with Spencer Perceval. Immediately after the assassination of the latter, they were again solicited to take office; but, having insisted, among other proposed conditions of their accepting the conduct of public affairs, that the whole of the royal patronage, even with regard to officers of the household, should

be given up to them, the regent declined their services. Lord Grenville opposed Government during the war; but, on the signal defeat of the French, in 1814, he heartily congratulated the country on the prospect of an immediate peace; and, in the following year, supported Ministers in their resolution to depose Napoleon. From that time he ceased to take so prominent a part in parliamentary discussions as he had previously done, except during the debates on Catholic Emancipation, of which he continued an uniform and able supporter.

Several of his speeches on finance have been published, with tables illustrative of his plans. As Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to which he was elected, in 1809, by a small majority over Lord Eldon, he has defended his Alma Mater, in a pamphlet, against the charge brought against her of having expelled Locke. He has also edited the letters of the great Earl of Chatham to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford; enriched an edition of Homer, privately printed, with valuable annotations; and translated several pieces from the Greek, English, and Italian, into Latin, which have been circulated among his friends, under the title of "*Nugæ Metricæ*." Lord Grenville was married, in 1792, to Anne Pitt, daughter of the first Lord Camelford, but has no issue.

THE HON. GEORGE LAMB.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mr. George Lamb, the younger brother of Lord Melbourne, and Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. His loss will be deeply felt, for he was an able, frank, and popular man—useful and intelligent in business, sensible and intrepid in debate, unreserved, communicative, and agreeable in society, and not less distinguished in classical and literary attainments, as several successful *jeux d'esprit*, as well as his more elaborate and difficult work, the translation of Catullus, amply testify. His early habits and warm affections led him to form, and his frank and artless character to avow, that strong party attachment which it is now somewhat old-fashioned to commend, but which, when regulated, as in the case of Mr. Lamb, by a sense of justice to his opponents, and directed to great and honorable purposes, is perhaps the surest, and has undeniably hitherto proved the most effectual, expedient for enlisting either talent or zeal in the service of a mixed and popular government, and for enabling statesmen of genius and ability to defend and promote the cause of civil and religious liberty.

Mr. Lamb had long been a public character. He stood a contest for Westminster, which is well remembered, and for some time represented that city. He was one of the most active of the Committee of Management of Drury-lane Theatre, at a critical period of its history. He was bred to the profession of the bar, but we believe he never attempted to gain practice. His accomplishments were admitted by all who knew him, and never, perhaps, did any one possess in greater proportion the qualities which endear a man to his friends. His kindness of heart and mildness of temper were proverbial. For some years he has suffered very much at times from the gout; but, from his robust constitution, a long life might have been anticipated.

His having been put forward by the Whigs to contest Westminster against the Radicals, then headed by Sir Francis Burdett, on the death of Sir Samuel Romilly, is at once a proof of his popularity and the rank which he held in his party. He was accompanied to the poll by Lord Durham, (then Mr. Lambton,) Sir Ronald Fergusson, and a number of other distinguished public men, who repelled an attempt then made by the mob, who offered personal violence to him.

His death took place at his official residence in Whitehall-yard. He was born July 11, 1784, and formed a matrimonial alliance in 1809 with Mademoiselle Caroline Rosalie St. Jules, who survives him, but by whom he has left no family. Mr. Lamb was representative for the Irish

borough of Dungarvon, for which he sat in four Parliaments, on the Duke of Devonshire's interest, having been first returned in 1826, when Sir Augustus Clifford retired. On the change of government, when Lord Melbourne was appointed Secretary for the Home Department, Mr. Lamb obtained the appointment of Under Secretary, and since that period he has been considered the official organ of the Home Department in the House of Commons.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

It is with sorrow we have to record the loss of an estimable man, the late father of our national poetical school, Mr. Sotheby. On the 30th of December this most amiable man died at his house in Lower Grosvenor-street, in the 77th year of his age. He was a member of many literary societies, a kind and liberal benefactor to those which required pecuniary aid, and a generous friend to all. As a poet, he stands in the foremost rank of our age. His "Oberon," from Wieland, is an unexcelled performance; and his translations of Homer in the first class of that difficult and rarely successful branch of literature. An elegant scholar, a good man, and an admired author, has run his beneficent, his useful, and his luminous course.

JAMES BROUGHAM, ESQ. M.P.

At Brougham Hall, in the prime of life, after a painful illness of several weeks' duration, James Brougham, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Kendal Throughout the county of Westmorland the death of this gentleman has occasioned a deep feeling of sorrow. From the year 1817, when that noble struggle for the independence of Westmorland began, which called forth the admiration and sympathy of the whole kingdom, and contributed incalculably to advance the progress of reform, Mr. Brougham was an unwearied labourer in this sacred cause. His exertions in this cause, so dear to the honest grey coats and their disinterested leaders, gave all ranks an opportunity of knowing the urbanity of his manners, and the endearing qualities of his mind, in which patient gentleness was united with persevering ardour, and the kindness of his heart. These exertions, and these qualities, the electors of Kendal knew how to appreciate and reward; they gratified themselves and their friend (for such they considered Mr. Brougham) by returning him, free of expense, as their first member in the reformed parliament; justly proud, after so many hard-fought battles, with, and for, a Brougham, to return a member of a family, all of whom had unflinchingly supported liberal principles. The union between Mr. Brougham and his constituents was one of affection and confidence; and his advice and assistance were always ready on every application. He is early removed from the scene of his earthly duties, but his services are not lost. He is added to those who are consecrated in the grateful remembrance of their countrymen, and whose example ever lives to excite the emulation of survivors.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At the Chapel Royal, Castle, Dublin, Frederic Willis, Esq., of the 9th Royal Lancers, son of Richard Willis, Esq., of Halshead, in the county of Lancaster, to Elizabeth Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir W. Gosset, K.C.B., Under Secretary of State for Ireland.

Frederic Pollock, Esq., M.P. for Huntingdon, to Sarah Ann Amowah, second daughter of Captain Richard Langslow, of Hatton, Middlesex.

At Bath, J. A. Roebuck, Esq., M.P., of the

Inner Temple, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Falconer, of Bath.

At All Saints' Church, Southampton, K. G. Hubback, Esq., of Kensington, to Frances, third daughter of the late Lord Charles Beauchamp Kerr, and granddaughter to the late Marquis of Lothian.

At the British Embassy, Paris, by the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, Arthur Freese, Esq., Madras Civil Service, to Eliza Charlotte, eldest daughter of William Gardener Burn,

Esq., Captain late 3d Light Dragoons, and of Byrleigh House, Devonshire.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Edward Eugene Coutelet, of the 10th French Chasseurs, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Leyon Levison.

Horatio Ross, Esq., of Rossie Castle, M.P., to Justine Henrietta, third daughter of Colin Macrae, Esq., of the Grove, Nairnshire, and formerly Member of the Courts of Policy and Justice, Demerara.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Mr. Barham, to the Lady Catherine Grimston, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Verulam.

Died].—Sir Charles William Flint, late of t e Irish Office.

At Roselle, Ayrshire, Richard Oswald, Esq., younger, of Auchencruive, in his 37th year.

At his house, Gloucester-place, Portman-

square, aged 43, Benjamin Burton, Esq., brother to the late Sir Charles Burton, Bart., of Pollerton Hall, in the county of Carlou.

At Brighton, Mary, the wife of Thos. Blah, Esq., M.P.

At Cockwood House, Devon, the Rev. Dr. Drury, many years Head Master of Harrow School.

The Rev. Daniel Lysons, A.M., F.R.S., A.S. L.S., and H.S., of Hempsted Court, Gloucester.

At Combe Hay, near Bath, William Papwell Brigstock, Esq., aged 45, magistrate and representative in Parliament for the Eastern Division of the county of Somerset.

At Florence, in his 72d year, Col. Wardle, formerly M.P. for Okehampton, who bore so conspicuous a part in the extraordinary investigation of the charges against the late Duke of York in 1809.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The following is a general bill of the Christenings and Burials within the City of London and Bills of Mortality, from Dec. 11, 1832, to Dec. 10, 1833:

In the 97 parishes within the walls, 835 christened, 1,336 buried; in the 17 parishes without the walls, 4,556 christened, 4,753 buried; in the 24 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, including the district churches belonging to the same, 17,740 christened, 16,172 buried; in the 10 parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 3,959 christened, 4,316 buried.

Of the number buried were,

Stillborn	934
Under 2 years of age	6,261
2 and under 5 years	2,805
5 — 10 —	1,145
10 — 20 —	970
20 — 30 —	1,700
30 — 40 —	2,225
40 — 50 —	2,615
50 — 60 —	2,412
60 — 70 —	2,551
70 — 80 —	2,043
80 — 90 —	802
90 — 100 —	107
100	3
101	1
102	1
103	1
104	1

Decrease in the burials reported this year, 2,029.

The National Gallery and New Record Office.—Arrangements have been con-

cluded between his Honour the Master of the Rolls and the Secretary to the Record Board, under which the records now at the King's Mews, Charing-cross, will be transferred to a new Record-office, to be built on the site of the Rolls' Garden, so that there will no longer be any obstacle to the progress of the National Gallery. The portion of the Record-office at present intended to be erected will not cost more than 14,000*l.*, which, like the expenses of the buildings for the other Chancery records, will come out of the Suitors' Fund. A bill will be brought in as soon as Parliament meets to effect this object, and also for the better regulation of the Record-offices, and more especially to give access to the records to literary persons, under certain restrictions, without fee or gratification. This bill will effect also a considerable saving to the Consolidated Fund, as, following up the principle adopted in other cases, it will charge the salaries of the Chancery record-keepers and their clerks, and the expenses of repairing the records and making calendars, upon the Chancery funds exclusively. The saving will be several thousands per annum, and was first suggested by the Lord Chancellor, in his evidence before the Salaries' Committee.

DEVON.

It is said the Duke of Somerset, with the consent of Lord Clifford, will cut a canal from Teignmouth to join the Stover canal, Newton Marsh.

KENT.

One of the consequences of the discharge of men from the Dock-yard has been the emigration of several of our artisans to the United States. The very flattering accounts received from them; it is thought, will shortly have the effect of depriving this country of the services of some of its most valuable hands, many of whom are desirous of following their companions.—*Rochester Gazette*.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Since the last election for East Somerset, no less than sixty parishes in this division have been virtually disfranchised, through non-publication of the lists of voters.

SUFFOLK.

There are in Suffolk five contiguous parishes, the aggregate tithes of which amount to nearly 2500*l.* per annum, in not one of which is there a resident clergyman; the income destined and adequate to provide for five resident incumbents, at 500*l.* per annum each, being entirely absorbed by one of the colleges at Cambridge, who employ two non-resident curates at 100*l.* per annum each to perform divine service!

SUSSEX.

We have much pleasure in stating, that all the heavy part of the repairs of the bridges of the Chain-pier, which have been carried on under Captain Brown's personal superintendence, is completed in the most substantial manner; the platforms of the bridge, although not entirely laid, will be sufficiently safe and commodious for visitors to proceed to the outer pier-head very shortly. The passage will be enclosed with stanchions and ropes, and these will remain until the pier is completed, which, it is expected, will be in three weeks.—*Brighton Gazette*.

IRELAND.

Importation of Irish Cattle.—The following is an account of the number of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses, imported into Bristol from Ireland during the last year, as appears by a register kept at the Mirror Office:—

	Cattle	Sheep	Pigs	Horses
January, Feb., March, 1833	171	161	29,478	56
April, May, June	1380	847	20,565	74
July, August, Sept., 1833	736	1519	18,401	94
October, Nov., Dec., 1833	145	200	28,547	60
Total in 1833	2492	2730	97,291	284
Total in 1832	5327	3639	67,991	317

It appears by this statement that the increase in the year 1833, in the importation of pigs, was 29,330; and in that of horses, 67. The decrease in cattle

amounted to 2846, and in sheep to 909.—*Bristol Mirror*.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, appointed last Session to consider the general state of parochial registries, the laws relating to them, and the expediency of a general registration of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, and burials in England and Wales, has at length been printed. The conclusion to which it appears the Committee unanimously came was, that a national civil registration of births, marriages, and deaths should be established,—that it should include all ranks of society, and religionists of every class,—that the register should be kept in duplicate, one to be forwarded to a central office in the Metropolis. The Committee do not at all propose to discontinue the present ecclesiastical registration of baptisms, deaths, and marriages, but simply for civil purposes to cause a perfect account of them to be kept.

A map has been published by the Reformation Society, exhibiting the situations of Roman Catholic chapels, colleges, and seminaries in the several counties of England, Scotland, and Wales; and also the present stations of the Reformation Society, up to January, 1833. From this, it appears that the total number of Catholic chapels in England and Wales, in 1833, was 423, and in Scotland 74, being an increase in England and Wales since 1824 of 63, and in Scotland since 1829, of 23 Roman Catholic places of worship. The counties in England possessing the greatest number of Catholic chapels are—Lancashire, 87; Yorkshire, 52; Staffordshire, 25; Northumberland and Middlesex, each 19; Warwickshire and Durham, each 14; Hampshire, 12; and Lincolnshire, 11. There is no Catholic chapel in the counties of Rutland or Huntingdon. In Wales, Catholicism seems to have made but little progress—six out of the eleven counties into which it is divided not having a Catholic chapel in them, and there being only eight chapels in the entire principality. Invernesshire and Banffshire appear to be the most Catholic counties in Scotland, there being 17 chapels in the former, and 12 in the latter county. The Reformation Society has been enabled to establish only 46 stations throughout the whole of England, Wales, and Scotland, to counteract the rapid strides which Catholicism seems to be making.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

WHAT IS LIBERTY?

READER! I should be exceedingly obliged if you could give me a satisfactory answer to this question,—What is liberty? I hope I am not ignorant of my own language, nor of its great source the German, nor of its intimate ally the French. I can read “Don Quixote” in the Spanish, “Dante” in Italian, and as to the ancients in Greek and Latin, I had them all at my fingers’ ends before I was eighteen. Nay, I am possessed with somewhat of Dr. Bowring’s fancy for dabbling in the Russian, the high and low Dutch, the Swedish, the Norwegian, and the dialects of the Magyars; but may I perish if I can glean from any of these divers tongues the meaning of that little word—LIBERTY! Thomson sung of it in five cantos, Glover converted it into an epic poem; I have seen it fall or conquer in fifty tragedies; and I laughed at it most heartily, not long since, at the Comédie Française, in Paris, where it was turned into irresistible ridicule by the wit of M. Scribe. I have read Locke, I have studied Blackstone, I have turned over all the law reports, and almost a hundred volumes of Parliamentary debates; I have searched Johnson’s Dictionary, as well as those of Walker and Bailey; I have not even disdained to question Entick; but the result of all my investigation has been, that I am at this moment as much in ignorance of the meaning of the word “liberty,” as I was when I first saw the light of this strange world of ours.

I met, the other day, a friend of mine, a sprightly young fellow fresh from college, who was spending the Christmas with some pretty cousins of his in my neighbourhood. I asked him what he understood by “liberty.” “Faith!” said he, “I can tell you all about it, for my cheek still smarts whenever the word is mentioned.” I shook him warmly by the hand, fearing lest, even by a breath, I might disturb the clear stream of his memory. “You know Beatrice,” he added. “Ah! yes—a sweet girl!” “Sweet! I have no reason to say so. We were playing at forfeits on New Year’s Eve, and before they came quite round I kissed her, whereupon she gave me a box on the cheek, declaring that I was extremely rude in taking such a liberty.” According to Beatrice, and perhaps a great majority of the sex, *liberty*, therefore, means *rudeness*.

Another friend of mine, who was obliged to stipulate on his marriage that he should exchange his gold snuff-box for a splendid guard-chain, very often solicits consolation from me in these terms:—“May I take the *liberty* of asking if you have your box in your pocket?” To him

the supreme blessing of liberty is neither more nor less than a pinch of snuff: he would not think Magna Charta worth a farthing without it.

In my rambles through the manufacturing districts I have endeavoured to enlighten my mind on this subject. I never heard the word "liberty" mentioned so often as in those fiery, and pottery, and cotton and wool smelling regions. It is in every body's mouth; it is in every local paper that you read, starting up like a ghost from every second line. All parties seem to be fighting for it, and no party to have won it. The Unionists, who are rapidly organizing all their forces, in order to compel their masters to raise their wages, and at the same time to abridge the ordinary time of labour, told me that true *liberty* was high pay and moderate work. But when I conversed with the masters on the point in dispute, they assured me that their resistance to the demands of the operatives sprung from no selfish motives; it was founded solely on a patriotic principle, for if they were to yield in the contest now going on between the employers and the employed, there would be an end to the *liberty* of every man who had his capital embarked in trade! Liberty was here appealed to on both sides, but in acceptations as opposite to each other as the poles.

If I look into the columns of the "Morning Post," I find that the *liberty* of the country has been destroyed ever since the Reform Bill was passed into a law. If I read "The Times," I am informed that it is only since that period that the reign of *liberty* has commenced. If I take up "The Herald," I become a convert to the opinion that *liberty* never can be known in England, until the punishment of death shall cease to be inflicted for every crime short of murder. If I listen to "The Globe," I am impressed with quite a contrary doctrine, that punishment of an extreme character is absolutely necessary in a country where every man's house is his castle, and *liberty* is destroyed at its very source by the atrocious operations of the burglar. If I happen to light upon "The Crisis" of the Owenites, I am initiated in a species of philosophy which represents crime of every description as either an involuntary act, and therefore perfectly innocent, or as an act of self-defence, and therefore, in every view of it, justifiable. This puts me in mind of a capital speech, which was once delivered at the gallows by a man who was about to suffer for murder and robbery, and which, by the by, places the argument against the inequalities of the criminal law in a striking, though ludicrous point of view:—

"Good people," said the murderer, "since I am to serve you for a sight, the least you can do is to be civil to the man that entertains you. I ask nothing of you but the justice that is due to me. There are some meddling tongues, which I can hear among the crowd, very busy to incense you. Though it is true I have committed murder, yet I hope I am no murderer. The robbery I really purposed; but my intention had no part in the death I was guilty of. The deceased cried for help, and was so obstinate and clamorous, that I was under the necessity of killing him, or of submitting myself to the loss of my *liberty* by being taken; and thus I argued in my mind: if I murder him I shall get off; or, at worst, if I am taken, my punishment will be no greater than if I spare him and surrender; I can be, but hanged for murder, and must be hanged too for the house-breaking. This thought, good people, prevailed with me to shoot him; so that what you call murder was only

self-preservation. Now, that I should have died in this manner, whether I had shot him or no, witness these two weak brothers here, who look as if they were already at the other end of their voyage, though they have not hoisted sail yet. One of these stole bacon, and the other a wet smock or two. The law must be certainly wiser than you are, and since that has been pleased to set our crimes on a level, be so civil, or compassionate, as to hold your silly tongues, and let me die without slander."

Verily, LIBERTY might say the same to her followers in almost all parts of the world,—“ Hold your silly tongues, and let me die without slander.” If freedom be anything like a synonyme for that phrase, assuredly a man may exercise it, who, possessing property in his own right, wishes to do with it just as he pleases. Nevertheless, when a certain noble Duke who, though not a Cicero in the senate, is distinguished for his love of *letters*, ejected a few of his tenants because they thought fit to reduce to practice their ideas of liberty, by voting for a popular candidate, he was told that he ought not to do with his own as he thought fit, and that his view of liberty was nothing but sheer despotism.

I have two votes, one for the Borough of Marylebone, one for Finsbury; and though I have not yet settled the question, I believe that I am entitled to vote for Middlesex. If any body in England be a *liberus homo*,—a real freeman,—I am. Well, what is the consequence? Hardly a month goes by that I am not summoned to a grand jury, or a petty jury, or a coroner's inquest. Now juries of all kinds are my abhorrence, more particularly special juries, which I detest with an unconquerable hatred. Mind, I do not say but that they may be very good institutions in themselves, so far as the administration of justice may be concerned: my objection to them only exists whenever I am myself called upon, and compelled, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to be one of the sworn number. I am obliged to bustle off to court before daylight of a cold, raw, rainy, December morning. The cause which stood first on the list, and which I am summoned to try, is postponed, because the counsel are not ready, or a witness has not yet come. Another cause is called on. It is a question of a right of way, or a water-course, or ancient lights, or some equally entertaining affair sent out of the Court of Chancery, which occupies the whole day, though expected to blow up every moment. I come home at night, tired, exhausted, out of humour with the whole world. I am obliged to be off again the next morning. The Chancery cause is not yet over. It terminates about noon. My cause is called on. It turns out to be a tremendous trial, occupying three days, during which I am under the necessity of attending in the box whether I will or no. But that is not all. We are charged by the Judge; we retire to our room, where we are closely guarded by a constable, who is sworn to keep us without fire, food, or candlelight, until we come to an unanimous decision. I have an opinion of my own on the question at issue. I think the verdict ought to be for the plaintiff: three or four of my fellow jurymen agree with me, and we produce our night-caps in order to show our determination to make no concession. The eight against us are equally obstinate. Night comes; morning, such as it is in a December fog, comes: the want of repose convinces us at length that we are wrong, and a verdict is unanimously given for the defendant!

And, after all this,—after losing my whole week in court,—after being shut up a close prisoner for a whole night without fire, food, or candle-light,—after being obliged either to die or to abandon my opinion, however honestly that opinion may have been formed, I am told that I am a *free* man—that I live in a land of *liberty*! Was there ever such an abuse of terms as this? A *liberus homo* forsooth! say rather a galley slave, though even his lot would be preferable to mine, for the chain cannot touch his intellect—his opinion, at least, is free.

I am naturally of retired habits of life. I like to spend my evenings at home among my books, in the bosom of my family; now a little music,—now a hand at whist,—but nothing to disturb the general air of repose, which I look upon as the *summum bonum* of existence. But my daughters are growing up; and, though I say it, very pretty girls. Cards for “at home,” “quadrilles,” “conversazione,” thicken upon us during the season. I am asked whether I will not go; and, if I even seem to hesitate, a cluster of smiles springs up around me in an instant, infinitely more imperative than an ukase of the Autocrat himself. Go I must;—to look on,—to talk,—to be talked to,—to be talked at;—losing sleep, and sometimes health;—and yet the Whigs tell me that I am in the enjoyment of real *liberty*, such as not one of my ancestors could boast of, though I might count them up to the days of the great Alfred himself.

A man comes to my door and asks me for money, which, as I owe him none, I deem myself at *liberty* to refuse. He happens, by some accident, to be a relation of mine,—at least, so he says,—and has already exhausted my patience by the frequency of his visits, and the importunity of his demands. He meets me in the street,—mobs me,—perhaps, being a much more powerful man than I am, knocks me down. My obvious course would be to have him brought before a police-magistrate at Bow-street or Hatton-garden, where he might be fined and bound over to keep the peace during a term of five years. But if I proceed in this manner, no sooner is his story told, than all the sympathy both of the magistrate and the reporter is kindled for the poor man against the rich. The next morning I am placarded, on every breakfast-table in London, as a little, scrubby fellow, with an antiquated *queue*, a bob-wig, a very queer hat, an old-fashioned umbrella, a pair of spider legs, and a husky voice, while my assailant is decked out in all the manly charms of a Hercules. I feel no wish to have it said by all the world that I am encircled by a crowd of poor relations. I dread ridicule, or being “cut,” much more than a common assault. What, then, is my situation in this land of *liberty*? I am knocked down with impunity in the streets, and, if I should appeal to the laws as administered at the police-office, I am “damned to everlasting fame” by the caricatures of a *free* press! Again I ask you, dear reader, can you tell me what is *liberty*?

I am a literary man, and when I have the requisite materials and leisure for writing a book upon a favourite subject, I sit down to my task without fearing that a sword is hanging over my head by a hair. I write away, as I fondly imagine, in the possession of the most unbounded freedom. Before I can get the paper, however, on which I write, I must give a little *douceur* to the king, in the shape of what he calls a duty. If I write by day I must pay him for my daylight. If I wish to have a

little air in my library, I must pay him for that also. If I write on a table, I pay him a timber duty; if I find it necessary to cheer my soul by a cup of tea, or a cup of coffee, or a glass of wine, I must ask the king's permission to do so, which he will not grant me unless I give him a part, and a very large part, too, of the cash which I expect to receive for my book.

Well, I send my manuscript to the printer. Again I must come down with a sum in the way of duty for the paper on which the types are to display my thoughts. When the operation of printing is over, if I let my neighbours know that I have written a work which I wish them to buy, I must again offer a contribution to the king in the form of advertisement duty, and that, too, as often as I renew my gentle hints to the public. But these are very far from being the whole of the *musters* through which I am to go, while availing myself of my personal *liberty* in adding to the long catalogue of authors. I must *present* one copy of my work to the British Museum, a second to the library of Oxford, a third to that of Cambridge, four copies to the four Scotch Universities, an eighth copy to the Library of Sion College, London, a ninth to that of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, a tenth to that of Trinity College, Dublin, and an eleventh to that of King's Inns, in the same enlightened capital. Latterly the University of Aberdeen, I think it was, sold its birth-right in this respect for a mess of pottage, the Whig Government having bought from it its literary privileges, which they have transferred to the Royal Library of France. Now, if any of these institutions were too poor to purchase my work, they should, in fairness towards me, either do without it, or call for a subscription amongst their members or patrons which might enable them to buy it. But to tell me that I am at *liberty* to publish what books I may think fit to write, when I am compelled to pay for permission to do so at almost every step I take, and finally to make a present of eleven copies to such wealthy establishments as the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Scotland, and Dublin, and the Bibliotheque Royale of France, is one of the grossest of all impositions.

Finally, did I say? The infractions of my *liberty* by no means stop here. The critics, a most formidable race, are still in the background. In order to propitiate their good opinion, I am obliged to part with at least twenty-five copies more. Some are directly engaged in a contest with each other. Either they do not agree in politics, or they are rivals in trade. Should I by any untoward accident—the neglect of a messenger, or a delay of the *under*—happen to send a copy to one before it has been received by the other, the latter inflicts upon *me* all the vengeance which he feels against his more fortunate antagonist. The newspaper editors generally add presented books to their office libraries, without noticing them either in an adverse or favourable style. As to the weekly, monthly, and *quarterly* critics, they cut up my work without mercy, if I send it; and if I do not, they will buy it in order to punish me for my apparent contempt of their authority. Talk of *liberty*, indeed! I am sure that I know not what it is, or where it is to be found, unless you call that liberty which permits the state, the public institutions, and the critics to plunder a literary man of all remuneration for his labour, and even to impose upon him frequently a severe loss for exercising that

freedom of opinion, which the constitution and the laws tell him he possesses in the most unqualified terms.

After the Reform Bill passed, I had a fancy to become a member of Parliament. I addressed the electors of one of the new boroughs, with a view to attain, by means of their most sweet voices, the object of my ambition. I had the tact to incorporate in my speech several flourishing periods about the injury which was done to personal liberty by the assessed taxes; I spoke of the liberty of the press, the liberty of the negro, liberty of worship, magna charta, the major charta, no corn laws, no church, no army! The welkin rang with tumultuous applause—I was elected almost by acclamation. There is a party in the House called the Ultra Whig, which is just not Radical. The principles of this party, as I thought, coincided with mine exactly, and so I became a member of it. I attended the dinners of its leaders, their committees, and even their coteries. For a while I sailed with them right before the wind, as I accepted all their propositions, and voted for all their amendments. By and by I spoke a little in the House, was well received, and grew somewhat confident in my own resources. There was a question about the Pension List. My friends were resolved on abolishing it altogether. I looked over the list, and when I found that a great majority of the pensioners were females, receiving from fifty to a hundred or two hundred pounds a-year, I could not for the life of me think of turning those poor gentlewomen adrift. If they received these small incomes, it was to me a sufficient proof that they were in want of such assistance; and as I have from my youth upwards loved the fair, and honoured them for those virtues which they possess in much greater abundance, and practise with infinitely more sincerity than we do, I declared decidedly against a resolution which was intended to be proposed with a view of sweeping off the whole train at once.

I soon found myself on the edge of a volcano. Cold looks, stinted salutations in the House; and out of it, no consultations, no invitations to dinner, committee or coterie; no more "*very confidential*" letters—informed me that I had broken with the Ultra Whigs. All this seemed to me very odd. I conceived that I had joined a party who made a peculiar boast of accelerating the march of liberty, and now I discovered that none but the leaders were actually to enjoy it.

The matter did not end here. After the lapse of a few posts, I received a long string of resolutions from my constituents, to all of which they hoped I should give my cordial assent. The first of these was for the abolition of all pensions without any distinction—I read no further. I put the whole series at once into the fire, determined never to vote for any measures of the kind. What! was I a member of a free deliberative assembly, and not entitled to exercise my liberty, by forming and expressing my own judgment on all questions whatever? Nothing of the sort. My polite and evasive letter in reply was answered by another, in which I was required either to pledge myself to the resolutions or to resign my seat. I went straight to the Treasury, and requested an appointment as steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which the lords of that department gave me with no small delight. I left Parliament—the free and imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland! as it is called, where I found very speedily that I could not sit, unless I chose doubly to sur-

render every particle of my liberty, first to my constituents, who wished to bind me hand and foot by pledges ; and secondly, to a political party, who were desirous of using my vote solely as an instrument for the advancement of their own purposes. Here is a specimen of practical liberty for you—and that, too, under the regime of *reform* !

My ideas of liberty,—always rather perplexed in this country,—were never more vague and unsettled than while I was a legislative automaton. The Whigs, as long as they were out of office, declaimed constantly about the grievances of Ireland. The first measure which they proposed, when in office, to a Reformed Parliament, was to suspend the constitution altogether in that ill-starred country. Mr. O'Connell declared, very naturally, that such a law would destroy the liberty of Ireland ;—Lord Althorp assured the House that his plan was the only method for preserving it ! The ship-owners complained that the *free-trade* system was tending rapidly to their destruction ;—Mr. Poulett Thomson demonstrated that, in consequence of that system, they were better off than ever ! The manufacturers assured the House that they were reduced to a state of slavery by the corn-laws, which made bread so dear, that they laboured twelve or fourteen hours to earn it, and had no time to read the newspapers. The agriculturists talked not of their liberty, for that, they said, was long gone by : they were reduced to a state of complete villeinage, in consequence of their corn being a great deal too cheap. The House voted, by a majority, against the malt-tax, considering that the liberty of the subject was promoted by enabling him to drink a pot instead of a pint of beer ;—the Ministers brought a majority to rescind that vote, stating that otherwise they must destroy the liberty of the subject by imposing a tax upon property ! The tradesmen of London remonstrated against the assessed taxes ; and, when remonstrance failed of its effect, some absolutely refused to pay them, because they were a gross infraction of liberty. The Secretary for the Home Department sent the Sheriff to compel them to pay, proclaiming, through the usual organs, that, unless those taxes were collected, there was an end to the liberty of the country. The Diffusion Society imagines liberty to be synonymous with cheap books ;—the booksellers maintain that the said Society, now a Corporation, is itself the very emblem of despotism. The poor declare that their liberties are gone, unless the rates be increased ;—the housekeeper asserts that his freedom is no more if they be. The omnibus proprietors cry out that they would not give a farthing for reform, if they are to be prevented from running races perpetually between Paddington and the Bank—between Piccadilly and St. Paul's. The shopkeepers shout that before reform was, they were ; and that it is a tyrannical innovation upon the constitution to have their business knocked up and their elderly customers knocked down by those frightful machines !—What, I again and again ask, is liberty ? Is it to be found in England ?

I go to Spain. I find two political parties—the friends of the Queen, and those of Don Carlos—fighting against each other,—in the name of liberty ! I mingle with the muleteers and the peasantry. I behold them in the sunshine and the shade, always good-humoured, living temperately on their snow-white bread, their cool and fragrant wine, and their delicious fruits. They go to mass—they sing to the guitar—they dance

the fandango—they crowd to the bull-fight—just as if no civil war were going on in the country. They never see the police; they hardly know that a government exists, so little do they feel of its operation. They have no poor-rate—no assessed taxes—no eight hundred millions of national debt—no rates for watching, and lighting, and paving,—none of the evils, in short, to which we—happy beings in this land of liberty!—are exposed. Yet I am told, when I come home, that the Spaniards are in a state of the most abject ignorance and slavery. For their skill in algebra and mathematics I will not answer; but I will say, that, for all the purposes of practical liberty, they are a much more enlightened people than we are. They have the cheap freedom of common sense, for which we have exchanged the bungling, imperfect, and excessively expensive machinery of freedom by law, to which the patriarchal rule of Austria would be infinitely preferable.

I go to France. The Duke de Fitzjames assures me that the liberty of his country departed from the soil with Henry V., to whom alone he will ever swear allegiance. M. Guizot and the King desire me to laugh at the Duke; for that they, by their *juste milieu* system, (which means giving way to no party, and subjugating all,) have placed the freedom of the French upon an immovable basis. Louis Philippe repeats the famous scene which he had with the deputation that was headed by M. Lafitte, and triumphs in the victory which he obtained on that occasion, and which, he says, has ever since made him a free man!

But when I look up at the Tuilleries, and ask him what has become of the lilies, the ancient arms of his family, he shakes his head, as much as to say, that his sovereignty is limited by the sovereignty of the people, to which it must yield whenever the two powers come into conflict. If I walk to the *rue Jacob*, I find there a society actively at work for restoring the lost liberty not only of France, but of all the world. The first article of faith to which, however, they ask me to subscribe, is one which declares that *they* are the only judges of what liberty is, and that they have received a mission to propagate it from the ghost of Robespierre! I had once a notion—I think it was that madman Burke who put it into my head—that this same Robespierre was the most notorious tyrant flung up on the surface of the stormy times of the French revolution. To propagate liberty in the name of Robespierre seemed to me, therefore, the most unintelligible mode of interpreting the word that I had yet lighted upon in all my expeditions for the discovery of the true magnetic pole of freedom.

Liberty, thought I at length, flies westward, as commerce does; so I shall cross the Atlantic, and see if it is to be found in the United States. I prepared myself for my travels by reading the life of the President Adams, once the pride of the Federalists, and the friend of Washington; but I found that he was scarcely seated in the chair of the chief magistrate when he began to doubt of his re-election. The popular party turned against him, and against his especial auxiliary the Honourable Timothy Pickering, his Secretary of State. Timothy, one fine morning—it was in the month of May—was not a little surprised by receiving from the President the following laconic note:—

“Sir,—As I perceive a necessity of introducing a change in the administration of the office of state, I think it proper to make this com-

munication to the present Secretary of State, that he may have an opportunity of resigning if he chooses. I should wish the day on which his resignation is to take place to be named by himself. I wish for an answer to this letter on or before Monday morning, because the nomination of a successor must be sent to the Senate as soon as they sit.

"With esteem, I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"JOHN ADAMS."

Doubtless, said I to myself, if Timothy does not *choose* to resign, he need not; he will not be compelled to give up his office without some charge of incompetency or inattention, in such a country as the United States of America—the very cradle of freedom! Timothy accordingly replies thus:—

"After deliberately reflecting on the overture you have been pleased to make to me, I do not feel it my duty to resign."

The rejoinder of the President was sent within an hour after in these terms:—

"Sir,—Divers causes and considerations, essential to the administration of the government, in my judgment, requiring a change in the department of state, you are hereby discharged from any further service as Secretary of State.

"JOHN ADAMS,

"President of the United States."

Certainly a more despotic mode than this of dismissing a public functionary, who had held his office for five years without reproach, could not have been adopted in any monarchical state whatever. The Antifederalists threatened to turn out Adams, and in order to propitiate their favour he turned out Pickering. In the end, Adams failed of his object, and was himself dismissed by the people, no principle of liberty being recognized by any party to any of these transactions, and no motive, in fact, existing to justify the dismissal of Timothy save the intrigues of John, and none to call for the rejection of John save the caprice of the people. These facts staggered my notions of republican freedom.

But when I went to Philadelphia, and found the white man every where turning up his nose at the black, and that I deeply, though most unintentionally, insulted a relative of my own, by asking him to take a glass of wine with myself and a person who happened to be next me at the *table d'hôte*—the said person having been unfortunate enough (as I afterwards perceived) to retain on his skin the fiftieth part of a shade of the hated negro hue, I gave up my pursuit after an explanation of liberty in America. The *name* was there, but the *thing* was neither there, nor any where else, that I could ever discover.

M. M.

SONGS FOR EVENING MUSIC.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS.

YE are not miss'd, fair flowers, that late were spreading
 The summer's glow by fount and dreary grot ;
 There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,—
 The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
 O Lily ! whence thy cup of pearl hath gone ;
 The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
 There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek Hyacinth ! afar is roving
 The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd ;
 Cradled ye were, fair flowers ! 'midst all things loving,
 A joy to all ; yet, yet ye are not miss'd !

Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
 And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list,—
 Oh ! it were breathing words too deep in sadness,
 To say, *Earth's human flowers not more are miss'd !*

II.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

By a mountain stream, at rest,
 We found the warrior lying,
 And around his noble breast
 A banner, clasp'd in dying ;—
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
 To a lowly bed we bore him ;
 'Tis a deep green, solemn place,
 Where the mountain heath waves o'er him ;—
 Woods alone
 There make moan,
 Rushing streams deplore him.

Yet from festal hall and lay
 Our sad thoughts oft are flying

* These words are all appropriated to music, and will be published separately by Messrs. Willis and Co.

To those dark hills far away,
Where in death we found him lying;
On his breast
A banner prest,
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

III.

WILLOW SONG.

Willow! in thy breezy moan
I can hear a deeper tone;
Thro' thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago,—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick love to thee hath told;
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow,—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree!
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlit stream hath sent,—
Willow, sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on,
Sigh for sweet Affection gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for Love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow, willow!

IV.

BRIGHTLY HAST THOU FLED.

Brightly, brightly hast thou fled!
Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,
Brightly didst thou part;
With thy young thoughts free from spot,—
With thy fond love wasted not,—
With thy bounding heart!

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,
Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,
Ere by dust o'erspread.
Lilies, ne'er by tempest blown,—
White-rose, which no stain hath known,—
Be about thee shed!

So we give thee to the earth;
And the violet shall have birth
O'er thy gentle head.
Thou, that, like a dew-drop, borne
On a sudden wind of morn,
Brightly thou hast fled!

V.

SING, GONDOLIER !

Sing to me, Gondolier !
 Sing words from Tasso's lay ;
 While pure, and still, and clear,
 Night seems but softer day.
 The gale is gently falling,
 As if it paused to hear
 Some strain, the past recalling ;—
 Sing to me, Gondolier !

Oh ! ask me not to wake
 Proud spirits of the brave ;
 Bid no high numbers break
 The silence of the wave !
 Gone are the noble-hearted,
 Closed the bright pageants here ;
 And the glad song is departed
 From the mournful Gondolier !

VI.

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA,

Oh ! tell me not the woods are fair,
 Now Spring is on her way ;—
 Well, well I know how lightly there,
 In joy, the young leaves play ;
 How sweet, on winds of morn or eve,
 The violet's breath may be ;—
 Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
 My lone Rock by the Sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
 The curlew's restless cries,
 Are to my watching heart more dear
 Than all earth's melodies.
 Come back, my ocean rover, come !
 There's but one place for me
 Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
 My lone Rock by the Sea !

VII.

THE ORANGE-BOUGH.

Bring from the grove an orange-bough,
 To fan my cheek, to cool my brow,
 And bind it, mother ! on my breast,
 When I am laid in dreamless rest.

The myrtle that I loved hath died,
 Blighted, like me, in vernal pride !
 The rose looks all too festive now,—
 Bring from the grove an orange-bough !

Songs for Evening Music.

The grove along the sunny shore,
Whose odours I must breathe no more,
Oh! love's vain sighs, and parting prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there.

Then bear me thence one branch, to shed
Life's last faint sweetness round my bed;
One branch, with pearly blossoms drest,
And bind it, mother! on my breast!

VIII.

COME TO ME, SLEEP!

Come to me, gentle Sleep!

I pine, I pine for thee!

Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
And set my spirit free!

Each lonely burning thought

In twilight languor steep;

Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought—

O gentle, gentle Sleep!

Come with thine urn of dew,

Sleep, gentle Sleep!—but bring

No voice, love's yearnings to renew,

No visions on thy wing!

Come, as to folding flowers,

To birds, in forests deep;—

Long, dark, and *dreamless* be thine hours,

O gentle, gentle Sleep!

IX.

LEAVE ME NOT YET!

Leave me not yet!—thro' rosy skies from far,

But now the song-birds to their nests return;

The trembling image of the first pale star

On the dim lake but now begins to burn:

—Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—low voices borne from hidden streams,

Heard through the shivery woods, but now arise;

Their sweet sounds mingle not with daylight dreams,

They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:

—Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle tones, dear love!

By day shut up in their own still recess,

They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,

Then to breathe out their voice of tenderness:

—Leave me not yet!

SKETCHES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MEDICAL TRAVELLER.

[It has been justly remarked, by an accomplished Edinburgh Professor, himself one of the most successful chroniclers of the day, that the practice of medicine is a mine full of interesting and important matter, highly valuable to the periodical writer, but hitherto little explored by him. The incidents related in the ensuing pages are gleaned from the writer's own practice, and are entirely founded in fact; although in narrating them he has scrupulously endeavoured to avoid fixing the identity of the parties, in all instances where his doing so could have been in any way construed into a breach of professional confidence.]

NO. I.—THE GODDESS OF REASON.

It was towards the close of the day, in the summer of the year 18—, which I passed at Naples, that I was requested, by a British merchant residing in that city to visit the master of a vessel consigned to him, who had been attacked with indisposition. The day was sultry hot, accompanied by the scirocco which passes over from the burning sands of Africa, bearing with it numberless saline and acrid particles, which occasioned the most oppressive and uneasy sensations; towards its close, however, a breeze had sprung up from the land, which rendered the air somewhat cooler, though it occasioned but little agitation of the clear, blue, and tideless waters of the bay. The prospect at this moment, as I rode slowly along the Chiaja, was so delightful, that, I fear, no description I could give would do justice to it. The broad disk of the sun was just sinking into the wave, and exhibited, in mellowed and harmonious traits, the different features of the prospect, gilding with its last rays the dark outline of the Castle of St. Elmo, which crowns the summit of the high amphitheatre of hills surrounding the city, and which are themselves surmounted in the distance by the snow-capped heads of the Apennines. From the castle and down to the Chiaja, the precipitous descent was covered with vineyards and orangeries, which afforded a delicate and perfect relief to the town which reposed beneath them. In front of the Chiaja, and extending its whole length, were the gardens of the Villa Reale, laid out with the most exquisite taste, and exhibiting in their walks some of the most splendid specimens of ancient sculpture; such as the celebrated group of the Toro Farnese, which represents Amphiion and Zethus, the sons of Lycus, King of Thebes, tying Dirce by the hair of her head to the horns of a bull. And lastly came the Bay itself, extending, with its broad, glassy, and transparent surface, for a circuit of thirty miles, bound in on the right by the promontory of Pausilippo, on which stands the wild tomb of the poet Virgil, and on the left by the promontory of Sorrento, anciently called Syrentum, from its enchanting situation, where stands, built upon a cliff, the paternal mansion of another celebrated poet, Torquato Tasso; whilst in the centre, and about midway between the two promontories, rose the huge island of Caprea, which acted like an enormous mole, breaking the force of the sea, and rendering this large portion of the Mediterranean as tran-

quill and placid as the waters of the Lago Maggiore. Even night,—that sable and constant mantle with which the Omnipotent has so wisely enveloped the gorgeous beauties of nature,—even night failed, in this instance, to hide the beautiful scene, for the dusky red column of smoke, which arose during the day from the crater of Vesuvius, was changed by the coming darkness to a bright and beautiful column of living fire, which performed the part of a nocturnal sun, and kept the splendid panorama at its feet in a state of constant illumination. Well might the bard of “Memory” exclaim,—

“This region, surely, is not of the earth!
Was it not dropped from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron, or pine, or cedar; not a grot,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment.”

It is a trite but a true observation, that the contemplation of nature, under favourable circumstances, especially beneath the sunny skies and the soft atmosphere of the South, has a tendency to make us love the species of which we form a part, and for which this beautiful world itself was created; and still further to draw the mind from

“Nature up to Nature’s God.”

Nor were these thoughts wanting upon the present occasion. When I reflected upon man—upon his great powers and endowments—I did, indeed, regard him as the brightest and most perfect emanation of the Eternal Mind. Alas! how soon was I to behold an instance of the deep degradation and perversity of our common nature!

I had alighted at the inn, which was a common pot-house, in the outskirts of the city, and was just leaving it, after having prescribed for my patient and ascertained that his ailment was trifling, when I was informed, by the master of the house, that a poor woman, who was without money or friends, and whom he believed to be of English extraction, was dying in a loft over the stable. I instantly requested to be led to her, and with great difficulty ascended into the old and ruinous loft where she lay. I found her lying upon some straw in the corner; the humanity of one of the ostlers had induced him to throw an old horse-cloth over her, but in her struggles it had become displaced, and I perceived that she was habited in a rich but faded and disfigured dress of purple velvet. Her legs were enormously swollen, and the sandals of her shoes were literally buried in the flesh, the blackness of mortification, from impeded circulation, being actually visible through the thin silk stockings which covered them.

She had been stricken with a *coup-de-soleil*, which is somewhat similar in its effects to apoplexy; the left angle of the mouth was drawn down for nearly an inch, and two artificial teeth hung suspended by a wire, and were driven to a level with the lips by each deep and painful expiration of air. The eyebrows were also artificial, and one of them had been removed by the hot perspiration which rolled from her brow, and now lay directly across instead of above the eye; the cheeks too were painted, and the perspiration, in passing down, had formed channels through the paint, which gave her the appearance of a painted Indian savage. But I will not pursue this disgusting and humiliating picture any further: suffice it to say, that a sight so revolting to humanity

never before met my eyes. A moment's examination satisfied me that this unhappy being was in a moribund state, and past all the resources of my art; my principal duty, therefore, was to smooth her painful passage from this world. Her condition would not admit of her being removed to a proper apartment, and it was in vain that I sought to learn from those around her any thing of her connexions. She had been found by the humane ostler, to whom I have already alluded, lying upon a heap of dirt in the stable-yard, evidently in a dying state, and was removed by him to the loft, that she might end her days a little more decently. She herself lay apparently unconscious of every thing, though now and then she was shaken with a slight convulsion, during which she gave utterance (but with difficulty, in consequence of the distortion of her mouth) to the wildest and most delirious expressions. Once, while I was holding her head, I thought she seemed to comprehend my question, when I asked her name and if she had any friends, for her eye appeared for an instant to brighten, and her face, which was already stamped with the signet of death, showed a gleam of consciousness. She spoke in French, and said, in broken and hollow accents, "I—I am the Goddess of Reason; let every lover of liberty worship me." In a moment after this her head fell back, and she was a corpse.

"Oh Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

How often has thy altar been defiled by wild and unbridled license, which has assumed thy form and attributes! Behold another hapless victim to its excesses! Yes, the unhappy being whose death I have described, was drawn into the vortex, and swept from the earth, by that whirlwind of destruction which commenced in the French Revolution—which burst upon the world to mar the majesty of nature, and render it a stage for strife, and the seat of human misery. At the close of the scene I have described above, I left the house, and proceeded to the residence of Mr. G—the worthy vice-consul at Naples, with a view to procure Christian burial for the unhappy deceased; and it was from him and others that I collected the following incidents of her life:—

Lady——, the daughter of a noble ducal house, and closely connected with the venerable head of the church, and the then first commoner of England, left her country under the care of a maiden aunt, for the purpose of residing a short time in Paris. This was about the beginning of the year 1789, and just at the period when the subtle successors of Voltaire were engaged in spreading their revolutionary doctrines. It is well known that these men availed themselves largely of female influence; and hence we find, from the Baroness de Stael downwards, that there were few women who failed to figure in the various cabals of the day. The aunt of Lady——, in particular, was a woman of strong passions and weak principles, and it was no wonder, therefore, that she quickly became an advocate for liberty, equality, the rights of man, universal benevolence, and the majesty of the people.

Her house was the principal rendezvous for the revolutionary leaders, where Condorcet, Mirabeau, Abbé Sieyès, and still later, the two Robespierres and Hébert, were constantly engaged in disseminating their doctrines. It was not surprising, under these circumstances, that the unformed and romantic mind of a girl of seventeen should become vitiated, and should imbibe the poison so liberally spread before her. The

elder Robespierre soon discovered that she would be an apt instrument for his designs, and an acceptable victim to his lust: he therefore applied himself, with all the sophistry which he possessed, to wear her affection from a young nobleman to whom she was betrothed in England, and to destroy the last remnants of her virtuous principles; the contest was unequal—all around her spoke the language of the arch-deceiver.

Reason, as it was called, and sophistry, triumphed over religion and virtue; and when, a short time afterwards, her aunt died from the effects of a brain fever, brought on by the indulgence of her passions, Lady ——— resisted the importunities of her friends to return to England, and ultimately sought a shelter from them in the arms of the arch fiend. Will it be credited?—the noble, accomplished, beautiful Lady ——— actually united herself to Maximilian Robespierre by the republican ceremony then in vogue of dancing *unclad* round the tree of liberty.

The sequel of this unfortunate woman's story is soon told: she continued with Robespierre during the early part of his career, and even after he had for some time exercised supreme power, joining in all the wild excesses which marked this terrible period of human history.

She identified herself with a party of women who were known by the name of Robespierre's Devotees, most of whom had been united to him by the same impious and indecent ceremony she herself had submitted to, and whom he had tutored to attend upon him at the Assembly and the Jacobin clubs for the purpose of applauding the different sentiments to which he gave utterance,—a scheme to which he owed much of his early popularity, as the galleries readily followed the impulse which was given to them. Repeatedly, also, was she seen with the other devotees dancing farandoles round the permanent guillotine, in mockery of the myriads of victims sacrificed by the monsters who made liberty and reason the watchwords for their crimes, and whose single enormities, such as chaining an affectionate wife to the guillotine where her husband was executed, because she presumed to implore pardon for him, would alone have handed them down to the execrations of posterity.

It was Lady ———, also, who personated, almost in a state of nudity, the *Goddess of Reason* at the impious fête given by Robespierre for the worship of "*Reason*," and hence the expressions which I have stated as falling from her dying lips.

Ultimately this unhappy woman eloped from Paris with an Italian Count, to whom she was married at Naples in the Roman Catholic ritual, and who deserted her as soon as he had secured the little property which remained to her. Her noble relatives in England had, as may be supposed, totally given her up; and she continued, during the rest of her life, to indulge in every species of excess, until it closed in the scene which I have described. I shall leave my readers to draw the moral from what I have related. A beautiful, nobly connected, and accomplished girl, changed by circumstances into the fearful character I have described, and dying almost on a *dunghill*, in a foreign land, and with appearances too frightful to contemplate. Again I say,

"Oh, Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Sketches from the Portfolio of a Medical Traveller.

THE ITALIAN BANDIT.

A short time after the occurrence to which I have alluded in my previous narrative, I left Naples for the purpose of spending a few weeks at the country residence of my friend, Mr. C——, the banker and vine-grower. My friend's house was situated about thirty miles from Naples, on the road to Pæstum, in a delightful part of the country between the sea and the mountains of the Apennine, richly wooded and embellished with convents, villages, and the ruins of ancient edifices. Mr. C——'s avocations called him frequently to Naples, and my principal delight during his absence was to wander about the neighbouring country, and inspect the remains of the numerous ancient temples, some of which had resisted the destroyer Time for upwards of two thousand years. On one of these occasions I left the house soon after day-break, mounted on a sturdy mule, with the intention of visiting an ancient aqueduct and villa which stand amidst hanging gardens at the foot of the Apennine. According to my usual custom, I went without a guide, as I preferred enjoying the great natural beauties which presented themselves unembarrassed by the presence of a stranger. It was harvest season, and the beautiful and interesting landscape was rendered still more so by the occasional groups of Calabrian farmers and peasants, all armed with short swords and fowling-pieces, and equipped in the romantic costume in which they are so frequently portrayed by the masterly pencil of Salvator Rosa. As I approached the river Silaro, anciently Silarus, famed from time immemorial for the petrifying quality of its waters, the scene began to change, the farm-houses had totally disappeared, and the face of the country became wild, melancholy, and like the Pontine Marshes twenty years ago. The soil, too, was loose and swampy; and the frequent crazy bridges, made with boughs of trees, and thrown over deep ditches, rendered the route both dangerous and disagreeable. My ardour, however, was not to be damped by these circumstances, nor by the numerous stories which I had heard respecting the brigands who infested this part of the country: to the latter, indeed, I had not paid much attention, conceiving most of the stories which I had heard to result from the exaggeration and extravagance which are so natural to the Neapolitan character.

An incident, however, shortly occurred which changed the current of my thoughts. I was riding slowly up a mountain ravine, the path being extremely narrow, and cut through a wood of tamarisk and myrtle trees; I had left the bridle of the mule upon his neck, and had thrown my arms carelessly behind me, as was my common habit when immersed in thought. Suddenly I felt my elbows pinioned forcibly together, and at the same instant the muzzle of a large horse-pistol was held within two inches of my left temple, while a voice at my ear exclaimed, in Italian, "Signor, you are my prisoner! Resist, and I will slay you with as little remorse as I would kill one of those swinish buffaloes below; submit, and I will not harm a hair of your head."

I was without weapons, and being taken at a disadvantage, felt that resistance was useless, and that the best part of valour in this instance was discretion: I therefore remained perfectly quiescent, whilst he con-

tinued, "You are right, Signor, not to resist. I must bind your arms in their present position, and we will then treat of your ransom."

He accordingly replaced the pistol in his belt, and untying a long sash from his waist, bound my arms closely but not painfully behind me; the sash was also passed under the body of the mule, and brought up over my thighs. My position now was sufficiently serious, and yet so absurd, that I found it impossible, upon glancing at my own person, bound so helplessly upon the back of the mule, to resist a smile at the ridiculous figure I cut. The bandit observed it, and remarked, "You are right, Signor, not to lose your temper or your spirits; and yet there are hundreds who would tremble at the mere thought of being in this wild place, and in the power of Marco d'Abruzzo." *Marco d'Abruzzo!* thought I; this, then, is the celebrated bandit of whom my friend C—— has spoken, and of whom the peasants tell so many gallant and fearful deeds, who has forced the whole country round to pay him tribute for the protection of their property, much of the same kind as the black mail which was formerly levied in the Highlands of Scotland. A sudden thought struck me; I knew that C—— was a tributary to this Neapolitan Rob Roy, and resolved to learn whether the protection extended to his friends as well as his property. I therefore informed him that I was an intimate friend of C——'s, and at that time a visitor at his country-house. Before I could proceed further, Marco eagerly demanded if I had spent a night under his roof?—if I had broken bread at his table? I answered, of course, in the affirmative; and, without waiting for proofs of my assertion, the bandit instantly untied the sash by which I was bound, and proceeded to overwhelm me with apologies for the temporary inconvenience to which I had been subjected. He entertained, he said, the highest respect for C——, who always paid his dues with the greatest punctuality; that his respect for C—— would alone have induced him to refrain from molesting his friend, had he known me as such; and that the circumstance of my having broken bread with one who relied upon him for protection, made it doubly repugnant to his old Roman feelings to inflict an injury upon me. He added, also, that he hoped I saw the matter in its right light; that I would represent it fairly to Mr. C——; and, after again apologizing, disappeared through the foliage of one of the thick clumps of myrtles by which we were surrounded.

Such were the particulars of my rencontre with the noted brigand who played so dreadful a part in the scenes which I shall shortly describe. In person, Marco was somewhat below the middle stature, but formed in a Herculean mould, and possessed of the noble Roman features which are still so common to the descendants of the ancient masters of the world. His dress was composed of a purple velvet jacket and breeches, the former slashed across the shoulder with scarlet; and his legs, from the ankle to the knee, were bound round with thongs made from the skin of the buffalo; round his waist was a broad belt of leather, containing two pistols and daggers, with the sash to which I have before alluded. Over his jacket, and hanging from his left shoulder, was the short mantilla so generally worn by Italians, which he was able at pleasure to cast around him, and so conceal the formidable array of weapons in his belt. On his head he wore a conical hat, turned up at the side, and

decorated with a single feather from the raven's wing, dyed red: this, with the fusée which was slung carelessly across his shoulder, completed the equipments of Marco d'Abruzzo.

On relating my adventure to C——, he assured me that many similar instances of generosity and good faith had been told him of Marco, and he believed the bandit, when not excited by opposition, to be capable of very noble acts. A few days after this, I returned to Naples, and continued my practice, under the occurrence of the following dreadful calamity.

A talented young clergyman of the Established Church, named Hunt, was spending the honeymoon with the beautiful bride to whom he was just united at Naples. They had made many excursions together to the various objects of interest in the vicinity, and had determined upon paying a visit to the Sybarite town of Paestum, which Mr. Hunt, who was an excellent antiquarian, conceived to have been first peopled by colonists from the land of Canaan. On the road to Paestum, and whilst passing through the desolate country which I have described, a shot was fired from the road-side, which brought the horse on which the postilion was mounted to the ground, and in another instant a brigand presented himself at the door of the carriage, and demanded of its inmates their money and valuables. The postilion had disappeared in the confusion, and secreted himself in a wood; and Mr. Hunt, enraged at being attacked by a single individual, struck the bandit in the face at the instant that he was endeavouring to remove from the neck of Mrs. Hunt a valuable gold chain which she wore. The robber, enraged at the blow, drew a pistol from his belt, and fired at the young clergyman; and at the same instant, his heroic wife, with that prompt and holy devotion of which women alone are capable, threw herself upon his bosom, to protect him from the shots. The weapon was loaded with slugs, one of which penetrated the summer clothing in which the young man was dressed, and passing between the ribs, pierced the pericardium, and was instantly fatal. Another slug entered the bosom of the lady, and two more took effect amongst the vessels of her neck.

The robber soon finished his work of spoliation and decamped, and the postilion, seeing the coast clear, ventured from his hiding-place. Upon looking into the carriage a dreadful sight presented itself. On the floor of the vehicle lay a pool of blood, which had flown from the joint wounds of the unhappy pair. The wounded man had fallen to the bottom of the carriage, and the lady had apparently knelt by him to support his head, for her arm was round his neck, and in this position she had fainted, and lay quite senseless with her cheek resting upon that of her husband,—the dead bridegroom clasped in the arms of the dying bride. The postilion, fearful, like most of the vulgar Neapolitans, of touching anything that came to a violent end, left them in the position in which they were lying, and contented himself with procuring a fresh horse, and driving back as rapidly as he could to Naples. On reaching the house from which they had departed in the morning, Mrs. Hunt was discovered to be still alive, but while in the act of raising her from her recumbent position, suffocation, from internal hemorrhage, came on, and after a slight convulsion her spirit followed that of her beloved husband, and she also was numbered with the dead. A summons was despatched to

my lodgings requesting my immediate attendance, but I was at the instant from home, and engaged in paying my daily round of visits. The consequence was, that I did not reach the house until nearly three hours afterwards ; and when I did enter the chamber of death, I found the hapless couple laid out on the same couch. But *oh*, how different, an appearance did the countenances of the departed clergyman and his wife present to that of the wretched woman whose death I described in my last narrative ! Few persons who have contemplated the features of the dead, soon after the departure of the spirit from its tenement of clay, have failed to observe the singular beauty which is for a short time stamped upon each line of the countenance ; and those who have had painful experience in such matters know that this is particularly observable in such as have died from hemorrhage resulting from gun-shot wounds. Most of my readers will recollect the allusion to this by the most powerful of modern poets, in his fine fragment, "*The Giaour* :"—

" He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose, that's there ;
The fix'd, yet tender, traits that streak
The languor of the pallid cheek ;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,—
The first, last look, by death reveal'd."

But it was in the face of the lady that these traits were most strongly marked ; and, as I gazed upon her placid and lovely countenance, I could almost imagine that I saw a smile of triumph and happiness playing upon it ;—triumph, that even death had not separated her from the object of her adoration ; joy, that the shot which destroyed the one left not the other to mourning and misery.

As may be supposed, the above lamentable catastrophe occasioned a strong sensation amongst the English residents at Naples ; and Mr. Hamilton, the Ambassador, represented the matter so forcibly to the Neapolitan authorities, that they were compelled to offer a reward, and adopt other measures for the apprehension of the murderer. His identity had been fixed by the deposition of the postilion ; but though the person of Marco (for he was the assassin) was well known to the police, yet his acquaintance with the various mountain-passes, and his power over the peasantry, enabled him to elude, for several months, the efforts made to capture him. It is even probable that he would have continued to baffle them, but for the following circumstance :—He had sent his wife to the town of Salerno for the purpose of making some purchases, where she was recognized, apprehended, sent in custody to Naples, and placed in a dungeon of the Castel del Uovo, where every endeavour was made to intimidate her into betraying the place of Marco's concealment. At first, she refused to betray him ; and it was not until she was taken into a vault of the castle, where racks, thumb-screws, &c. were shown her, and where she was threatened with the severest torture, that her resolution forsook her. It is right I should state here my belief that these instruments have not been employed since the time when the tyrannical Charles of Anjou lorded it over the Two Sicilies ; at least, so I

was assured by my friend General Burke, an Irishman in the Neapolitan service, who commanded the castle, and permitted me to see the terrific display in the Salle de Question, as it was called, and under the influence of which the woman agreed to conduct the police to her husband's hiding-place. Accordingly, a sergeant and two *sbirri* were ordered to accompany her and secure Marco. On arriving in the vicinity of his concealment, she again hesitated, but was pricked forward by the bayonets of the *sbirri*. Ultimately she stopped, and made a signal, by blowing a call which she wore round her neck; and, in a minute after, Marco made his appearance from a cleft in one of the cliffs. Still, however, a fair chance remained of his escape. The woman had taken the precaution of making the signal at the distance of three or four hundred yards; and if Marco could succeed in reaching a thickly-wooded ravine, half a mile in advance, his escape was certain. The sergeant, who held the woman by a short rope, enraged at her conduct, thrust his bayonet into her side. Marco beheld this, and seemed inclined, for an instant, to proceed to the assistance of the woman who had betrayed him. He advanced a few steps towards her, and then hesitated, and it is probable that this momentary indecision cost him dear; for the two *sbirri*, who were purposely chosen, as excellent runners, were rapidly gaining upon the bandit. Marco accordingly started off for the ravine at full speed; but finding that his pursuers were nearing him fast, and that he was within reach of their shot, he made for a small hillock on the brow of the cliff, threw himself upon his knee behind it, placed his double-barrelled fusée across the mound, and taking a rapid, but accurate, aim, fired at his foremost pursuer, who leaped into the air, and fell dead on the spot. The man's comrade had, in the meantime, fired at Marco; but the latter was protected by the hillock, in which the ball was buried; and whilst he was in the act of turning round to get out of the reach of the bandit's deadly weapon, he received a ball in his thigh from the other barrel of the fusée, which brought him to the ground, and disabled him from further pursuit. Marco had now only one enemy (the sergeant) to contend with; but the latter was a wary old *gendarme*, accustomed to such conflicts, and had taken the opportunity, whilst the combat was going on between the bandit and the *sbirri*, to make a slight circuit, which enabled him to command Marco's position; and before the latter could change it, he received the sergeant's fire among the extensor muscles of his right leg. The bandit immediately felt that any further attempt at flight would be useless; he therefore raised himself slowly from the ground, resting himself on the stock of his fusée, and signified to the sergeant his readiness to surrender, at the same time throwing away from his belt the pistols and daggers which it contained. The sergeant, deceived by the conduct of the wounded man, and anxious to take him alive, in which case his reward would have been doubled, approached him somewhat incautiously. Marco, in whose bosom the national ardour for revenge burnt with the utmost fierceness, gathered all the strength of his still powerful frame, and threw himself upon the sergeant whilst the latter was in the act of taking from his pocket the identical piece of cord with which the wife of the bandit had been bound. They fell together to the earth; and were, at the instant, within six yards of the edge of the precipitous cliff which overhung the shore.

Marco's teeth had met through the collar of his adversary's coat, and his fingers were twisted behind in the sash which the sergeant wore round his waist. It was in vain that the officer of justice tried to free himself from the nervous and powerful grasp of the bandit: the nature of the ground, too, which descended slightly, favoured Marco's design. They were already within a yard of the frightful precipice, when Marco succeeded in placing the sole of his foot against a jutting portion of the rock, and, by one desperate effort, threw his antagonist and himself, still clasped in each other's arms, over the precipice. The fall was fatal to both. The sergeant, who was heavier than his antagonist, fell undermost, dislocated his neck, and died on the instant. Marco was also much injured, and died a few hours after the occurrence, but not till he had made confession to a priest of the above circumstances. His teeth were found fixed in the collar of the sergeant's coat, and he had actually bitten through a pewter button in his eagerness to retain his hold: his fingers were also twisted in the sergeant's sash; and the first phalanx of the index-finger was found dislocated, apparently from the efforts made by the gendarme to free himself from the bandit's grasp.

Such was the dreadful but deserved death of Marco d'Abruzzo.

THE FUTURE.

BY L. E. L.

Ask me not, love, what can be in my heart;
When gazing on thee, sudden tear-drops start,
When only smiles should brighten where thou art.

The human heart is compassed by fears;
And joy is tremulous—for it inspheres
A vapoury star, which melts away in tears.

I am too happy for a careless mirth;
Hence thoughts the sweet, yet sorrowful, have birth:
Who looks from heaven is half returned to earth.

I feel the weakness of my love—its care—
How deep, how true, how passionate soe'er,
It cannot keep one sorrow from thy share.

How powerless is my fond anxiety!
I feel I could lay down my life for thee;
Yet know how vain such sacrifice must be!

Ah, the sweet present!—should it not suffice?
Not to humanity, which vainly tries
To lift the curtain that may never rise!

Hence do we tremble in our happiness;
 Hurried and dim, the unknown hours press;—
 We question of the grief we cannot guess.

The Future is more present than the Past:
 For one look back, a thousand on we cast;
 And hope doth ever memory outlast.

For hope, say fear. Hope is a timid thing,
 Fearful and weak, and born 'mid suffering;—
 At least, such hope as our sad earth can bring.

Its home, it is not here, it looks beyond;
 And while it carries an enchanter's wand,
 Its spells are conscious of their earthly bond.

We almost fear the presence of our joy;
 It doth tempt Fate, the stern one, to destroy,
 Fate in whose hands this world is as a toy.

We dearly buy our pleasures, we repay
 By some deep suffering; or they decay
 Or change to pain, and curse us by their stay.

A world of ashes is beneath our feet—
 Cold ashes of each beautiful deceit,
 Owned by long silent hearts, that beat as ours now beat.

How can we trust our own? we waste our breath;
 We heap up hope and joy in one bright wreath;—
 Our altar is the grave—our priest is death.

But, ah! death is repose;—'tis not our doom,—
 The cold, the calm, that haunts my soul with gloom:
 I tremble at the passage to the tomb.

Love mine—what depths of misery may be
 In the dark future!—I may meet thine eye,
 Cold, careless, and estranged, before I die.

All grief is possible, and some is sure;
 How can the loving heart e'er feel secure,
 And e'er it breaks it may so much endure?

We had not lived had the past been foreshown;
 Ah! merciful the shadow round us thrown.—
 Thank heaven, the future is at least unknown!

THE NECESSITY AND THE POWER OF GIVING AN OPERA TO THE ENGLISH.

No. II.

WE cannot commence our Second Essay under higher auspices than those of Voltaire and Sir Walter Scott,—men eminent above all others of their time, yet of succeeding ages, and of nations differing at those periods as completely in their temperament and dramatic tastes as any civilized states in the world. It is thus, then, that the ornament of our own country has connected the opinions of the great literary name of France with his own upon our particular subject, in his Essay on the Drama :—

“ Voltaire has, with more justice, confessed that, probably, the best imitation of the ancient stage was to be found in the Italian tragic opera. The recitative resembled the musical declamation of the Athenians; and the choruses, which are frequently introduced, when properly combined with the subject, approach to those of the Greeks, as forming a contrast, by the airs which they execute, to the recitative, or modulated dialogue of the scene. Voltaire instances the tragic operas of Metastasio in particular, as approaching, in beauty of diction and truth of sentiment, near to the ancient simplicity, and finds an apology even for the detached airs (so fatal to probability) in the beauty of the poetry and the perfection of the music; and although, as a critic and a man of cultivated taste, this author prefers the regular, noble, and severe beauties of the classic stage to the effeminate and meretricious charms of the opera, still he concludes that, with all its defects, the sort of enchantment which results from the brilliant intermixture of scenery, chorus, dancing, music, dress, and decoration, subjects even the genius of criticism; and that the most sublime tragedy, and most artful comedy, will not be so frequently visited by the same individual as an indifferent opera. We may add the experience of London to the testimony of this great critic; and, indeed, were it possible that actors could frequently be procured, possessed of the powers of action and voice which were united in Grassini, it would be impossible to deny to the opera the praise of being an amusement as exquisite in point of taste, as fascinating from show and music.”

After such testimony, theoretical and practical, the question of the power of opera to move the affections in a very high, if not in the very highest degree, must be considered to be set at rest. *Ménétrier*, indeed, maintains entirely opposite dogmas: they also involve some curious historical conjectures, with which the inquirer may be amused. He says—“The state of the opera deserves a particular elucidation; and to this end we must endeavour to trace it to its origin, which lies in a great measure hid in darkness. *Riccoboni* is of opinion that the first ever represented was that which the Doge and Senate of Venice exhibited for the entertainment of Henry II. of France in the year 1574. But this account is by no means satisfactory, for *Sulpitius*, an Italian, speaks of the musical drama as an entertainment known in Italy in the year 1490. History traces the rise of opera no farther; but a circumstance mentioned by *Sulpitius*, who was a man of letters, may

seem to lead us up to its true origin. He is, by some, supposed to have been the inventor of this musical drama, but he ingenuously tells us that he only revived it. We have seen that the tragedy of the ancient Greeks was accompanied with music; that the same union was borrowed and maintained through the several provinces of the Roman empire. If, therefore, we suppose, what is altogether probable, that the form of the ancient tragedy had been still kept up in some retired part of Italy, which the barbarians never conquered, we then obtain a fair account of the rise of the modern opera, which hath so much confounded all inquiry. As Venice was the place where the opera first appeared in splendour, so it is highly probable that there the ancient tragedy had slept in obscurity during the darkness of the barbarous ages. For while the rest of Italy was overrun by the nations from the North, the seas and morasses of Venice alone preserved her from their incursions. Hence history tells us people flocked to Venice from every part of Italy; hence the very form of her republic had been maintained for thirteen hundred years; and from these views of security it was natural for the helpless arts to seek an asylum within her canals from the fury and ignorance of a barbarous conqueror. Other circumstances concur to strengthen this opinion. The Carnival first appeared in splendour, and still wears it, at Venice, beyond every other part of Italy. Now the Carnival is in many circumstances almost a transcript of the ancient Saturnalia of Rome. In the Venetian comedy the actor wears a masque; a palpable imitation, or rather continuation, of the old Roman custom. That the modern opera is no more than a revival of the old Roman tragedy, and not a new-invented species, will appear still more evident if we consider that it is an exhibition altogether out of the nature, and repugnant to the universal genius, of modern customs and manners. We have seen the natural union of poetry and music, as they rise in the savage state, and how this union forms the tragic species in the natural progression of things. Hence we have deduced the musical tragedies of ancient Greece; but in ancient Rome it appears they arose merely from imitation and adoption; nor could it be otherwise, because the Romans wanted the first seeds or principles, from whence the musical tragedies of the Greeks arose. The same reasoning takes place with respect to the modern opera: it emerged at a time when the general state of manners in Europe could not naturally produce it; it emerged in that very city where, most probably, it must have been ~~hid~~—in a city whose other entertainments are most evidently borrowed from those of ancient Rome; and if to these arguments we add this further consideration, that the subjects of the very first operas were drawn from the fables of ancient Greece and Rome, and not from the events or achievements of the times, and further, that in their form they were exact copies of the ancient drama, these accumulated proofs amount to a near demonstration, that the Italian Opera is but the revival of the old Roman tragedy. Such being the birth of the modern opera, no wonder it inherits the weakness of its parent; for we have seen that the Roman tragedy never had its proper effects, considered in a legislative view, having been separated from its important ends before its arrival from Greece. As, therefore, it had declined to a mere amusement when it was first adopted by Rome, and as we have seen that in proportion as the Roman manners grew more dissolute, tragedy sunk still lower in its character, till at length it became no more than

a kind of mere substratum, or groundwork, on which the actors displayed their abilities in singing and gesticulation, it was altogether natural that it should rise again in the same unnerved and effeminate form."

"From these causes, therefore, we may trace all the features of the modern opera, however unnatural and distorted they may appear. The poem, the music, and the performance, as they now exist in union, are the manifest effects of this spurious origin. First, that the subject of the poem should even, on its first appearance, be drawn from times and countries little interesting, and gods, and wonders, and celestial machinery introduced, which neither the poet nor his audience believed in, could only be the effect of a blind principle of imitation, tending to mere amusement. The established separation of the poet's from the musician's art was productive of parallel effects: for the poet, ambitious only of shining in his particular sphere, became generally more intent on imagery than pathos; or else, instead of being principal, he became subservient to the composer's views; from whence arose a motley kind of poem (calculated only for a display of the musician's art), which degenerated by degrees into a mere pasticcio.—Secondly, the same causes account for all the absurdities of the music. The recitative, a perpetual musical accompaniment in the declamatory parts, is a practice so much at variance with modern manners, that it extorted the following censure from a candid critic:—'I beg pardon of the inventors of the musical tragedy, a kind of poem as ridiculous as it is new. If there be anything in the world that is at variance with tragic actors, it is song. The opera is the grotesque of poetry, and so much the more intolerable as it pretends to pass for a regular work.' Now, if along with Dacier we regard the opera as a modern invention, this circumstance of the perpetual musical accompaniment is indeed unaccountable: but if we regard it as a mere imitation, or continuance of the old Roman tragedy, and trace it upwards to its true fountain, the Greek drama; and again, follow this to its original source, the savage song-feast; we there see how naturally these extremes unite, and discern the rude melody and song of the barbarous Greek tribes, gradually melted into the refinements of the modern opera. Again, as the separation of the poet's from the musician's art produces an improper poetry, so the separation of the musician's from the poet's character was productive of improper and unaffecting music; for the composer, in his turn, only intent on shining, commonly wanders into unmeaning divisions, and adopts either a delicate and a refined, or a merely popular music, to the neglect of true and musical expression. Hence, too, the *da capo* had its natural origin and practice, which tends only to tire and disgust the hearer, if he comes with an intent of being affected by the tragic action, or with any other view than that of listening to a song.—Thirdly, with regard to the performance of the opera. The theatrical representation is of a piece with the poetry and music; for, having been regarded from its first rise more as an affair of astonishing show than affecting resemblance, it is gaudy, flaunting, and unnatural. The singers, like the poet and musician, being considered merely as objects of amusement, no wonder if their ambition seldom reacheth higher than to the display of an artificial execution. As a consequence of these principles, the castrati were introduced into all sorts of characters, in spite of nature and probability, and still continue to represent heroes and statesmen, warriors and women.

The flourish close or cadence arose naturally from the same sources; from a total neglect of the subject and expression, and an attention to the mere circumstance of execution only. The frequent encore, or demand of the repeated performance of particular songs, was the natural effect of the same causes. No audience demands the repetition of a pathetic speech in tragedy, though performed in the finest manner, because their attention is turned on the subject of a drama: thus, if the audience were warmed by the subject of an opera, and took part in the main action of the poem, the encore, instead of being desirable, would generally disgust; but the whole being considered as a mere musical entertainment, and the tragic action commonly forgot, the artificial performance of a song becomes naturally a chief object of admiration, and the repetition of it a chief object of request. Thus, the whole farrago of the modern opera seems resolved into its clear and evident principles; and hence the subject, the music, the action, the dress, the execution, decorations, and machinery, are such a glaring compound of trifling and absurd improbabilities, that the tragic influence is overlaid and lost; nor is it possible for any impartial and rational spectator to take part in the dramatic action, or be moved by the ill-feigned distress. Let not the writer be thought to derogate from the ability or merit of all the poets, musicians, and singers, who devote all their labours to the opera. He knows there are exceptions in either of these departments. Neither let him be supposed to censure the opera as an entertainment unworthy all attention, considered as a mere amusement; on the contrary, whoever is inclined to hear a succession of symphonies and songs, set off with all the decorations that can dazzle the eye, and all the refinement of execution that can enchant the ear, let him attend the Opera, and he will find his taste highly gratified."

It is particularly to be observed that Addison and Arcega, Voltaire and Scott, and many more illustrious names, (Rousseau, Algarotti, Sulzer, and L'Académie, amongst others, might be added,) all deduce their philosophy of the musical drama, and their opinions of its force, from no other than the legitimately-constructed opera, consisting of music, and music alone, from beginning to end. This is the main consideration. This continuous feeling of the vehicle ought not to be interrupted or disturbed. The mind of the spectator should be brought as nearly as possible to an illusion, approaching belief, that musical intonation is no less a part of the constitution of the actors than their persons and features. This alone reconciles the apparent and indeed the natural incongruity. It is thus one and single. By the admixture of speech the English, and also the French and Germans, make it the more strikingly perceptible; the Italians are better philosophers, and manage it with infinitely greater judgment and advantage.

We may now proceed to examine the parts of the musical dialogue separately, and somewhat at large; which is indispensable, if we would understand the theory, *i. e.* the philosophy and the superiority of the regular structure. The dialogue rises from plain to accompanied recitative, through all the variety of duet, concerted pieces, and chorus, according to the number of persons engaged in the scene. Recitative, then, must be first subjected to our analysis.

Every drama must have passages of comparatively small and great interest; the mind remains not in the same state of excitement, nor do the incidents maintain a constant elevation. Skilful actors, no less

than authors, of set purpose, throw passages into shade to bring out others into stronger light.* Thus contrast heightens the general effect. Hence the distinction so judiciously taken by the Italians, of simple and accompanied recitative, the one of mere plain dialogue, not raised by passion, the other entirely devoted to it. The language of violent emotion is short, vivid, broken, rapid, and exclamatory. Such bursts of feeling can never afford subjects for continuous strains of melody. The music (both melody and harmony) must accord with the words. And here it is not only that the uniformity and propriety upon which we have insisted are destroyed, but that the supremest agency of music may be employed. Unluckily we have few or no instances (always excepting our solitary "Artaxerxes") upon the English stage; but the works of Purcell and of Handel abound in magnificent examples. Nothing finer (if so fine) can be found than the forceful and impassionate contrasts in the "Let the dreadful Engines of Eternal will" of the former composer, and the "Deeper and deeper still" of the latter. Whoever has heard Bartleman in the one and Braham in the other, without the aids of scenic illustration,† will feel how infinitely more powerful in affecting the feelings is this species of composition discharged from all the fetters of strict time, rhythm, or sustained melody, yet occasionally employing all of these for short intervals, together with the whole force of ever-changing harmonies.

It should seem, then, this constituted, in the beginning of opera, the first avenue to air, and through all time it appears to have had the same effect in touching the heart. Tartini confirms it by a remarkable anecdote. Having spoken of the narratives of the power of sounds to be found in ancient authors, he says—"In spite of doubts about the truth of the accounts found in ancient historians concerning the Greek music, such are the ancients who give those accounts, that it would be the height of rashness not to believe them. Plato and Aristotle are all who

* Rousseau was quite sensible of this necessary accommodation to the alternate drooping and swelling of the mind, and in his Dictionary of Music has thus pronounced his decision, including both the censure of verbal dialogue and the praise of recitative:—

"Our lyrical dramas are too purely musical to remain so throughout. An opera which should be only a succession of airs, would tire almost as much as a single air of the same length. The melodies must be separated by speech, but speech must be modified by music; the ideas should vary, but the language should remain the same. This language once adopted, if changed in the course of a piece, would be like speaking half in French and half in German. There is too great a disparity between conversation and music to pass at once from the one to the other: it shocks both the ear and probability. Two characters in dialogue ought either to speak or to sing: they cannot alternately do the one and the other.

"Now, recitative is the means of union between melody and speech. It is that which separates and distinguishes the airs, which tranquillizes the ear, astonished by that which has preceded, and prepares it for the enjoyment of what is to follow. In short, it is by the aid of recitative that that which is merely dialogue becomes recital or narrative in the drama, may be rendered without quitting the given language, and without disturbing the course of the melody."

† Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was performed as a drama, at the benefit of M. Bochsa, some years ago, at the King's Theatre, amidst, perhaps, the most curious selection of entertainments this country ever witnessed. Braham played Acis; Begrez, Damon; and (we believe) Zuchelli, Polypheme. But the whole was, from some cause or other—chiefly, perhaps, the admixture of foreign and English singers, and the subject of the catastrophe of the action—so ridiculous, that all sober effect was destroyed.

need be named on this occasion, and ought to make us bow down our heads. Should you ask me if such a dominion over the passions is possible in nature? I answer frankly—yes; because I am a witness myself of the possibility of it, from many instances, one of which I will relate. In the year 1714, (if I am not mistaken,) in an opera that was performed at Ancona, there was, in the beginning of the third act, a passage of recitative, unaccompanied by any other instrument but the base, which raised, both in the professors and in the rest of the audience, such and so great a commotion of mind, that we could not help staring at one another, on account of the visible change of colour that was caused in every one's countenance. The effect was not of the plaintive kind. I remember well that the words expressed indignation, but of so harsh and chilling a nature that the mind was disordered by it. Thirteen times this drama was performed, and the same effect always followed, and that too universally, of which the remarkable previous silence of the audience, to prepare themselves for the enjoyment of the effect, was an undoubted sign*."

But even the ordinary conversational dialogue is frequently heightened by the effects of changes in the harmony and the modulation†. Thus we not only, by the incongruous interruption of dialogue, destroy all continuity of musical perception and feeling, but we actually lose many of the most beautiful effects. The earlier and most classical composers of opera divided air (aria) into distinct orders, which have, like every thing else, undergone modifications in the progress of time that have broken and disturbed the regularity these writers thought proper to observe. We shall not weary the learned reader with distinctions, but for the million who, perhaps, have listened to these things all their lives long without knowing their names, we may simply quote the titles, with their peculiar marks of construction. Mr. Brown, an English artist residing in Rome, about the middle of the last century, produced a very elegant little treatise, now scarcely known, in which he demonstrated all the component parts of opera, properly so called, in a very delightful manner.

He classes them under six heads:—1st. *Aria Cantabile*, proper to sentiment and pathos, the highest species: 2d. *Aria di Portamento*, intended to display the power and beauty of the voice in sustained notes; 3d. *Aria di Mezzo carattere*, a compound of both the two first, but not so lofty as either; 4th. *Aria Parlante*, called also *Aria di Nota e Parola* and *Aria Agitata*, which is applied to the more rapid and forceful passions; and lastly, *Aria di Bravura*, or *d'agilità*, which comprises all the difficulties of execution. Mr. Brown adds another, — *Airs of Imitation*, — which he modestly insinuates is a distinction of his own, (while the others belong to the Italians,) and which are principally employed in the imitation of natural objects. By these he means such as, by rhythm, accompaniment, or in any other similitudes, are directly imitative. Thus we are taught how the whole musical structure is, or rather was,

* Stillingfleet's "Powers and Principles of Harmony."

† We are constrained to seek examples in the Italian operas. We cannot better illustrate this power spoken of in the text, than by referring the reader to the beautiful little piece of "*Recitativo Parlante*," in "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," beginning "*E Susanna non viene*," and which precedes the Countess's most pathetic aria, "*Dove sono*."

reduced to regularity, for time has materially enlarged, by mixing, the several species, without, however, any further real improvement in the diversity thus produced. One of the chiefest alterations is the admixture of the airs with the chorus, by which a stronger and more immediate contrast is created, and strength given to the sentiment, be it jubilant or melancholy, by a sort of popular assentation. But the capital improvement has been in the concerted pieces, and especially the finales, which we shall next examine.

It is a curious anomaly that one of the most powerful resources of the musical drama is to be found in a circumstance the most at variance with common sense,—namely, in those repetitions which dialogue cannot admit. Thus, take the simplest form of conversation, that between two persons, or, in musical phrase, a duet. Here (as, indeed, in single songs) we find the same sentiments dwelt upon, protracted, varied, and resumed by diversified musical expression, and, indeed, kept up by both the parties, either with or without immediate reference to each other. Not unfrequently totally opposite ideas and passions are carried on by the two, through the aids of different melody, and connected by harmony, with great force and effect; perhaps tender imprecations on one side, and determined rage on the other, and these are set off by traits from single instruments or by general accompaniments. And this apparently strange confusion is multiplied and heightened with inconceivable effect, and with a curious felicity of expression, when the dialogue comprehends the various characters in the concerted pieces. The mind, however, disregards the confusion, assimilates the beauties, and is certainly often more strongly moved by a duet, trio, or even a sestet, than by any single air, when once the judgment is sufficiently trained to listen to the apparent complication, and to understand the succinct and clear development, of the several parts. In comic pieces the vivacity is extreme, and the pleasurable excitement proportionate.* This constitutes at once a singular exception to the rule of clear perception, and dramatic verisimilitude, and a supremacy in the musical unknown to the regular drama. But let it be remembered, that these effects are the consequences of a continuous and sustained feeling of the music. By and through that medium our affections are moved. The words do little more than give a certain and decided direction to impressions purely musical. It affords, then, one of the most unanswerable arguments for the legitimate construction uninterrupted by dialogue.

But our philosophical critic has left a vast, if not the best, region of the Italian lyric drama almost unexplored, in the comic department. Our estimate is very erroneous if the improvements in this species do not very far outgo those of the Opera Seria. *Perhaps* (we speak doubt-

* At present we are perhaps scarcely entitled to believe that the extremely rapid movements and articulation of the best Italian comic pieces of this character can be introduced into the English operas, owing to the rugged nature of our syllables as compared with the lubricity of the Italian language. But there can be no question of its successful adoption where only a moderate velocity is requisite. Storace's beautiful adaptation in the "Pirates," "Hear, O hear a simple story," his quintet in "No Song no Supper," and Bishop's "The Chough and Crow," afford conclusive evidence. We are not prepared to say what a nice and curious selection of words might effect, but in the existing state of our knowledge it seems hardly to be hoped that we can attain the perfection, in this particular, of such duets as "Io di tutto mi contento," and "Nella casa."

ingly,) perhaps the comic opera may be reducible to the rules laid down by Mr. Brown; but it appears to us that his genera are divisible into many more species; this, however, we leave to more analytical heads. Our object is to point out how wide a field opens to the English stage in musical comedy, of which we can be said at present to know little or nothing.

For it is not in the mere action or incidents that the supremacy of the Italian drama of this species consists, but it resides also very much in the construction of the music. And it is curious to trace the progression. The dawnings of comic opera (and very powerfully bright they were) appeared with Piccini, (born in 1728.) His "*La Buona Figliuola*," produced in 1760, perhaps made the first great sensation. It was pronounced by Jomelli himself to be "an invention." Yet if the music were now to be subjected to the test of modern criticism, the airs would scarcely obtain a higher praise than that of prettiness. The especial commendation, however, was directed to the two finales. Paisiello and Guglielmi flourished about the same time, and in some of their works there is a nearer approach to the later manner. But Cimarosa (born in 1754) achieved the triumph of giving birth to the most perfect comic opera that had then appeared, in his justly celebrated "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*." The English reader will feel some exultation that the libretto is taken for our classical comedy, "*The Clandestine Marriage*;" and certainly there breathes throughout a vein of the sweetest, and most elegant, and spirited composition.* Still it is essentially different from that sparkling, effervescent style, which the public taste has now learned to require from the brilliant and overflowing passages of Rossini; and so much was this felt that, even when brought out a season or two since

* Nothing is more singular amongst the caprices of genius than the various means by which musical composers have delighted, if they have not found them continually indispensable, to stimulate their efforts. The lively author of the *Lives of Haydn and Mozart* has concentrated many of these peculiarities. He thus relates them:—"Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and to transport himself to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two '*Iphigenias*,' his '*Orpheus*,' and his other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious dark room, dimly illuminated by the funeral light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote the '*Medonte*,' the rondo '*Mia speranza*,' and the finest air known, I mean to say '*La dolce compagna*.' Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. It was while he was amusing himself with them that he projected his '*Horatii*' and his '*Matrimonio Segreto*;' that is to say, the finest and most original serious opera, and the first comic opera, of the Italian theatre. Sacchini could not write a passage unless his mistress was at his side, and his cats, whose gracefulness he much admired, were playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned the '*Barber of Seville*,' the '*Molinara*,' and so many other *chefs-d'œuvres* of ease and gratefulness. After reading a passage in some holy father or Latin classic, Zingarelli will dictate, in less than four hours, a whole act of '*Pyrrhus*,' or of '*Romeo and Juliet*.' I remember a brother of Anfossi, of great promise, who died young: he could not write a note unless he was surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages. As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which the great Frederic gave him, and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the angelic choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from terrestrial cares."

for Lablache, it was considered comparatively heavy by the frequenters of the King's Theatre. The difference is that which exists between melody, soothing, sweet, and rich, with only a certain quantity of velocity and animation,—such airs, for example, as “*Udite tutt' Udite.*” or “*Pria che spunti;*” such trios as “*Lei faccho un inchino,*”—and the crowded notation, the vast rapidity, the fiery meteoric brilliancy of the airs, with their accompanying instrumentation, as “*Largo al factotum della città,*” such duets as “*Dunque io son,*” such trios as “*Ah, che colpo,*” of “*Il Barbiere di Siviglia,*” and such finales as “*Questo vecchio maledetto,*” of “*Il Turco in Italia.*”

Of such an elevation in comic opera the English have yet no example, and for the reasons we state. A certain degree of vulgarity riots almost throughout, from the gross mixture of what we call witty dialogue,—

“*Light-arm'd with point, antithesis, and pun,*”

which is esteemed indispensable to support the character of comic. Shield, in “*Rosina,*” and Storace, in “*No Song, no Supper,*” illustrate our position, though there is far more of refinement in the former than in the latter piece: indeed, it was Storace's object to introduce gradually the musical effects belonging to the Italian stage upon our own. He anticipated what has been done, and is now doing, more completely by Mr. Rophino Lacy, in his adaptations of Rossini's operas to the English dress. How far it may be possible to carry the chief characteristic of Rossini's excellence,—and his may now be said to present the model—namely, the “*nota e parola,*” the rapid articulation of words and notes, under the impediments of our rougher language,—remains, we repeat, to be tried. The nearest approach to it appears, to our judgment, to be the finales we have mentioned in “*No Song, no Supper,*” and “*The Pirate,*” which cannot, however, be called rapid. All the attempts to adapt English words to Rossini's quick, florid music, have failed to our ears. Much allowance must, however, be made for the previous and original association with the Italian.

Our consideration of this first branch of our subject has led us so far, that we must postpone to another essay the means which the English possess of framing and enjoying a legitimate opera. We are perfectly satisfied they have these means, if they can be brought to use them, in a degree second only, if second at all, to the Italians, who now take rank as the first and highest cultivators of the lyric drama.

MY TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS."

No. III. THE PILGRIM OF MONT BLANC.

Never was season more unfavourable to the execution of ~~such~~ a pilgrimage than the summer of the year of grace 1833. It was not that Nature threw obstacles in the way of the holy longing which had led men—or at least one man—to pay homage at her most glorious European shrine. Never, on the contrary, did June show forth a brighter prospect of Alpine magnificence. The drowsy-looking *Leman*, not yet cleared from the morning mist—the sombre masses of the *Jura* range, still lightly “periwigged with snow”—the many-villaged plains of the *Canton de Vaud*, and the peopled picturesqueness of *Geneva*, were all behind me. I crossed the Swiss frontier at *Annemasse*, and entered *Savoy*. The car of day was yoked with sunbeams, and its wheels flashed brilliancy on mountain, wood, and valley. But here it was that one of the most odious obstacles in the code of social annoyance thwarted, with every ingenuity of artifice, the pleasure which Nature intended for mankind.

Need I say that I allude to the torments of the custom-house?—certainly not, to those who ran the gauntlet of their persecution about the time I speak of. It was just then that a few too ardent and too generous spirits formed a bold but futile plan to wrench their rights from the recreant king, who first made liberty his people's watchword, and then trampled on them in the pride of prerogative. The prisons of *Piedmont* echoed with the living plaints, the fosses of her fortresses sent back the dying groans of the patriot soldiers, incarcerated on suspicion, or shot on evidence. But those brave spirits had a full revenge. Heaven grant that they felt it to relieve their agonies!—in the abject fears which vibrated through the whole system of the Government, from the monarch down to the meanest underling. The very custom-house officers at this paltry frontier village trembled as they examined the trunks of the diligence passengers, and the little packets of the country people who trudged along to market. Had each pocket-handkerchief covered a conspirator it need not have been more cautiously turned inside out. The wording of the passports—for want of a due attention to which many a traveller was repulsed at this threshold of the country—was strictly scrutinized. Each *signalement* was minutely verified. Half-a-dozen oranges paid duty; a plated salt-cellar was confiscated, despite the plaintive pleadings of the notary's wife, who had made the unlucky purchase at *Geneva*, and was carrying it as a present to her brother at *Bonneville*. Smuggling was impossible; for if the men were roughly examined, the women were little less so, by a person in petticoats, whom I verily believe to have been a grenadier with his whiskers shaved off. A *shako*, intended for a recruit at *St. Martin*, was a fearful puzzle to the geniuses of the *douane*. The word was vainly looked for over and over in the index of the enormous register of import duties, in the S's, the C's, the H's, the K's, and, every consonantal combination which those

letters could form. But this scene of ignorance and intolerance, at once ludicrous and lamentable, was over within a couple of hours; and the well-worried voyagers were pronounced free to pursue their progress.

And away we went, in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, as inclination or necessity prescribed, in many varieties of travelling acquaintance-ship. But where was the Pilgrim? or will my readers begin to ask of me, "myself the great original?" The last question must be answered by a negative, the former by a fact. The main personage of this paper-plot of mine was not *there*; and I certainly cannot show him to my readers until I find him myself. Away, then, I go again, in full search. My baggage light, my heart not heavy, and my spirits up to the high-water-mark of adventure!

Several leagues were wended over, many noble mountains gazed at, and various villages passed through, or left on one or the other side. How beautiful in that glorious country is all nature, except human nature! But how little of divinity does the face of man (or woman either, "not to speak it profanely") there show forth! What a manufactory is every hamlet, yea every hut, for those little music-grinding urchins who fret the echoes of all the capitals of Europe with their discords! I never could look at one of them, happy in the broad savageness of its mountain home, without thinking it might be one day miserably *buried* in some foul sink of civilization.

But a painful thought had no more chance of fixing in my mind than one of those light clouds, which threw a shadow on my path, had of settling on the sun-gilt peaks over which they were swept by the dancing breeze of morning.

And so I went on. And at last, on the second day, I came to Servoz; that sunnyspot, that vale of verdure, that gem of the picturesque, with its ruined castle, and its wooden bridge, its motous stream, its neat chalets, all set in a giant frame-work of forest, crag, and cataract.

As I neared the village, I stopped for a few minutes, to read a scriptory announcement, transfixed by nails to a crucifix at the road-side. It was one of those pastoral impieties so common in Catholic countries; but as it may be a novelty to some remote untravelled heretic, I give it here in all its original presumption.

"Monseigneur F^{re} de Thiollaz, Evêque d'Annecy, accorde 40 jours d'indulgences à quiconque recitera dévotement devant cette croix un PATER, un AVE, & une ACTE de CONTRITION. Le 18. Juillet, 1831."

Would that Wickliffe, or the great Doctor of Wittenberg, or some other stalwart champion of Reform, were to revisit the earth, exclaimed I, and thunder out again their eloquent fulminations, to purge it of these monstrous quackeries!

At the words, a kneeling figure, close by, which I had not before perceived, bent still more profoundly at the foot of the cross; and my horse (for I was mounted during this part of my expedition) started—as well he might—and threw back his ears with a movement that must have proceeded from amused surprise. I fixed my eyes for a moment in a like sensation. The Pilgrim—for it was he—thus passively afforded "entertainment for man and beast."

I think I never saw such a long and so white a beard, or so ragged a beggarman. Yet I am unjust in calling him a mendicant, though he

looked so like one. He asked no alms, and when I dropped a small silver piece beside him, his finger and thumb mechanically picked it up, and then slipped it into the little poor's-box whose neighbourhood somewhat redeemed the Bishop of Annecy's superstitious trash. I was grieved at the thought of having offended the old object of my intended bounty. I devoutly felt a thrill of regret. "*I salute you, good father,*" said I, touching my hat and moving on one side. So having thus completed my "ave," my "pater," and my "act of contrition," I felt myself entitled to full forty days' indulgence; and, with sentiments and sensations right catholic in the broadest sense of the word, I turned away to the enjoyment of universal nature.

My salutation was answered by a slow inclination of the hat—I concluded there was a head in it—but I saw none; for the Pilgrim kept the broad leaf of his stray *sombrero* (I want an English word to describe the article) drawn close down over his face, allowing nothing to be seen but that venerable apron of beard which covered the whole front of his rugged, grey great-coat, and actually touched the carpet of nettles on which he was kneeling, in penance as I thought.

My guide, so to call the inconceivable lump of dulness, in the shape of a youth of nineteen, whom I was obliged to hire, along with the horse that carried me from Sallenche,—had stepped on to order breakfast at the village inn. When I arrived, there was as comfortable a cup of coffee, as good brown bread, as exquisite butter, and as delicious honey, as the most sensitive gourmand could desire, all ready spread out for my service. Having done ample justice to this repast, and chatted for a quarter of an hour to the fine old *aubergiste*, and gazed all round the splendid scenery of the place, I once more resumed my saddle seat, and ambled off, at the good pleasure and self-chosen pace of my admirable old steed, who well deserves a whole month of magazine immortality. Would that I knew his name—if so I should certainly record it; but although I shall never forget that of "*the guide,*" I forbear to "*damn him to eternal fame.*" Poor devil! It was not his fault that he could not remember the names of the mountains or villages among which he had drawled out his dull existence. But it is really too bad for the "*Maître des Guides*" at Sallenche to impose such an incumbrance on the thirsty-minded traveller, at a tax of three francs a day.

Never mind, "*live and let live,*" is a generous motto. So I pardon all my enemies—who are not worth hating. And who *is*? Verily, verily I know not. *Therefore* I am in charity with all mankind. But if ever I meet one who to the wish to do me wrong joins the manliness to avow it, who scorns the sneaking and sordid selfishness which is the besetting vice of the age, who knows no double-dealing, poisons not by innuendo, whispers away no character, withers no reputation with a wink or a nod, but boldly says "*I am your enemy,*" and meets you face to face—by the thunderer! I will honor such a glorious foe with the deepest measure of my hatred. But "*high, low, Jack and the game!*" what is all this about, and where am I running? Am I mounted, like Daniel O'Rourke, on the back of a great big ould gander, and flying up to the moon? All this comes of throwing the reins loosely on the neck of a grey goose quill—but *n'importe!* I am going full speed before the wind. The mountains of Savoy are no neighbourhood for plain sailing, or for

plain sense perhaps. So "let's fly at them like French falconers"—but the quotation, like all others indeed, is almost as much beaten ground as the summits of Mont Blanc—but they are *snow*, now that I recollect myself.

"There are two of them!" exclaimed I, (like the girl who saw her fellow servant and her *double*,) starting with astonishment, as I observed the figure of a man stretched on the grass by the side of my path, which had been a perilous one were my worthy old horse less sure-footed. He wore the very costume of the venerable devotee whom I had left telling his beads at the foot of the cross, two leagues and two hours behind me. The same tattered garment, the same weather-battered head-gear—but not the same beard; for on his turning round the head, or block as the case might be, which the large straw flap so closely concealed, I saw that a black bushy growth curled thickly round his neck and over his breast, such as bespoke him a man of middle age.

"The old man's son," thought I. But it was an odd family costume; and the muscular leg which showed itself through the scant covering of a faded blue pantalon, and the huge bludgeon on which he leaned, and the shaggy long-tailed dog which "barked at me as I passed him," formed as unprepossessing a combination as need have been associated, to make one hurry through such a convenient pass for battle, murder, or sudden death.

But I did not *hurry* through, nor turn my head as I continued my walking pace. I am too old a traveller for that; for I have learned from occasional rough companionship that the surest way to find safety in such cases is not to look for it—pretty nearly on Sir Boyle Roche's principle that "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump."

I was by no means sorry to find myself a league farther on my road; and I had made up my mind that the two questionable individuals whom I had left behind, belonged to some sect of Simonianism or the like, and I soon forgot them.

I cannot stop now to expatiate on paper, as I did then in thought, on the magical beauties of that tiny lake, which seems perched on its mountain height only to let "the monarch" look down at the reflection of his hoary head, or to give an opportunity to visionaries like myself to plunge their minds into a bright bath of enthusiasm.

And then those exquisite cascades which "look not of this earth" and quite as little of that *water*. I stood still before one of them, and gazed till thought dissolved away like it, and its strange murmur seemed to have passed into my mind a part and parcel of itself. It had not the least appearance of liquid. It came frothing over a ledge of granite a thousand feet high, from a mountain cleft four times that elevation, like the purest vapour; and was blown down the shelving precipice in most graceful folds, as if some fairy machinery above had worked the brilliant snow-heaps into a woven tissue, so finely transparent that every jutting point, every fissure, and all the various-coloured strata of the rocks were seen behind, as through a veil of gossamer. Joining the crags again midway down, this floating web seemed condensed into stripes of white gauze, flying over the mountain's breast in ever-waving motion. How lovely it was! How indescribable! with nothing in it elemental but its airy semblance.

The tones of a fiddle obligato, with a running accompaniment of laughter, attracted my attention a little farther on; and I saw on a grass-plot a group of girls frisking as gaily as the goats which they had left to run wild on the rocks above. But the minstrel! "Another, and another, and another!" cried I. "What! has this representative of the third generation started up to throw some new delusion into this scene of natural magic?"

There he was;—the same hat, the same coat, the same pantaloons, the same sandal-shoon; and, I could have almost sworn it, the very same legs and feet showing themselves through the rents of both the one and the other. But he heard? It was now a brown, crisp selvage, skirting the chin and jaws, and speaking him, in the general language of crinosity, about five-and-twenty years of age. I had now no hesitation in my opinion that there was a wandering deputation of St. Simonians in search of "the woman" through the wild fastnesses of Savoy; and methought that this last of the apostles was the most likely to find and fix her.

The bark of a dog at my horse's heels roused me from the next of my reveries. I turned round and saw a smart brown and white pointer, with tail close cut, not a bit like the rough-coated wretch who had barked at me before, yet the voice was the very same. A family likeness, thought I; and, as I turned round, I saw close behind me one of the hairy triumvirate of raggedness—which I could not well distinguish—stalking on with most formidable strides. An instinctive *dig*, with my heels against the lanky sides of my horse was the immediate consequence of my discovery; and something very like a trot was the manner in which he acknowledged it. We were within a few hundred yards of Chamounix. "Filoz! Filoz!" cried my St. Simonian; and he whistled back his dog, and evidently slackened his pace in accommodation to my humour. His retrograde movement, and my rapid advance, completed the separation I so much desired.

While I was in the act of dismounting from my horse at the door of hotel *de l'Union*, at Chamounix, sorry to part company from so safe and trust-worthy a companion, (the guide had arrived long before,) a man brushed hastily past me, and strode up the outer flight of steps which led to the first floor entrance of the house. The waiters, hostlers, and maids, who all came out to receive me, (the season was young, and I was one of the earliest visitors,) gazed with wonderment, as well as the mountain guides, who lounged in the court-yard or stood leaning on their iron-spiked batons, ready equipped for the glaciers. The ragged object of this general surprise never raised his hat or bent his head to look at or salute the motley group, but, followed by his dog, he reached the top gallery above, and entered the house. One or two of the waiters darted after him, as though they had suddenly remembered some spoons lying loose, or some drawer being unlocked. I soon followed; and, on entering the public *Salon*, I saw, not any one of the "bearded Saracens" who had so variously crossed my path, but a smooth-chinned boy, whose chief stock of hair was in his brains, about twenty years young, and extremely handsome; who, having thrown aside his outer garment and his most extraordinary hat, had flung himself with perfect *nonchalance* into a chair, and was discussing with the waiter the relative merits of

sundry dishes, which he was selecting from the dinner *carte* that he held in his hand.

"Aha! good morning, Sir," said he, advancing towards me; "we are old travelling acquaintances. You don't recognise me, I fear? But you know my family well. You have fallen in this morning with my elder brother, my father, and my grandfather; and now let me have the pleasure of showing them to you again."

He laughed heartily as he spoke, and immediately drew from out of a canvas-covered pack three false beards, which he successively fitted to his chin, and he used at every change some grotesque action suited to the respective characters with admirable aptitude.

"Now don't you gape and stare so foolishly," cried he, turning to the waiter; "that's nothing to what I'll do to astonish you, by and bye. Away, be off! order the dinner, and write no more letters, d'ye mind, to the miller's daughter,—at least, without confessing your perfidy to Jeannette of the *Hôtel de Londres*."

The waiter seemed transfixed with wonder. "Away, I say, retire; and I'll tell you your fortune to-night on a pack of cards that never failed me. Filoz, show the waiter the door,—politely, mind ye."

On this, the obedient animal moved as directed, with a most obsequious twist of the head; and the waiter glad, as it appeared to me, to escape from the presence, lost no time in obeying the peremptory order.

"Now, Sir, that we are alone," continued my companion, "or the same thing as alone, for Filoz is a dog of an entire discretion, and never tells a secret, permit me to ask your pardon for having mystified you a little on the road. Filoz has an apology also to make you for a little masquerading. See here," and thereupon he produced from the pack the shaggy covering in which the dog had been disguised. He then ran on,—“Now pray don't be angry with us; we meant no harm, did we, Filoz?” (the dog shook his head;) “no, that we did not. Be convinced, Sir, that we belong neither to the Carbonari nor the Burschenschaft: we are not conspirators, highway robbers, or pickpockets; no, nor beggars, though you took us for such at Servoz. I am only on a pilgrimage, and Filoz travels with me as a friend. We came all the way from Paris just to do homage to Mont Blanc; and having fulfilled our enterprize, we shall return again. We have seen the majestic mass, and are satisfied; and, moreover, I have won my wager.”

I thought it required no skill in witchcraft to discover the character of my new acquaintance. I set him down as a harem-scurum French youth, of polished manners, good education, ineffable good-humour, and inconceivable ingenuity. If I had space enough I should certainly relate some of the adventures of his journey from Paris, through a part of France, Germany, and Switzerland—his hair-breadth escapes, and the thousand tricks with which he deceived, if not “the senate,” at least its myrmidons. I believed all he told me: I always mark that a point with a story-teller, and I hope my readers do the same. Indeed I always strive to believe everything. One starts in life with a passion for inquiry, which is sure to generate doubt, which infallibly leads to argument, which ends in quarrelling, and which never brings conviction. Then *cui bono*? no, no! in the words of the old English distich—

"Leave reasonne, believe, wonder—
Faith hath maisterye,—reasonne is under."

But such was not the motto of the Pilgrim of Mont Blanc. One of the first things he told me (if I can claim such a distinction for any of the jumbled mass of garrulity which he poured out) was that he neither believed nor feared *anything*.

"*Craignez rien, croyez rien*,"—such, *sacre bleu!* is my device. That's the way to get through the world, isn't it, Filoz?" and Filoz nodded his head thereto.

And in a very short time we were all three on very amicable terms of acquaintanceship. "Somewhat too quick and incautious," will be whispered by the calculating crowd who consult a pedigree before they venture to shake a hand, and scrutinize a rent-roll ere they condescend to acknowledge a friendship. "What were his connexions? Was he of an old family? Was he cousin to a lord?"

Who, let me ask in my turn, that has seen life and studied men, ever bothers himself now with such a catechism? Twenty years ago it was well and good. But revolution is abroad; the real "schoolmaster," which will soon drive wisdom into mankind, and not at the wrong end either, as the old flagellators used to strive to do. Real men of the world are sure to learn, by bitter experience, that acquaintances formed at random, and not too nicely chosen, are often the best, and that the most "select" are, many a time, the least truly respectable.

We must not stop to *argue* the question now. But taking it for granted, for a month at least, push on towards Montanvert, and as far up Mont Blanc as the heavy masses of yet unthawed snow, and the perils of partial avalanches, will admit.

I had proposed to the Pilgrim to accompany me on the ascent. He cheerfully acceded. I took a guide, Jean Marie Payot by name, a man between fifty and sixty, but as lively and active as a young goat, as garrulous and story-telling as an old nurse. A substantial supply of cold meat and bread, and three or four bottles of wine, gave ballast to this light-footed and light-hearted mountaineer; and away we all went, each with his spiked stick in hand, and the Pilgrim, mangre all my counsellings, loaded with his clumsy yet ragged coat, his fiddle thrust into its broad pocket, and his pack double strapped on his shoulders. He was a wild-looking fellow, even without his beard; but was the scene a civilized one? If proportion be a leading element of beauty, then was my Pilgrim in fine keeping with the rugged rocks, and uprooted pines, and shattered branches through which we moved; and the fine crash of the distant avalanches formed a fit accompaniment to the scene and its associations.

Shall I tell all that passed between us on that day of adventurous companionship! Not *all*—but some of it I will. He proved to me that he was "a fellow of infinite humur." He carried a pack of cards in his pocket. No conjurer or fortune-teller I ever came across could deal them more deftly. He sang several "snatches of wild songs" with admirable skill, and a voice of deep melody. He played with three or four fragments of granite together, in a way that no Indian juggler could surpass with balls or rings. He "discoursed" something more than sweet music on a pipe that might, for simplicity, mock the *ignis arena* of Tityrus;

it was a mere reed, a straw indeed, with but one finger-hole, on which, by an inconceivable acuteness of ear and rapidity of motion, he whistled or piped—or produced, at any rate, imitations of a whole forest of birds, and played airs with most inspiring effect; such airs as the “*Parisienne*,” the “*Marseillaise*,” and others that ought never to be played, but in a region of liberty. But was there nothing more in him than these loose accomplishments? Much, much more; and the world will one day know it!

We went up towards the ascent of the *Aiguilles de Chamois*, so steep that the snow reached our middle, so high that the frightened guide dragged us back by the tail of the coat. We ventured so far, across the chasms of the *Mer de Glace* that he gave us up for lost. We plucked the first blossomed branches of rhododendron that had been seen this season at Chamounix, and at no small risk, but not quite so great as that of “one who gathered samphire.”

Wonderful exploits! will some sneering cynic say; and I will simply answer, that every act of a day like that was worth an age of commonplace enjoyment.

I must leave much untold of the huge rocks we hurled below, bounding and crashing for thousands of feet, shivered into myriads of fragments, and making the mountain-side look as though it leaped with life; or of the rail-road slides we made down ravines of frozen snow, sitting on large granite blocks, and steering ourselves with the spiked batons imperfectly and perilously. For these, and many another mountain amusement, I have no space to tell; and more do I regret not to be able to repeat some of the wild stories of the valley, told with fine effect by our admirable guide; but for these last a time and a place may be found.

We descended by the source of the Aveyron, reached Chamounix at night, and early next morning took to the road, through that incomparable district of sublimity of eight or nine leagues, by the *Tête Noire*, *Argentiere*, *Trient*, and to *Martigny*. There we slept, and there we separated the following morning, I on my route to Germany, he on his to ——. But there I stop. Where was he going? Reader, I may not tell. What was his name? his purpose? The first, depend on it, was of greatness that might cast the pageant of the living world into shade. The latter was so splendid, that a light hand or a truant pen must not dare to lift the veil or tell the secret. Does he still live, and his purpose too? Wait awhile, good reader.

THE DEBTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

No. I.

For those persons, the smooth tenor of whose lives has never been disturbed by the cutting blast of adversity, who ascribe exemption therefrom to their own superior excellence and moral rectitude, who read and hear of their chilling, withering effects, either as "idle tales," or the merited award for gross impropriety of conduct, the following pages will possess little or no interest; from such the writer expects slight sympathy: but he appeals with some degree of confidence to that class (and, alas! how great is the number!) who have acquired sad experience of the "ills that flesh is heir to."

Accustomed to public life, in which he served highly and honourably during many years in a distant portion of the King's dominions, after an absence of eight from his native land, the writer received an order to accompany his official chief to Europe upon public business. The rapture with which he obeyed the summons, and prepared to recross the Atlantic, can be understood only by persons who have been similarly situated, who have been long strangers to the home of their fathers, rendered dear to memory by the thousand heart-stirring recollections of affectionate childhood, the joys of youth, or hopes and anticipations of manhood: such alone can fully comprehend *his* feelings upon approaching the shores of Albion, or participate in the torrent of delight which burst upon him as the stately vessel which bore him thither sailed, with a fresh breeze, up the Bristol Channel after ten weeks' sojourn upon the mighty ocean. But had his feelings been otherwise, he dared not have demurred: the "fiat" had gone forth from one who had power to command, and must be obeyed. The greetings of old friends and acquaintances were warm, sincere, and affectionate; but in a few short months how sad the reverse!

An official neglect upon the part of his superior officer, entirely independent of and beyond the control of the writer, deprived him of his salary and appointments! the Secretary of State, after a *six months' correspondence*, officially notifying that he was "held responsible for having deliberately absented himself from the duties of his office without leave." A decision founded in *gross injustice and contrary to facts!*

The voluminous and protracted correspondence alluded to, without reference to the *merits* of the case, was mere official *verbiage*; for *officiaux* are vastly polite at the moment they inflict the most flagrant cruelties upon persons who become subject to their capricious power. It has been well remarked by one conversant with its abominations, that "in great matters, no government upon earth is so profuse and regardless of consequences as that of Great Britain; but, in smaller concerns, such as the mere private and personal interests of an old public servant, none is so mean, so frequently and abominably unjust." The writer of these pages is a sad personal instance of this latter fact, which involved him in great pecuniary difficulties, and who from the enjoyment of a handsome income, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life, moving, not merely in what is termed "good society," but possessing the esteem and intimate acquaintance of the great and honourable, found himself suddenly the subject of painful vicissitudes, and a victim, one bright morning in the "merry month of May," of that stupid, senseless,

degrading, demoralizing law, which, in this "free country," empowers creditors to seize upon, and incarcerate in *idleness, misery, and vice*, the "vile bodies" of such of their debtors as have no other means of satisfying their demands. The present papers are intended to give a faint description of the vicious republic of which he involuntarily became a member, its governing laws, its characteristic pursuits and manners, their influence upon society, and a few portraits of some of the "élite" with whom the writer was condemned to herd.

Upon the 16th "morning of the month"—May, 1833—the glorious monarch of the skies rose in resplendent beauty, and peeping through the curtains of my couch at five o'clock, bade me "shake off dull sloth" and seek the verdant fields. I obeyed the summons and wandered towards "Primrose Hill." All nature seemed inspired;—not a cloud obscured the horizon;—the din and noise of this huge metropolis for awhile were hushed;—the bleating of cattle, and the singing of birds, were almost the only sounds that fell upon the ear. Such a scene, under such circumstances, could not have failed to produce a salutary effect upon and to calm the passions of the most impetuous of the fiery race of Adam: within me it caused an all-overness of delight.

Winding my way homewards about the hour of eight in high spirits and right-good time for the breakfast-table, an appalling, though gentle tap, upon my dexter shoulder, from a rather well-dressed man, who descended from a "stanhope," in Regent-street, in an instant changed the current of my blood, as he politely stated, "I have a writ against you, Sir," forthwith presenting the diabolical instrument of his authority. Astounded at this dire intelligence, my heart sickened. Light, easy, and joyous but a few short moments since, how heavily did it now beat at that fate which thus occasioned an instantaneous transition from joy to grief—from hope to despair!

Instinctively I obeyed, and in silence accompanied my conductor whither he chose to lead. Curiosity, at length, induced me to ask his name, and that of my destination. Readers, such of you as know the important personage will not be surprised to learn that an indistinct feeling of awe took possession of me, when informed that I was held captive at the will of that renowned chief of bumbailiffs and sponging-house keepers, Mr. Sloman, and that it was towards his secure sanctuary our steps were directed. After threading many streets and alleys, and looking upon all with a degree of affection, as though they and I should never come again in contact, Mr. Sloman, at length, introduced me to his gloomy abode in Cursitor-street. The "stanhope," which after my capture was driven by his deputy at a slow funeral pace as far as Clare-market, was thence dispatched, by this great cormorant, in pursuit of other victims.

By an attendant I was shown into a spacious sitting-room upon the first floor, which was filled with *costly*, if not with *elegant*, furniture, and its walls were adorned with valuable and extremely beautiful paintings. A magnificent "Sunset," of very large dimensions, by Claude, particularly claimed my admiration. A connoisseur, who called to examine them for a nobleman who was about to become a purchaser, assured me that it was an original by that immortal artist, worth 3000*l.*, and that there were many others of proportionate value.

My readers, at least some of them, will doubtless share my surprise at this assertion, and wonder with me how this man could become possessor of such costly works of art! A twelve hours' acquaintance with the place served to enlighten me very considerably. The genus, to which Mr. Sloman belongs, have a facility of acquiring "the needful" from the wretched unfortunates who fall within their grasp, known to and practised only by themselves.

Sighing deeply at the sad prospects before me, I sipped a cup of wretched stuff yecept tea, and called for writing materials, which occupied me during several hours, but, as it ultimately proved, unsuccessfully.

Dinner succeeded breakfast, and that in process of time was followed by supper; the day passed miserably enough, but it did pass. Time runs his race as surely, though heavily, in the dungeon of the wasted prisoner, as in the drawing-room of the most haughty countess. Heaven's "bright luminary," shining upon all, imparts not equal elasticity of spirits, but is, at the same moment, lighting to scenes of boisterous mirth and those of direst woe! How little do the proud and wealthy, in the plenitude of *riches* and *luxury*, know of the miseries of their poorer brethren! How little do they—nay, how *absolutely unable* are they to sympathize with their fellow men in less happy circumstances!

This house was filled with captives; I saw many of them smoking in a small court-yard; but as they were members of a general room, we did not associate.

In the evening "mine host" of the staff made his appearance, and civilly informed me that his wife, "with her little account," wished to speak with me, adding, that such matters belonged exclusively to her. I was forthwith introduced to the female deity who presides over this den of captivity. Mrs. Sloman, with great civility, presented her bill, containing some twenty items for breakfast, dinner, coffee, lodgings, various etceteras, and two messengers, amounting to one pound twelve shillings! Had the articles supplied been of first-rate quality, I might, perhaps, have submitted in silence to the charges; but the chopped, stained hay and sloe-leaves, in lieu of tea; stale bread, bad butter, most un-juvenile eggs; ill-dressed steak, from the carcase of a beast that must have shared its antiquity with that of the fair lady herself; the direst beverage, called sherry, from some neighbouring gin-shop; in fine, every article being of the *most exceptionable* kind, induced me to remonstrate with my lady caterer, and denounce her provisions as execrable, her charges exorbitant, and her effrontery unparalleled! To my utter surprise, she heard me with the most imperturbable calmness; and, after some discussion, consented to a considerable reduction in its amount, under the fear that I should carry into effect my threat of removing,—one she had no power to control.

In expectation of liberty through an arrangement with the man at whose suit I was captured, I sojourned nearly a week at Sloman's house. This hope frustrated, upon the seventh morning I desired him to convey my body to the county receptacle, provided by a wise legislature for the detention of all unhappy sprites, who, no matter whether from misfortunes or otherwise, may be unable to meet a creditor's demands.

On the 23d instant I was, therefore, conducted to what the *vulgar*

denominate the Debtors' Prison, the more *refined* "Barrett's Hotel," in Whitecross-street, Cripplegate, and was, in due form, made over to the keeper thereof. Five or six gentlemen, better known by the appellation of "Turnkeys," here ushered me, with awful gravity, into a little, dirty, dark ante-room, where I remained in solitude and in silence until my conductor obtained a satisfactory receipt for my precious corpus from the authority who was henceforward to have the honour of becoming responsible for its safe custody.

Thence I was conducted to "the receiving ward," so called from its appropriation to all new comers, during their first twenty-four hours' sojourn; for what other purpose than that of affording the being placed in charge of it the opportunity of making profits out of the necessaries required by his fellow-prisoners I know not. There I was placed under the surveillance of (a prisoner) an insolent, fat, pompous, bald-headed man, —to whom the care of this inducting part of the "hotel" is confided, and from which he enjoys very considerable advantages and opportunities of making money; granted, I presume, as a reward for his eminent services to the community, and as a due appreciation of the justice of that tribunal, which condemned him to a *lengthened* imprisonment. Be this as it may, I consider him an unfortunate individual, never having heard a single person speak of him as other than a vulgar, imperious, overbearing man. I have been informed that, connected with some of the inferior city authorities, corporation influence has been the means of placing him in his present state of command.

In this "ward" a miserable room, about twenty-four feet by sixteen, were seventeen other persons, of various degrees and ages, who had, most of them, been captured within the preceding twenty-four hours. All were condemned to "*kill time*" as they best could during the day they were doomed to pass in this vile place.

After a sleepless night in a room with twelve other persons, I, with the rest of my captive brethren, was summoned by a little lynx-eyed turnkey, of sad and solemn countenance, one upon whose face a smile had never mantled, a very model of a Greffier; and him I followed to the public yard of the Middlesex division, which we entered at a quarter past nine, A.M., by a private door communicating with the dominions of the great bashaw I had just quitted. This yard contains four "wards," and the aggregate number of inmates is generally about three hundred. My little Cerberus conducted me to ward No. 8, and presented me to a gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, who was seated at a table, pen in hand, apparently quite at home, with sundry small memorandum-books strewed before him, in one of which my name was inscribed. This ceremony ended, the writer raised his head, and in a courteous but solemn tone stated, "the fees are eighteen shillings;" these paid, and my two shillings in change of a sovereign deposited in a place of safety, I was informed, after a reference to one of the aforementioned books, that I was appointed to "table No. 4." This gentleman, whom I at first supposed to be a sort of deputy-chief, was a prisoner, who had been elected to the situation of steward or president by his brethren of the ward.

These formalities being ended, I ventured gradually to look around, and take a view of the room and the society into which I had fallen, and into whose mysteries I had just been initiated, with feelings partaking of anything but prepossession in favour of either.

The Debtor's Experience.

Gentle readers, you who have a taste for intellectual pleasure and refinement, who can enjoy "the least of reason and the flow of soul," who have never been contaminated by association with the vulgar and the vicious; pause for a moment and imagine yourselves suddenly immured in a mean, filthy-looking, stone-floored room, covered with saw-dust, five strongly-barred windows upon either side, each containing a table surrounded by fixed benches for the accommodation of eight persons, the greater part having their full complement; fancy yourselves at once brought into close communion with seventy persons, the larger portion from the lowest ranks of society, men whom vulgarity and ignorance had irrevocably sealed as their own, whose feelings, if they ever possessed any, were now as completely deadened and insensible as the pavement upon which they were standing—swearing, bawling, and robbing each other—and you may *perhaps* form some idea of the misery I endured, and the disgust and horror that pervaded my soul as I surveyed the incongruous group of which I had become a component part. Some individuals of which it was composed I purpose introducing hereafter to your notice.

An immense kitchen-range at one end of the room, filled with a huge fire adapted to the severer weather of January, rather than the auspicious heat of May, was fed ever and anon by a most unpropitious-looking being. I soon learnt that this mass of volcanic humanity was cook to the ward, and that he received for his services a salary of seven shillings a week,—an office to which he had been elected in consideration of his family and distresses.

To the gentleman who installed me with so much solemnity upon my *entrée* amongst the "White-cross Knights," and whom I must now introduce to my readers as the presiding chief, under the denomination of "steward," I was indebted for an insight into the rules and regulations by which the motley throng around me was governed.

The "fee" money exacted from each captive, upon his arrival at the "hotel," forms a fund out of which servants' wages, coals, candles, and other necessaries are paid. The former consist of cook, swabber, and a chamberlain, to each of the four bed wards; each of these persons receive from 5s. to 7s. per week, according to their respective labours, and the "steward" ten shillings; besides these, there are four committee men, chosen from each of the bed wards where they officiate as stewards, but in the ward below as auditors of public accounts, and a chairman for the preservation of order: these five last are gratuitous offices, but were formerly rewarded upon every Monday with a luncheon composed of sundry pounds of bread and cheese, and five quarts of "ram jam," (which, translated for the benefit of unlearned readers, means strong ale;) but this custom, upon some occasion when the funds were at a low ebb, was broken through, and has now fallen into desuetude, to the discomfiture of all future and existing committee-men and chairmen. The vote by ballot is in full force at all elections for offices: these take place once every month, with the exception of that for steward, which is quarterly.

By this time I had a tolerably complete epitome of the Statute Book of this new world impressed upon my brain, and, my obliging informant being called away, I was left to my own reflections: these were of no ordinary or enviable nature. Of a warm and enthusiastic disposition, fondly attached to society composed of congenial minds, possessing an instinc-

tive abhorrence of the low and vulgar, my feelings were unutterably painful as I surveyed the heterogeneous mob into which my fate had hurled me. I cursed that fate, and felt, at that moment, something like hatred to all my species. Men of all characters and grades, pursuits and principles, manners and resources, are here indiscriminately huddled together in large numbers, and, as will be readily conceived, confusion, vice, vulgarity, noise and uproar, holding a perpetual and unblushing court, reign triumphantly.

A train of the most melancholy thoughts took possession of me, from which I was agreeably roused by the entrance of some young ladies, who came upon a visit of consolation to their imprisoned parent—a professor of music. This man, Hanoverian by birth, had served fourteen years in the British army, and a like period in the band of his late Majesty, George the Fourth, the disbanding of which, by the present King, caused his ruin. This event threw him upon the world, with a family of nine children (seven under twelve years of age); distress stared him full in the face and preyed heavily upon his mind. He endeavoured to obtain employment at the National Theatres, and for some time succeeded; but the wretched state of the funds of those establishments occasioned delays in payment that overwhelmed him with misfortunes. To mental agony succeeded bodily illness; and, seized upon a bed of sickness, this man was arrested and consigned to a goal for debts amounting to 89*l.*, forty of which were due to his landlord for rent; who, to his honour be it recorded, from many years previous knowledge of his tenant's upright and honourable conduct, like "the good Samaritan," poured the balm of consolation into his wounded breast, by offering all the sympathy which his limited means permitted, accompanied by a sincere expression of regret that they were so circumscribed as to prevent him from extricating him entirely, and an assurance that his family should not be molested in their abode during his incarceration; and, that when freed himself, he should still continue his tenant. This kindness was deeply appreciated by the poor prisoner, who expressed his thankfulness, whilst the big tear of sincere gratitude rolled down his care-worn cheek. The other creditors for the remaining sum of 49*l.* continuing inexorable, he was compelled to apply for relief to the Insolvent Court. I had many opportunities of ascertaining this man's worth, and know that he had been most cruelly and unjustly treated.

To these were added, in quick succession, youth and age of both sexes, as visitors to their relatives or friends: to these latter,

"Shut out from the busy haunts of men,"

beauty and plainness were almost equally welcome; the missions of the possessors sanctifying their presence.

It being now past 10 o'clock, the hour at which strangers are admitted, the "Hotel" began to assume an air of great bustle; butchers' boys with their trays; newsmen with a host of penny and other publications; Jews with spectacles, writing apparatus, and all kinds of trumpery merchandise; tripe-men; green-grocers; lawyers, and their attendant clerks, with schedules and petitions, swelled the throng.

Somewhat amused with the change that had, as it were, magically taken place within so short a period, I discovered that I had become an object of curiosity to strangers as well as prisoners; to many of the former, I believe, of commiseration.

About this time I was formally introduced by the "steward" to a respectable looking member of the table, to which I was appointed, and upon taking my seat thereat, I found myself in a state of embarrassment from the astonished gaze of my companions, whose eyes brightened as they satisfactorily stared at me, and in low, murmuring tones exclaimed to each other, "he's come on horseback," words that filled me with unbounded surprise. Left to myself, and the mere light of human nature, I never could have divined the meaning of this phrase, or its applicability to myself; and as I would fain hope that none, or at most but a slender portion of my readers, may ever know the privileges of White-cross Knights, other than through the medium of these pages, I at once enlighten them by the information, that by "coming on horseback" is meant one who arrives with sufficient money about him to meet the demand for "fees"; and although this transaction takes place between the novitiate and the steward only, the circumstance is *indirectly* made known to all the members of the ward, by the immediate appointment of the former to a table; he is then considered to be a gentleman and true knight; but woe to the unlucky miserable wretch who enters this unhallowed haunt *sans argent*! The Jews without Urim, without Thummim, cannot be in a more desolate state! The poverty-stricken captive has no "resting-place"; he has neither part nor lot in the services of the greasy cook, the fat swabber, chamberlain, boots, or other domestics; the comforts and conveniences of the fire, culinary-utensils, hot water, and candles are inexorably denied to him. Upon *one only bench*, at *one only board*, is he permitted to be placed; and lest the milk of human kindness should ooze from the breast of any charitably disposed brother, a fine of one shilling is imposed and levied with unrelenting exactness from the guilty being who dare evince commiseration, or sympathize with such an one in misfortune, by inviting him to a seat at any other table: this is an offence against the order of high degree, and punished by laws that, like those of the Medes and Persians, "change not." The imperious and voluptuous monarch of Assyria could not have been more deeply terror-stricken at sight of the handwriting traced by a superhuman power upon the wall of his palace, whilst profanely pledging his lords and concubines from the temple's sacred vessels, than is the unhappy money less wight, who, presuming to make his appearance amongst the White-cross Knights without his *steed*, views his own name in characters of frightful magnitude suspended in these halls, with the word "*defaulter*" attached to it.

Immediately above the "*only board*" at which a wretch so miserable is allowed to take a seat, is placed the general salt-box, and if his meals be meagre and cheerless, his brethren of the cross take especial care they shall not lack savour. This, though expressly denominated "the defaulter's table," the one only to which the poor "*tekelite*" has right of access, is invariably appropriated by the free and unexcepted knights to the washing of cups and platters; thus the luckless unpurged Chevalier's isolated privilege is entrenched upon without remorse, and with his coffee he is pretty sure of gaining a large accession of "shop."

(To be continued.)

ON THE IDEAL IN PROSE.

WHAT is the fault, and what is the danger of our literature of to-day? The actual. It is a fault, because out of the actual grows the selfish; and it is a danger, because the selfish at once confines and deteriorates whatever domain it possesses. The age to which we belong is essentially material and calculating, and the one hardens the heart, while the other narrows. There is too much of a mercantile spirit abroad; we should rather say trading, for the word mercantile implies something more enlarged and enterprising than belongs to the diurnal gain of trade. Now, do not let it for a single moment be supposed that we are undervaluing the honesty and the industry of the minutest trader that, to use the common and expressive phrase, "ever turned a penny." But we do mean to say, that the small motive never led to the great result; and that the motives of modern mind are, like the mind itself of the duke in Patronage, "infinitely small." We remember an exclamation made by one of our most popular poets,—no, not ours; we are at the beginning of a new era, and they belong not unto it. "I came," said M——, "to London, after some absence, and wanted to know what my World was doing. I went to ——, as I was sure to hear all literary matters discussed there. Everybody was talking of books, and yet not a syllable was said of their contents. No remarks were made either of praise or of blame. Such-a-one had so much for their last work was the alpha and the omega of criticism. The price was everything." Well, we have taken off the old reproach that

Qui même les grands hommes à l'hôpital."

But how can we expect the lofty oracle, or the solemn hymn, when the temple is given up to the money-changers? "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;" and too late we shall discover that "we have given our hearts away, a sordid boon." This is our modern version of the old legend. Formerly the demon made the bargain, and the soul was sold; now it is the mind. This was not the inspiration which made Coleridge find that poetry was its "own exceeding great reward." It was not this which taught Wordsworth, "when his soul felt her destiny divine." Our mistake is in making that an inducement which should only be a consequence. A trading literature will always be subservient to some ruling fashion. Popularity will be the object instead of fame. Its limit of time will be to-day; and it will follow where it ought to lead. Imitation will become inevitable. Now no great writer ever adapted himself to any ruling taste; he created a new one, and men perceived a source of delight which had hitherto been a sealed fountain. The number of fictions that start into existence, like the teeth sown by Cadmus, destroy one another; and their utter want of originality sufficiently proves our assertion. Repetition is the characteristic of our literature. What are the works that now crowd the press?—poems, faint echoes of diviner music. We wrong the word echo by such use, for echo has a loveliness of her own. We should rather say that they

resplendent plaster of Paris casts hawked about the streets, taken and taken till not a trace remains of the grace and beauty of the original. To these add novels, regular as mail-coaches in pursuing the same beaten track. Hence, too, our literature humours us too much. It adapts itself to popular whim by taking up popular prejudice; it is over "seasoned with personal talk." Readers are led to think too much of themselves. Now it is no paradox to say, that the greatest works are those which have been produced without the slightest reference to their existence. The soul, which is "like a star, and dwells apart," disturbs not that solemn solitude by vain questioning on whom it may shine. It is content to know that such light was never given in vain. "The vision and the faculty divine" of literature is in the imaginative or the ideal. It is this, our noblest faculty, which is now dormant and decaying; and yet to that very faculty does humanity owe all that exalts and beautifies the past—all those highest efforts of which our nature is capable. Imagination is to the mind what the mind is to the body—its redeeming and ethereal particle. Wordsworth beautifully says—"Heaven lies around us in our infancy." Now all things are types, symboling out each mysteriously the other. So did heaven lie around the infancy of the earth. Is it that, as this world grows old, it recedes from its diviner element; and that, day by day, it is farther off from the heaven which was upon its childhood? Assuredly the imagination was more passionate and creative in the olden time. Can we not penetrate into its delusions without losing its truth? Must "the beautiful vanish and return not?"—must the golden and haunted atmosphere "fade into the common light of day?" We hope, we believe not. Though the crowded city, and the noisy highway, left in the wide earth the imagination no resting place, still, like the dove winging her way back to the ark, it might return from whence it came, and find in the beating heart an altar and a home. But the heart must be kept warm for its welcome, and the air to-day is cold and harsh. Who are to be the priests of that altar, and the guardians of that lone and lovely home, but our poets? We use the word poet in its most extended sense. Sir Walter Scott was a poet when he painted the young Countess—half girl, half woman—girl in eagerness and inexperience—woman in passionate sorrow and love—in that little lonely chamber at Kenilworth, which just caught glimpses of that proud festival of which she was at once mistress, captive, and victim. He was as much a poet in that prose picture as when, in the more measured music of rhyme, he describes the death of Roderick—dying, it is true, in his bed, but dying with the battle-field before his darkening eyes, and only losing the war cry of Clan Albin in the deep silence of death. Who but the poets can haunt the still landscape with the charm of association—can, by some slight touch, some only word, call up, even in the busiest crowd, a thousand hidden emotions? It is their part to beautify the earth with thoughts and with feelings. Are not the lovely lakes of our own northern counties grown more lovely than ever summer made them, since Wordsworth has consecrated them with his stately song; stately in its moral dignity. Why is the writer now before us the most original writer of the present day? Because he is the most imaginative. The ideal is only true on a great scale. It is not the truth of one single street, or of one single individual, but it is the truth of the whole human race, and of the whole

earth. Why are Mr. Bulwer's works as popular on the Continent as in his own country? Translated eagerly, as soon as they appear, into the French and the German, and made perpetual standards of reference in America? Why are the young enthusiastic in their admiration? Why? but "because we have all of us one human heart." That he has understood, and to that he has appealed. By the imagination he has compared and created, and the result is that poetry which, whether put into prose or rhyme, is the universal language.

The present volume is given more especially to fancies and feelings; it is as picturesque and as romantic as the scenes through which the Rhine and the story wind together. Written to illustrate a series of engravings, the plan chosen is singularly felicitous. There are few characters, but those are in admirable contrast. The world-hardened Vane, and the worldly-minded D——, are so opposed to the passionate Trevelyan, and the gentle and tender Gertrude: each is a specimen of a class. The story is soon told. Gertrude Vane is sinking into the grave, unconsciously. Consumption deceives all, but more of all its victim. Change of air, that last remedy, is ordered; and Gertrude, haunted by the remembrance of those legends which she had heard at her mother's knee—that mother being German by birth—wishes to visit Germany. Her wish is gratified, and she visits the Rhine, accompanied by her father and her lover. Life's dearest and holiest ties drawing closer to the last, Gertrude's affection is touched with exquisite tenderness and grace; but it is in painting the passion which for the time changes the very nature of Trevelyan, that the author has shown that delicacy of outline, combined with that deep truth, only to be won from deep knowledge of the human heart. It is the ideal that makes the loveliness of love, the subtle and fairy life which steals into the dull clay, and hides its earthy soil with a sudden growth of flowers. But let the author himself describe what he seeks to paint. Speaking of Trevelyan's devotion to the dying Gertrude, he says,—“In a love like this there is something ineffably beautiful; it is essentially the poetry of passion. Desire grows hallowed by fear, and, scarce permitted to indulge its vent in the common channel of the senses, breaks forth into vague yearnings, those lofty aspirations, which pine for the bright, the far, the unattained. It is the 'desire of the moth for the stars'—it is the love of the soul.” Such a love belongs essentially to a proud, reserved, imaginative nature, such as Trevelyan's; for such a one is ever haunted by a vision of the unattainably beautiful. The selfish but natural fear which would have prevented most men from embarking life's dearest hope in so frail a bark would to him have been an inducement. By giving it a character of self-sacrifice, his attachment became exalted in his own eyes, and we question whether such devotion be not its own best recompense. “The love where death hath set its seal” is the only love that never loses the “purple light” of its early existence. Never mixed up with the common cares of life, it never partakes of their nature. Eden would be no longer Eden could it be brought into our actual world. Trevelyan's is the very temper to exclaim

“Oh what are thousand living loves
To one that cannot quit the dead!”

It is a mistake to talk of constancy in love. Like the precious and

spirituous essences which diffuse a delicious fragrance and die away into air; love is in its nature perishable. A most tender and lasting affection may take its place—aye, and even bring greater happiness; but what is properly called love is only for a time, and for a season; it is an excitement, and no excitement endures. Yet what feeling commands more extensive sympathy? The “brave longings” of ambition may stir one class of readers; the calm reflection of philosophy attract another; the beauties of nature awaken delight in a third; but the words of love come home to all. “To the young it is the sweetest element of hope—to the old, the dearest portion in memory. Take the most thronged and common crowd in some street of our hurried metropolis—some thoroughfare through which thousands pass. Will there be one amid the many who has not been beneath the “wand of the enchanter?” Will there be one past early youth unable to recall that time when a feeling within themselves—

“Clothed the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations from the dawn?”

Will they not recall a time when one dearest face shed its own beauty over all—for the beloved are ever the beautiful;—when one voice breathed music never heard till then, and one step had a sweetness until then unknown;—when there is a nameless charm in the commonest things, for they are filled with our emotion;—when poetry is read as it never was read before, and never will be read again, the heart supplying its own meaning. Who has not treasured some slight token—a leaf, a flower—perishable, and therefore most fitting—at a price dearer than gold, “yea, than fine gold”? Who has not listened breathless to words the most slight and simple, and found in them eloquence beyond what had seemed in language? Who, indeed, has not loved? Now, it is the author’s fine skill, by a present creation, to recall our past, and exquisitely is this sympathy, which is more than praise, awakened for “*The Pilgrims of the Rhine*.” Gertrude’s doom will come home to many a stricken mourner, for consumption is the most common and the most fatal disease of our island. How many of the young and the beautiful are at this moment dropping into their unconscious and gradual grave; the rose on the cheek, and the light in the eye, but a rose that is from fever, and a light that consumes itself! Many a home is at this moment desolate—a vacant place at the hearth, and an unfilled seat at some parent’s side—who had garnered up in one dear child the hope of old age. No young voice makes the silent house musical; no laughter comes glad upon the ear; in every room is memory and death. There may, there will be, consolation in the bosom of eternity; but that lies beyond the grave, and there is none before. It is to alleviate and cheer the gradual passage to the tomb, that Trevelyan calls upon the aid of the imagination. Gertrude’s attention is constantly being withdrawn from her situation by the romantic legend and the touching narrative. The first story is called “*The Maid of Malines*,” it is a simply and exquisitely told history of long-enduring affection. The character of Lucile belongs to the poetry of daily life; quiet, but entire devotion, gentleness, and sorrow. “*The Soul in Purgatory, or Love in Death*,” belongs to the supernatural, but is brought to human sympathy by human feeling; to our taste it is singularly touching. “*The*

Fallen Star" is a noble truth, finely developed. We have abstained from spoiling the interest of the narrative by quotations, bricks which can give little idea of the edifice to which they belong; but we must point attention to the moral of this fiction, embodying as it does the principle of Mr. Bulwer's earnest and fine code of benevolence. One of those rulers of the midnight air, the stars to whom is entrusted the destiny of mankind, is discontented with his allotted sphere. The ignoble and the unknown are his portion. Permission is accorded to the aspiring spirit that he shall mould and direct one of those master minds, whose career is the history of a nation. Morven, a northern herdsman, becomes prophet and king of his wandering and savage tribes. He founds an empire and a religion; but, at the expiration of the period allotted to the star's dominion, the Prince of the Powers of Darkness rises and claims his tributary. "Evil are thy works," said the Evil one, "and thou art mine." The creed and the crown of that false prophet had been cemented by blood. Lucifer taunts the Archangel who comes to question the stars of the fates entrusted to their charge, that one of his bright flock is missing.

But another, a young and lovely star, with a meek and tender, but far-pervading light, has arisen in the place of the fallen one. He is the forerunner of a truer and holier creed. The religion of fear departs before the religion of love. How finely does this noble allegory develop that Christian philanthropy—that benevolent and hopeful belief which is one of Mr. Bulwer's chief characteristics! All the engravings are of the highest order, but the one* which illustrates this story is full of poetry. Connected by a kindly sympathy with the lovers, are another race of beings, who occupy a conspicuous station in the work, namely, fairies; and here we differ from Mr. Bulwer, for we think that the story rather loses than gains by this introduction. We do full justice to the grace with which these aerial creatures are managed; to the playful sarcasms, and to the finer touches of which they are made the medium. The fantastic essentially belongs to the infancy of literature, and we cannot go back upon childhood. Fauns and fays can never be more than graceful memories. There is no room for new creations in those haunted but now closed domains. The class of readers for whom these pages are destined will, we doubt, care but little for these fanciful imaginings. We must add that in the hands of belief alone can the supernatural be effective. Sir Walter Scott was successful in painting the prophecy and the legend, for they were the vague faith and fear of his boyhood; the Germans produce a wonderful effect with their spells and spirits, because the superstitious is yet strong among them. But faith is needed to the author in his own creations; without it they are only puppets. It is in the deep feeling, the on-looking hope, the exalted sentiment, that now lies the true home of the ideal. Yet we ought to be grateful for conceptions that have produced Parris and Martin's delicious sketches of the fairies; and we ought to be grateful to any phantasia that made the vehicle of so much that is lively, *graciosa*, (the Italian word says the very thing,) and tender, as the fairy court becomes in Mr. Bulwer's hand. A poem on

* By Mr. Von Holm.

the ideal, full of the refined and the elevated, is fitting portico to the fair gardens that lie beyond. The allusion to

" ——— pale Austria's crownless boy,
The sad Scamandrius of a fallen Troy,"

is fraught with deep pathos. Its tenderness well contrasts with the loftier sorrow which rests more like a glory than a regret on the memory of Sydney. Mr. Bulwer finely says, while addressing the ideal,—

" Thus do I feed thy altars with a fire,
Which Thought must wear a priestly robe to guard,
And, with a solemn conscience and serene,
Watch the flame chase the mists from every scene ;
Making a worship of the beautiful,
Whether on earth or in the human heart,
And seeking from this shadowy vale to cull
The flowers wherein I learn the gentle art,
To waft an incense of sweet thoughts above.
Thus have I imaged Virtue as a sun,
And felt divinity, and filled with love—
As I believe God wills us."

And that Mr. Bulwer has given heart and mind to his glorious task—and won from far extended praise and delight, even now the sign of its fulfilment—is his best recompense and his loftiest triumph

THE FINANCIAL STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

PART IV.

EAST AND WEST INDIA INTERESTS.

IT is by the levy of moderate duties on articles of foreign growth, which enter largely into the consumption of the people, that a revenue adequate to the deficiency caused by repealing the malt and house and window taxes may be most readily and uninquistorially raised in the present complicated state of our financial, social, and colonial interests. Among the articles thus adverted to, none is more deserving of the attention of the statesman and merchant than

SUGAR.

The saccharine principle yielded by the *cane* in such abundance is the main ingredient of nutrition in every article (vegetable or animal) which is used for the support of life. Sugar presents this aliment to us, in a vegetable form more concentrated than in any other shape, except in the nature of animal food, in which *azote* is reduced to a smaller bulk than we have it in the cane, maple, beet-root, or palm-tree.

During crop-time in the West Indies, when sugar is abundant, the negroes and cattle fatten rapidly, notwithstanding their increased labour; and the fresh juice of the cane is found a specific for nearly every disease

with which man and beast are afflicted*. Such is the valuable product, grown on two-thirds of the earth's area, which it ought to be the aim of all to extend the consumption of in Britain.

The average annual consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom, by 25,000,000 mouths, is 3,600,000 cwts.,—that is, 16 *lbs.* a year, or less than FIVE OUNCES A WEEK for each individual!

On the sugar thus consumed, a *net* revenue is paid into the Exchequer of about 4,000,000*l.* a year. The question, then, for consideration is, whether it be practicable to augment the revenue on an article now of limited use, but capable of being brought within the means, as it is happily adapted to the tastes, of every British subject, from the new-born babe to the most decrepit and aged of our species. It behoves me to demonstrate that a financial measure, based on *reduction of duty* and *extension of the markets of supply*, would be attended with the happiest results.

It will be readily admitted, that, as the consumption of sugar in the United Kingdom does not average, at present, more than 16 *lbs.* a year for each individual, at least one-half of the population are debarred from more than an occasional and very slight use of this delicious nutritive; and that, therefore, on the reduction of price arising from a diminution of the government duty, and an extended supply, a considerable augmentation of consumption would ensue; indeed, it is not an over-calculation to assume that the consumption would be increased from 16 to 52 *lbs.* a year. That I am not exaggerating will be evident, on reflecting that the lowest household servant is allowed 1 *lb.* a week, and that the workhouse allowance is nearly as much. A healthy infant will absolutely consume a pound of sugar weekly; and a person who moderately uses it with tea and coffee, morning and evening, will consume a similar quantity, independent of the large proportion used in confectionary, in cooking, in medicine, and in various domestic uses. Now, calculating the annual average consumption at 52 *lbs.* for 25,000,000 mouths, the supply required would be 11,607,143 cwts.; while the present consumption is but 3,600,000 cwts.

The practicability of thus extending the consumption of sugar must be evident; equally clear is it that the adoption of the following rates of duty would be attended with the most beneficial results to the

* Sir John Pringle asserts that plague has never been known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants. Cullen, Rush, Fothergill, and many other eminent physicians, think malignant fevers lessened in their virulence by use of sugar. Well-attested maritime facts prove it to be a most powerful anti-scorbutic. It is a perfect antidote to the poison of verdigris. In China and in India it is the main article of diet for the inhabitants. In Cochinchina, the king's body-guards are obliged to eat, every day, a certain quantity of sugar, in order to preserve their *embonpoint* and good looks; and the wildest horses, (this fact I can personally vouch for, having tried its efficacy on one of my own horses in India,) elephants, buffaloes, &c. are tamed by the daily use of sugar. It is quite a mistaken idea to suppose that sugar injures the teeth: no persons have whiter teeth than the negroes, particularly during crop-time; and it is equally absurd to suppose that the use of sugar produces worms in children. *Vermes* arise from an insufficiency of salt and bitters in the food of infants; provided those tonics be given, the more sugar is given to a child the greater will be its health and strength. Those who have witnessed the treatment of the negroes' offspring will bear me out in this statement, pathologically as well as practically.

revenue. The rate of duty at present levied is 24*s.* per cwt. on sugar from our colonies in the West Indies and from the Mauritius; 32*s.* on that from our East India colonies; and 63*s.* on sugar imported from any foreign possession. The first step would, therefore, be the *equalising* of the duty on *all colonial* sugars;* the second, the reduction on the same. My reason for placing *equalization* of duty first is, because in the recent reductions of duty on sugar, neither the public consumption nor the Government revenue was benefited in consequence of the *non extension of the market of supply*; the difference of duty went, therefore, into the pockets of the broker, merchant, and West India planter, to the manifest detriment of the public interests. The production of sugar in the old West India islands has been for some time progressively decreasing, the cultivation of the cane being an exhausting crop, requiring either a virgin soil for its prolific growth, or a constant state of expensive manuring, which, at last, utterly impoverishes the over-stimulated earth. Indeed, had it not been that at the close of the war we obtained possession of several new and fresh sugar plantations, (Demerara and Berbice, for instance,) the consequence of our past policy would have been severely felt. Even as it is, when we compare the production of sugar in our own West India islands with the production of other countries, since 1814, we shall observe more clearly the folly of our past financial schemes of upholding a monopoly beneficial to no party.

Sugar produced in different Countries in 1814 and in 1830.

SUGAR COUNTRIES.	1814.	1830.	INCREASE.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
British West India Colonies . .	190,000	185,000	None.
Ditto East India Colonies . .	26,000	55,000	29,000
French Colonies	60,000	95,000	35,000
Dutch and Danish ditto† . .	35,000	30,000	None.
Cuba	50,000	90,000	40,000
Brazils	30,000	70,000	40,000
America	10,000	38,000	28,000
Beet-root Sugar	None.	6,000	6,000
Total Increase & Consumption	401,000	569,000	178,000

We see from the above, that while the production of sugar has increased in other countries it has, in our West India colonies, been on the decline. The truth of this assertion will be more fully seen by the following view of the—

* The petition of the East India Company, which Mr. Charles Grant is about to present to Parliament, prays for an *equalization* of the sugar duties: mere equalization of the duties would ruin the West India islands; there must be *reduction* as well as equalization to benefit both parties.

† Also old colonies, like the British West India isles.

Importation of Sugar into Great Britain for Four Years.

WHENCE IMPORTED.	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.	Increase on 2 total years
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
British W.I. Colonies .	203,403	195,230	184,222	190,790	None.
Mauritius	18,570	14,580	24,266	25,100	16,238
Bengal, &c. . . .	6,635	8,700	10,680	7,870	3,215
Siam, Java, &c. . .	1,175	1,600	4,000	3,870	5,095
Cuba	1,900	5,300	6,060	6,610	5,470
Brazil	4,940	4,680	4,760	20,960	16,100
W.I. Molasses (bastards)	25,254	19,403	12,191	16,306	None.
Totals & Consump.	261,877	249,493	246,179	271,506	46,118

Now, adding the West India 'bastards' decrease to that of the West India sugar, the diminution will be—

In 1829, as compared with 1828	Tons	14,024 *
1830, as compared with 1829		18,220
Total decrease	Tons	32,244

But it is in the old West India Islands that the decrease has been most remarkable. The quantity of sugar exported from Jamaica to Great Britain, on two periods of five years each, was—

From 1817 to 1821	Cwts.	8,433,771
— 1828 to 1832		6,957,296
Decrease	Cwts.	1,476,475

The lovely island of St. Vincent produced, of sugar—

In 1802	Pounds	28,978,462
1832		20,922,964
Decrease	lbs.	8,055,498

As a contrast to the foregoing, it may be advisable to show what was the result of lowering the duty on sugar in England from a fresh and fertile colony in the east. In 1825, the duty heretofore levied on Mauritius sugar (viz., the same as that levied on British East India sugars) was reduced to an equality with that imposed on our West India colonies, the result was an increasing importation into Great Britain as follows:—

In 1825	1827	1829	1830	1831	1832
Tons, 4,630	10,220	14,580	23,740	25,804	26,361

i. e., an increase in six years of upwards of 20,000 tons of sugar, from an island of only 1000 square miles area, and a population of 100,000! The reader will now perceive how necessary an *equalization* of duty is as a preliminary step in any future fiscal enactment on the subject; and the financiers who have contended against any further reduction of the duty on sugar, because the last reductions have not tended to augment the

revenue or augment the consumption, will, I trust, be convinced of the fallacy of their arguments, seeing that *the fault arose from not extending the markets of supply*; and that if the duty were reduced from 24s. to 12s. on British West India sugars, without facilities being given to our other colonies, neither the Government nor the public would be benefited. I now come to the question of *reduction of duty*, and in order to develop my principles clearly, it will be necessary to take a brief retrospective view of the state of the colonial sugar duties.

The duty on British plantation sugars was first levied in England in 1661, at the rate of 1s. 6d. per cwt.; in 1699, at 3s.; in 1703, at 3s. 4d.; in 1747, at 4s. 10d.; in 1759, at 6s. 4d.; in 1779, at 6s. 8d.; in 1781, at 11s. 8d.; in 1782, at 12s. 3d. (and on East India sugars 35l. 10s. per cent. *ad valorem*); in 1787, at 12s. 4d. (and on East India 37l. 16s. 3d. per cent. *ad valorem*); in 1791, at 15s. (and on East India 37l. 18s. 11d.) This was a rapid movement of the fiscal screw; the result was, that for fifty years the consumption of sugar in England underwent no increase. The passing of the Bank Restriction Act gave great extension to commerce and to our colonial products. Notwithstanding, therefore, the onerousness of the sugar duties, and the discriminating duties levied,* the consumption for some time increased, but began to fall off on the conclusion of the war, for want of being based on a firm footing: thus the consumption of sugar was—

From 1804 to 1813	Cwts. 29,898,516
„ 1814 „ 1823	27,078,857

Decrease on ten years Cwts. 2,819,659

Thus, with an augmented population—in a time of profound peace—a great reduction in the cost of production, freight, interest of money, &c., there was, in ten years, a diminution in the consumption of sugar to the extent of upwards of 300,000,000lbs. weight.

In Great Britain alone (independent of Ireland) the result has been

* *Rates of Duty on West and East India Sugars in England.*

Periods.	West India Sugar, per Cwt.	East India Sugar, per Cwt.
	£. s. d. *	£. s. d.
In 1803	1 4 0	1 6 4
„ 1804	1 6 6	1 9 1
From 1805 to 1809	1 7 0	1 9 8
In 1810	1 8 6	1 11 6
From 1811 to 1812	1 7 0	1 10 0
„ 1813 „ 1815	1 10 0	1 13 0
„ 1816 „ 1817	1 7 0	1 18 0
„ 1818	1 10 0	2 0 0
„ 1819 „ 1830	1 7 0	1 17 0
„ 1831 „ 1833	1 4 0	1 12 0
Average duty	1 7 1	1 12 8

In addition, there was an *ad valorem* duty on East India sugar, which from
 1787 to 1797 was £37 16 3 per cent.
 1798 „ 1802 was 49 16 3 do.
 1803 „ 1813 varied from . . 1 7 0 to £1 do.

most disastrous to the commerce of the country, and the health of the people ; the consumption per head at four periods was—

	1801	1811	1821	1831
Oz. per head,	440	429	333	316

Being a decrease on the two latter periods of 220 oz.

Nor has the revenue benefited in the longrun by this mischievous policy ; for sixteen years the duty derived from sugar was—

From 1807 to 1814	£27,723,224
„ 1815 „ 1822	26,648,473
Decrease	£1,074,751

Everything, therefore, conspires to suggest a financial change in the sugar duties, and it would be advisable so to begin that the Exchequer would suffer no temporary defalcation, while the public would derive the full benefit of the change. Looking, therefore, to the present limited consumption in the United Kingdom, and the diminishing West India supply, as shown in the previous pages, it may be fairly contended that the financial project would be as follows :—

	Supply.	Revenue.
West India Colonies' sugar	Cwts. 4,000,000	
Tax at 20s. (now 24s.) per cwt.		£4,000,000
Mauritius	600,000	
Tax at 20s. (now 24s.)		600,000
East India possessions	5,000,000	
Tax at 20s. (now 32s.)		5,000,000
China, Siam, Brazil, Cuba, &c.	2,400,000	
Tax at 40s. (now 63s.)		4,800,000
Totals	Cwts. 12,000,000	£14,400,000

At the rate, therefore, of only *one pound* of sugar for each individual, in the United Kingdom weekly, a revenue of 14,000,000*l.* may more readily be collected on sugar than the present income of 4,000,000. That this calculation may not be thought visionary, I pray the reader to reflect on the present price and consumption of sugar. The tradesman, or labourer, now pays about 6*d.* per lb. for the small quantity of sugar his family consumes. Under the operation of extended supply and diminished price, he would use double the quantity he is now able to obtain for his money, thus almost instantly doubling the present consumption ; and here let it be observed, that sugar is like any other article of domestic use, inasmuch as it may be mixed up with a great variety of edibles and potables, and there is no limit almost to its applicability. Some people may prefer tea ; others, coffee ; others cocoa ; but all will use sugar : a man at sixty may consume no more salt, or pepper, or spices, than when he was twenty years of age ; but it is not so with sugar ; its use increases with custom and age.

As regards the possibility of adequate supply, I need scarcely advert to *half a million square miles British territory in the East*, every foot of which is capable of producing the sugar cane, or to 100,000,000 British subjects, (whose every village has a patch of sugar cane,) who have thus recently petitioned the British Legislature as follows :—

“ Every encouragement is held out to the exportation from England to India, of the growth and produce of foreign as well as English industry,

while many thousands of the natives, who a short time ago derived a livelihood from the growth of cotton and the manufacture of cotton goods, are without bread, in consequence of the facilities afforded to the produce of America and to the manufacturing industry of England ; but sugar, to the production of which the lands of the petitioners might be turned, is loaded with such heavy duties in England, as effectually to shut the market against the industry of the East-Indians, when turned to this particular commodity*."

Let it not be thought that in my desire to benefit England and do justice to her Eastern colonies, I would sacrifice the prosperity of our West India colonies ; no such thing ; experience—painful experience—teaches that although the West India colonies have had a monopoly of the sugar trade for nearly half a century, they have not been benefited.†

The reduction of the duty from 24s. to 20s. on West India sugar would be productive of great benefit to the West India planter, (particularly coupled with a diminution of the duty on West India coffee and cocoa, as will be subsequently detailed,) and it would be a prelude to a further reduction when the East India supplies had become fully developed. The British public have behaved with splendid liberality to the West India proprietors, in granting 20,000,000*l.* as a guarantee against contingencies which may arise from the emancipation of their slaves. Let the latter now evince their gratitude in turn by admitting, or at least not opposing, the adoption of the measure which the East India Company have unanimously resolved to petition Parliament on, viz., the equalization of the duties levied on East and West India sugars. I do not agree entirely with the petition to Parliament, adopted at the India House on the last court-day, because it merely prays for *equalization* of the duties on colonial sugars. Equalization would, it is true, benefit England and our eastern possessions, but unless it be accompanied by *reduction*, the West India proprietors would be sufferers, and, as the talented and patriotic chairman of the East India Company (Mr. Loch) observed, during the debate, the East India proprietors have no desire to seek advantages at the expense of the West India proprietors, or of any other community in the state. With a tax of 24s. as at present levied on West India colonial sugars, there is very little profit to the planter or merchant or mortgagee ; a reduction of 4s. would be a substantial benefit, and enable the latter to compete on fair and just terms with our East India colonists ; first, from being only six weeks' voyage distant from England instead of six months ; second, from the price of labour and the interest required for the loan of capital rising in the East and falling in the West ; and third, because the long-prior establishment of factories in the West Indies gives them a decided advantage over their Eastern brethren.

* Extract from a petition of the Hindoos to the Imperial Parliament in June, 1832 ; a petition which, to the disgrace of the Legislature and Government, has never yet had the least attention paid to it.

† The cost of producing one cwt. of sugar in the West India islands is stated to be 15*s.* 10*d.* (rum deducted) ; the import and sale charges are, freight 5*s.*, dock rate 8*d.*, commission and brokerage 1*s.* 7*d.*, insurance 8*d.*, rent 2*d.*, interest on advance 4*d.*, primage, pierage, fees, &c., 1*d.* ; total 8*s.* 6*d.* ; grand total 24*s.* 4*d.* ; while the average Gazette price of West India sugar in 1830 (the year calculated for) was 24*s.* 10*d.*, and of East India sugar 18*s.* 6*d.*

It is an egregious error, however, to suppose that the subject now under consideration is solely a West or East India question: England is *primarily* interested in its developement and right adjudication, and perhaps no other article in our system of taxation can so clearly illustrate the importance due to financial science, which, in fact, is the main-spring of poverty and wealth in a nation: for instance, (without dwelling on the disadvantages and manifold evils that have accrued from our past system regarding the sugar duties,) an adoption of the measures proposed would be attended by the following important results:—

First,—The *revenue* would be raised from 4,000,000*l.* to 14,000,000*l.* a-year on sugar, with, in reality, a diminution (because more equally extended) of the burthens of the people.

Second,—*Public health* would be improved, sugar being one of the most valuable nutriments, while its cheapness would materially tend to augment the use of coffee and tea, and thus lessen the drinking of ardent spirits.

Third,—*Maritime commerce* would be wonderfully benefited: the augmented supply of sugar, to the extent of 8,000,000 cwts., requiring the additional employment of *four hundred thousand tons* of shipping.

Fourth,—*Domestic trade and manufactures* would be immensely benefited by the contemplated change; the commerce now carried on by Britain with her eastern colonies is not one-fiftieth part of what it would be under a just system; at present we are beggaring the Anglo-Indians without benefiting ourselves, (witness the mercantile failures of East India houses to the enormous amount of 15,000,000*l.* within the brief space of a few months.) We have forced on India, by the tyrannous will of a conqueror, our steam-wrought goods at a duty of 2½ per cent. levied on them in India ports, while we have put 30*l.* per cent. on the productions of their hand-wrought looms; from 200*l.* to 300*l.* per cent. on their sugar; 300*l.* per cent. on their coffee; 500*l.* per cent. on their rum, &c. &c. when imported into England!

There is no truth in sacred writ more frequently verified than that the commission of evil (injustice) brings with it its own punishment: the dogma is as applicable to man in his *collective* as in his individual capacity. Had we treated our myriads of subjects in the East with the slightest approximation to justice, the wide-spread ruin which has of late befallen thousands in England connected with India would never have occurred, and the poverty, misery, and crime now stalking over the once innocent fields of Albion would have been in a great measure averted. Ere it be too late,—ere the twelfth hour clapse, and while reason holds her sway paramount,—let me entreat the British legislature to turn a willing ear and ready hand towards our colonial interests. If an illustration of the advantages of so doing be requisite, behold the following:—If we would consent to take from our subjects in the East the sugar and other products with which Nature has so bounteously enriched their soil and climate, they would be enabled to purchase from us in *one article* alone as follows:—

100,000,000 British subjects in India;—an average of longcloth for each 20 yards=2,000,000,000 yards, at 6*d.* per yard, 50,000,000*l.* sterling!

This is but a *tithe* of the commerce, by the adoption of a just financial system, we may carry on with the British colonies in the Eastern hemisphere.

THE PARVENU COUNTESS.

"To hold the mirror up to FASHION."

"How is her ladyship?" asked a little, thin, old woman, bent double with age, and clothed in rusty mourning. "How is her Ladyship?" repeated the poor old creature with a hurried earnestness, and an emphasis so strong, that, like the knock on the Earl of Anketell's hall door which had preceded the question, it seemed impossible that the sound could have been caused by the emaciated and diminutive figure that stood at the portal.

"How is her Ladyship;—well I like that," replied a tall, corpulent servant, whose red swelling cheeks and thick purple lips gave an expression to his mockery somewhat between burly contempt and rage at being so seriously disturbed for nothing, and by nobody.

"How is her Ladyship; well, what impudence the common people have come to!"

"My good fellow, I entreat you to answer me," said the old woman, her fine, sharp, and prominent old features, and large grey eyes casting forth an expression of imploring earnestness.

"My good fellow: well, if I stand this from such as you, I'm —," muttered this surly porter, slamming the door in the poor creature's face.

The knock was repeated with redoubled energy, and the porter reopened the door with a visible resolution to get rid of the intruder.

"Give your Lady this," said the old woman, thrusting towards him a sealed letter: "give her this, and, I assure you, she will be overjoyed to see me."

"My lady never suffers us to take in begging letters."

"This is not a begging letter; and here is a half-crown for your trouble."

"Well, what impudence you beggars have come to! You are a genteeler beggar than I should have thought by your looks; but, my good woman, it is more than my place is worth to receive petitions from beggars."

"Stand aside! open the door! be quick! Here's my Lord and the Duke of ——— coming down stairs!" said a lad in livery, whose countenance spoke a gentle nature,—that is, a nature not so long in office and authority as that of the surly porter of Lord Anketell's hall.

True it was that the stripling Duke of ———, who had just come into his immense estates after the nursings of a long minority, had terminated a pretty long interview with Lord Anketell, and his Lordship was accompanying his Grace from the drawing-room down stairs to the hall, and the servants had not been made aware of his approach. Some confusion and bustle took place; but the folding-doors were widely thrown open, six or seven servants, in their splendid liveries, hastily drew up in a double line, bowing profoundly to the peers as they passed between, and holding their breaths whilst his Lordship gave the Duke a shake of the hand,—cordial and sincere in full proportion to his rank and unequalled affluence. It was in this scene of hurry and confusion that the little old woman in black had contrived to slip past the ser-

vants through the door without being perceived. She had flitted, with a witch-like rapidity suited to her strange figure, through the outer hall, had passed the vestibule and the great staircase, and had actually got into the inner hall, and at the foot of the back stairs, without being perceived. Here she met a maid-servant, descending with a small silver tray of sandwiches and liqueur-glasses, and she immediately began to entreat her to take the letter to her Lady, offering the solitary half-crown as an inducement. The maid coolly put the half-crown in her pocket, and, reading contemptuously the superscription of the letter, threw it upon the tray, observing, as she passed, that it should be given to her Lady some time in the day, but she knew it would never be opened, for letters "of that look" never were. It was at the moment when the old woman was sinking upon a bench, overcome with affliction, that the servants of the hall discovered her. They had missed her immediately the Duke had got into his cab; and, after staring in every direction, to their astonishment they beheld her sitting, as they thought, at her case in the inner hall.

"You impudent old wretch! how dare you get there?" cried the enraged porter, waddling to her, and seizing her by the shoulder to thrust her into the street. He had already pulled her to the foot of the grand staircase, when the woman thrust out her attenuated and withered arm, and grasped with her long thin fingers one of the volutes of a scagliola pedestal which supported a massive or-molu lamp.

"No power on earth shall force me hence! I will see Lady Anketell, or here I will die!" cried the old creature with a tone which almost terrified the servants. There was something dreadfully impressive in it, and it appeared almost supernatural when its energy and resolution were contrasted with the form from which it proceeded.

The porter seized her shrivelled, spider-leg-like fingers, declaring, with an oath, that he would wrench them off or crack her joints, if she did not let go her hold. He suited the word to the action, and evinced no symptom that he had uttered an idle threat. His thick lips became purple with rage; but his victim firmly retained her hold, and bit her under lip that seemed more like parchment, whilst her eyes stared wildly at him, dilating as in the paroxysm of frenzy.

"For God's sake, Burton, don't break the poor old creature's wrist!—wait and she will give way," said the lad we have before mentioned; and he took hold of the sturdy arm of his fellow-servant to restrain his violence.

"Let go, or I will squeeze your very nails off," said the porter, and the woman uttered a faint screech, and her face became convulsed, though she seemed to grasp her object with undiminished firmness.

"Burton, she will pull down the pedestal and break the lamp; the noise will disturb his Lordship, and you know his temper when any thing goes wrong. Leave her alone, and I will get a policeman."

These arguments of the lad had more effect than his appeal to humanity. The porter let go his grasp; the lad was sent for a police officer; and the footmen stood in a group, discussing whether it would be better merely to have the woman turned out, or taken before a magistrate.

In a few minutes the boy returned with a police officer. All eyes were immediately turned to the place of recent struggle, and every voice simultaneously cried out, "By — she is off; she has escaped!"

Where can she have got to?—how could she get away?—it is impossible!—and a score of similar ejaculations, seemed to convey the idea that the servants really began to think they had been contending with a witch that had vanished into air.

“Got to?” said the policeman; “why down stairs, to be sure, and she has robbed the house, and escaped, probably, up the area-steps.”

This idea was adopted by all; each accused the other of stupidity, in not having at first thought of a thing so palpable; and at last all turned with fury on the lad for having prevented the violent ejection of the woman in the first instance. The poor boy stood in speechless terror, overwhelmed with the idea of having been the cause of a robbery in his Lordship’s house. At length the policeman assumed the direction of affairs, and having placed a servant at the front and another at the back area, to prevent escape, he descended with a third, in order to search the offices and basement story of the mansion.

The supreme wisdom of all the parties was here entirely at fault. The fact was, that whilst the porter had stood with the outer-door ajar waiting for the return of the foot-boy with an officer, and whilst the rest of the servants had got round him to settle the difficult point of simple ejection, or of ejection followed by custody in the station-house, and correction by a magistrate, the old woman had almost flown up the grand staircase, and had entered a magnificent ante-room, where she stood gasping for breath, and her senses perfectly bewildered at the dreadful scene she had gone through.

It was with difficulty that she collected her scattered thoughts; but at last she grew sensible of the magnificence around her, and she began to reflect that the splendour seemed to realize, or surpass, all she had read in fairy tales about oriental grandeur and magic treasures. She paced fearfully through the scene, her mind too saddened by one sole object to be attracted by wealth, except through a vision of its power over the affections of nature. She found a door partly opened, and holding her breath, and stopping like a mortal upon the precinct of hallowed ground, she entered a bed-room, so superb as to make the preceding chamber appear almost poor. A painted ceiling, mirrors extending from that ceiling to the ground, buhl cabinets, and tables of enamel and gold, covered with china vases, bouquets, bijoutrie, and jewelry of dazzling lustre, might have confused the brain of any person whose mind was sufficiently at ease to be moved by splendour. There was a large bed, with its golden canopy, and royal purple curtains lined with rose satin, and on it was a human figure, but so buried in pillows of down, and shaded by lace, that it was impossible to tell whether it was the person of a child or of an adult. At the side of the bed were two tables of enamel and gold and of buhl, the one covered with new novels, and with poems and books of prints, superbly bound, and the other hid by a profusion of trinkets, rouge pots, scent bottles, perfume caskets, mirrors set in gold, and ornaments beyond an ordinary capacity to name. A golden candle-cup, on a gold salver, stood in the middle, and its untouched contents showed that the patient had not been disturbed to cloy the surfeited appetite with refreshments. The once decent, but now rusty and somewhat tattered mourning of the old woman, with her humble widow’s weeds, formed a singular contrast to the surrounding splendour, as she stood, with a palpitating heart, by the bed-side gazing on

it with a fearful restlessness, as if she dreaded to be seen by the object it supported, whilst at other moments she gazed upon the sleeping figure with an affection which seemed too intense to be endured. At last the figure moved; the lady awoke, and raised her beautiful face from the pillows, like a pearl from cotton.

"Oh God! Mary, my child!" cried the old woman, as she staggered towards the bed, and made an effort to throw herself upon it, endeavouring to clasp her daughter in her arms, but the bed was by far too high, and the lady put out one of the most delicate and pretty hands ever seen, and, shaking her lace ruffle, she beckoned to her mother not to approach too near.

"My dear mother," said she, "for goodness sake don't come so near; you don't know the mischief you might do. I have a fever on me, and your clothes are really wet. Why, you have not come through the rain, have you?"

The old woman buried her face in the bed-clothes, and sobbed piteously. At length recovering herself, she said, with a hurried tenderness—

"Oh, Mary, tell your poor, old mother, is there *any* danger?"

"Not *exactly* danger; but if my Lord were to know that you had been here, it might occasion an unpleasantness between us."

"But, Mary, child, *are* you not in danger?"

"Danger, mother, how can I be in danger! am I not legally married, and have my rights; but when a man of Lord Anketell's rank and estate marries a workhouse apothecary's daughter like me, it is only grateful in me not to mortify him by my family, and in his own house too, and before his servants. I trust in goodness you did not announce yourself as my mother!"

A large tear, or rather a continued tear, ran down the pale and withered cheek of the mother. With a tone altered almost to chilling apathy, she cried, "Mary, I read in the newspaper that you were dangerously ill. You had never written to me since your marriage, and I was content not to mortify you; but when I found *your* life in danger—I who had nursed you through the cruel diseases of your infancy—I who had—oh God! oh God! it was too much to let my child go out of the world without kissing her poor face—once, all my own. I have walked to London from ——— to hear one word of tenderness from my own child; and I find her life not gone; but nature is extinct, and you are the child of pride—not my child."

"Lord Anketell's wife, you meant to have said, mother. But I really *was* ill. I caught a cold at Almack's: but as his Lordship wanted an excuse for not attending the House whilst the — bill is in committee, he got the newspapers to publish that I was dangerously ill. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, mother, reach me that handkerchief, and the eau de Cologne. Your tears, I do declare, have taken all the curls out of my hair, and my wrist, too, is wet through and through. Lord, ma, only see the lace—"

"And you are not ill, Mary," said the old woman; "not really ill;" and she pressed the fair little hand to her haggard lips—hung over the face of her daughter, regardless of that which alone occupied that daughter's thoughts—the curls and the lace.

"But, ma, how shabby, how *very* shabby, and dirty, too, I declare—

"La, I would not have had my Lord's servants see you for the universe. You will never leave off those odious, unbecoming weeds—and father dead so long. Well, I'm glad to find you still living; and I hope you have been happy, and well—and——"

"Very happy, very well," said the old woman, wringing her hands, and sobbing bitterly.

"La, I thought I heard footsteps; didn't you?—do stop, you make such a noise—no, it is a mistake. Well, ma, I heard of your design about the tombstone in our churchyard, and the monument. I was so alarmed—but I knew you hadn't exactly the means to incur such an expense—and so I was comforted, and——"

"Mary, Mary, that monument is already erected to your poor father's memory, and it expresses——"

"Gracious goodness! not that he was the village apothecary, I hope?"

"Yes, that he was for fifty years the doctor of that petty workhouse—the shopkeeper of our petty village—and that he was beloved by the poor, and respected by the rich."

"Oh, how very unfortunate; for my Lord naturally wishes to avoid all tracing of my parentage, and 'Burke's Peerage' merely says that Lord Anketell married Mary, daughter of —— Esq. of ——, in the county of ——, and that reads very well."

"Oh, Mary, your brain is turned, and it breaks my poor old heart! My last illness cost me all the remains of my little property; even your poor old father's silver watch was sold, and now I——"

"Well, ma, that must have been your own fault, for never was there a better mother; and had you written one word—but give me that pocket-book off the table—no, not the red with the gold clasp, but the purple with the ruby."

The old woman mechanically handed the pocket-book, and the fair lady raised herself on her downy pillows, and began to count its contents, and to descant on the operation, as she turned over leaf after leaf.

"No, that 126*l.* is for Mr. Taylor's bill, my shoemaker; he has not been paid anything for four years, and must be paid; and this—let me see—what did I put these notes in this leaf for? oh, I remember, 93*l.* for the plumassier; and this 55*l.* is for the perfumer's account; and 37*l.* for the brushes and trifles of that description; but oh, this odious 'Madame de Tressor,' my milliner and dressmaker—619*l.* in one year, and less than a half—well, my lord's check is not enough, he must settle this bill himself, for I'll have nothing to do with it. But here, my dear ma, I have no occasion to settle Mr. Payne's bill for the brushes and knick-knacks, and so, suppose you take this 37*l.*" And the young and beautiful countess stretched out her hand, holding the folded notes slightly pressed between her thumb and finger towards the old woman, who stood aghast with astonishment.

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, ma, you make me laugh; you may well be astonished when you see such sums, and recollect how the shillings used to be saved, and the broken bottles sold from father's shop, to buy me my winter's cloak and clogs—but take the money."

The old woman shook her head, and thrust the proffered notes from her.

"Why, ma, I shouldn't offer them to you if they weren't mine. To

be sure, when a rich man, or a man of title, marries a poor girl, he doesn't marry the whole family; and indeed it is not exactly honest for a woman to give away her husband's property to poor relations; but his Lordship gave me this money for myself, and has no right to know what I have done with it; and if I appear in good style as his wife, and don't get into debt beyond his allowance, what right has he to complain? besides, if a rich old man marries a very fine young woman, I don't see that the obligation is all on one side; and besides you are my mother."

The mother groaned bitterly.

"It is not like helping cousins, nephews, nieces, and a swarm of toad-eating, insincere, heartless ~~land~~red; so, ma—but, good gracious! the room is haunted, or I did hear footsteps, and a sigh, too. Pray, ring the bell—no, not for the world, the servants would see you; but, ma, look all round the room for me. You know how nervous I was when a child. Well, you won't stir? Good heavens, take the money and say good bye, and let me ring the bell, for I begin to be very much frightened. Here, dear mother, take the money, for your clothes are very thin for this bitter weather, and you must want it—indeed you must."

During all this time the poor old woman had stood upright and rigid like a figure of extreme old age suddenly petrified. Her large grey eyes were dilated, and though they glanced upon her daughter they bespoke perfect vacaney, or at least an unconsciousness of the volubility with which she had been assailed. As the daughter again pressed her to take the money, she took the notes in her hand, and crumpled them without the slightest alteration of attitude or change of countenance. Lady Anketell became alarmed, and thought the mother was what she called "death struck." "For God's sake, take the money and go!" she exclaimed with earnestness. The old woman's lips were a little convulsed; she recovered her senses, and suddenly catching a glance at the ball of rumpled notes that she had been pressing in her palm with the grasp of convulsion, she dropped them on the floor, shaking her head, and clasping her hands, she left the room without uttering a word. She appeared like a corpse moving by mechanical contrivance. Lady Anketell followed her with her eyes till she had got out of the door, and then, taking an oval hand-mirror from her toilette, she began to adjust her curls, lest her waiting woman might see them in their disordered state.

As the mother descended the grand staircase, she was met by Lady Anketell's waiting woman, followed by a footman with a tray and cold fowl and tongue, and decanters of wine. "I am ordered, Madam," said the maid courtesying with the most profound respect, "to give my Lord's most respectful compliments to you, and to say that his Lordship entreats that you will not leave the house without taking refreshments. His Lordship begs you will remain as long as is convenient, and, above all things, he hopes that you will order the carriage when you feel disposed to return home." The old woman was startled at these sounds of respect and kindness; they touched her heart. Unable to speak, she shook her head in token of dissent. She had been recalled to sensation and consciousness; her efforts to conceal her emotion were fruitless; her lips were strongly convulsed, and, putting her hands to her face to hide her feelings, she burst into tears, and hurried out of the house

through the line of servants, who bowed to her most respectfully as she passed through the hall. The humility of the servants was a contrast to their previous brutal violence, which could not be surpassed, except by the contrast between the manners of the daughter as the Countess of —, and as plain Mary —, the apothecary's daughter of —, the belle of the village for whom so many rival shop-lads had once received and given many broken heads and bloody noses.

In fact, the sound of footsteps and the sigh which Lady Anketell had heard, or fancied she had heard, in the bed-room, were not the sounds of a super, nor altogether of an unnatural being. His Lordship, in passing the ante-chamber, had been attracted by the deep sobs of his mother-in-law. He had entered the bed-room, and, concealed by the curtain, he had witnessed the whole scene between the daughter and the mother. His feelings were moved to the extent of offering the poor old creature refreshment and the ride home;—they were moved to this extent, and no further.

Two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence halfpenny was the sum precisely which the poor old widow had in her pocket, as she tottered down the steps from the portico of her daughter's mansion at Whitehall. She hurried to the — inn, at Whitechapel, and that night took her outside place in the mail to —. It was a wet and bitterly cold night, preceding, by eight-and-forty hours, that night on which all hearts are made glad, all stomachs are filled to repletion, and almost all heads are filled to the verge of extravagance and wantonness; it was the night of the twenty-third of December, when the decrepit old widow seated herself outside the — mail, immediately behind the coachman. The wind drove the sharp sleet so fiercely that no ingenuity of the loom could withstand its searchings, and but for the cold at the heart, the old widow might have been sensible that her daughter was not wrong in describing her dress as old, threadbare, thin, and shabby—shabby—in such a night. The little curved hunchback was drenched to the skin, and looked like a whisk of frozen straw—a bunch of white bristles. The coachman, moved to pity, procured her an ostler's coat where he changed horses, and without the hope of the perquisite. Arrived at the village of —, the widow was lifted into her cottage. The bright warming-pan was put in requisition, and less than twelve hours had witnessed the transition of the old creature from sobbing on the quilt of Lady Anketell, in her splendid room, to gasping under the brown and red rug in her stone-paved chamber. In four hours she was a corpse!—and Lady Anketell was relieved from mortification to her fashionable life, and lived happily with her husband.

D. E. W.

CHAPTERS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

No. II.

THERE are few statements more calculated to excite attention, and, perhaps, to awaken distrust, than the observation which I made in the introductory remarks prefixed to my former story : that those only who were most familiar with our courts of justice could form any notion how frequently it happened that guilt escaped with impunity, while conviction was awarded to innocence. The proposition is in itself startling, and no doubt requires abundant proof in support of it, ere assent can be expected to its truth. A little consideration, however, of the principles by which the rules of evidence are governed, and of the nature and liability to error of all human testimony, will remove much of the difficulty which precludes our giving ready credence to the assertion, and will greatly diminish our surprise, though it may tend to increase our regret. There is no branch of jurisprudence which requires more constant reference to simple and equitable principles, suggested by natural reason and experience, than the law of evidence ; there is none of greater importance to society, and in which the admission of a false principle, or the general misapplication of a true one, would be productive of greater mischief and confusion. It follows, therefore, that the rules of evidence must be fixed and immutable. Without a steady adherence to principles, the law which is supposed to govern them would degenerate into a mere chaos of arbitrary and conflicting decisions.

Let us consider, then, for a moment, what evidence is. To enable a jury to decide upon a past transaction, it is essential that the facts and circumstances which attend it should, as far as they can be recalled, be submitted to their consideration. But it rarely happens that a jury can have actual knowledge of any disputed fact, and consequently they must decide from the information communicated to them by others ; and since facts are fluctuating and transitory, their history must be drawn from the only depositories in which it can reside, the memory of living witnesses, or written documents in which such facts have been recorded. This evidence is, of necessity, divisible into two parts, varying materially from each other in their nature, quality, and degree.—the first being that which is direct and positive ; the second, that which is presumptive and circumstantial. It is direct and positive when the very facts in dispute are communicated by those who have had actual knowledge of them by means of their senses ; and when, therefore, the jury may be supposed to view the fact through the organs of the witness. It is presumptive and circumstantial, when the testimony is not direct, but when, on the contrary, that which is not directly and positively known is presumed or inferred from one or more other facts or circumstances which are known.

The necessity of resorting to presumptive evidence is manifest. It very frequently happens that no direct and positive testimony can be procured ; and often when it can be obtained it is necessary to try its accuracy and weight, by comparing it with other secondary circumstances. It has,

indeed, frequently been said, that a well-supported and consistent body of circumstantial evidence is sometimes stronger than even direct evidence of a fact : that is, the degree of uncertainty which arises from a doubt as to the credibility of direct witnesses may exceed that which arises from the question whether a proper inference has been made from facts well ascertained. A witness may have been suborned to give a false account of a transaction to which he alone was privy, and the whole rests upon the degree of credit to be attached to the veracity of an individual ; but when a number of independent facts conspire to the same conclusion, and are supported by a number of unconnected witnesses, the degree of credibility to be attached to their evidence increases in a very high proportion, arising from the improbability that all those witnesses should be mistaken or perjured, and that all the circumstances should have happened contrary to the usual and ordinary course of human affairs.

That these observations are true, and that the presumption arising from a variety of independent circumstances, all tending to the same conclusion, will generally lead to the truth, no man can for a moment deny. Had it been otherwise, it is impossible that evidence of this description should have been tolerated as it has been, and approved by the legislatures of every civilized nation. Into every code of jurisprudence, from the earliest period to the present moment, these principles, varying indeed in the extent to which they are carried, and the boundaries within which they are circumscribed, have uniformly been admitted ; and that, in a great majority of instances, the elucidation of truth is by these means obtained, is a proposition that cannot be controverted. It would, indeed, be impossible without them for justice to be properly administered : so few of those matters which become the subject of controversy between one man and another can be decided by positive and direct testimony, that indirect must be permitted, or our courts must at once be closed. The strongest argument, perhaps, that can be employed, if one be wanting, to justify the reception of such evidence is, that it is invariably acted upon by every man in the ordinary transactions of life, and that which is admitted to be right in guiding our opinions and influencing our judgment, where the best interests of society are concerned, can never be improperly received as evidence in a court of justice.

Still, conceding that these principles are the best that could be devised and calculated for universal adoption, yet, like all others which fall short of positive demonstration, they are fallible and liable to error. Presumptions which almost irresistibly tend to one particular conclusion still leave open the possibility of that conclusion being wrong ; and whenever that is unfortunately the case, whether the circumstances lead to a presumption of guilt or of innocence, it follows that the conviction or acquittal which takes place, as the case may be, must of necessity be erroneous. That these mistakes, such as they are, lead much more frequently to the acquittal of the guilty than the conviction of the innocent, is a matter of admitted truth, and it is impossible that it should be otherwise. In the first place, there is in every mind a natural anxiety, when a question is involved in doubt, to give more than their proper weight to the presumptions in favour of innocence, when the life or liberty of a fellow-creature is to be affected by the result ; and that which,

as an abstract question, would scarcely admit of hesitation or doubt, becomes, in favour of a prisoner, not merely a subject of grave difficulty, but frequently terminates in his acquittal, in opposition to very strong probabilities against him. In addition to this, the law has, in its wisdom and humanity, surrounded a person accused with so strong a wall of defence, that the prosecutor has not uncommonly difficulties of a technical nature to encounter, a failure in surmounting any one of which turns the balance in favour of the prisoner, and that independently of all the merits of the case.

Much, however, as these considerations, and many others of a similar nature and character, tend to facilitate the escape of a prisoner, still, in spite of them all, no doubt can reasonably be entertained that, owing to the uncertain and fallible nature of human testimony, persons have not unfrequently, even in capital cases, suffered a conviction, and the extreme penalty of the law, for offences of which they were altogether innocent; while, on the other hand, still more frequently, owing to the causes I have mentioned, guilt has escaped with impunity. The selection of a few instances, which have occurred in my own experience, of both the classes of cases to which I have alluded, will, I hope, afford both interest and instruction. The one with which I shall commence was of very great importance, both on account of the magnitude of the property which was the subject of inquiry, and because, if conviction had taken place, execution would inevitably have followed. The second derives a terrible importance from the fact, that the life of a fellow-creature was sacrificed for a supposed participation in a crime of which he was entirely innocent.

On the 8th July, 1803, Robert Swainston was put to the bar of the Old Bailey upon an indictment which stated, "That he, being a servant of, and employed by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, and as such being entrusted with a certain paper writing called an Exchequer Bill, of the value of one thousand pounds, and another of the same value, and a third of the same value, on the 26th of February, then last past, he being such servant as aforesaid, did feloniously secrete and embezzle the said Exchequer Bills, and did run away with them, so belonging to the said Governor and Company." The presiding Judges were, the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Justice Roze, and Mr. Justice Lawrence.

The case had for several months previous to the trial occupied no small share of the public attention, not only from the station in life of the prisoner, who had for many years filled one of the highest offices of trust and responsibility in the Bank of England, but from the very extensive nature of the fraud which he was charged with having committed, it being supposed that he had converted to his own use Exchequer Bills amounting in value to the enormous sum of two hundred thousand pounds. Of course, it became the bounden duty of the Directors of the Bank to use every exertion in their power to convict so heinous an offender; and the proof against him appeared so clear and so divested of every particle of doubt, that escape seemed absolutely impossible. Mr. Garrow, then in the very zenith of his fame, was specially retained for the prosecution, and so high was his reputation, and so extensive his experience in the criminal law, that the Bank felt a confidence in him greater, perhaps, than in any other of their legal

advisers; while his rival in fame and eloquence, Mr. Erskine, was retained on the part of the prisoner.

"In the year 1799," said Mr. Garrow, in his address to the jury, "having passed the gradations of his office, the unfortunate gentleman at the bar was appointed cashier to the Bank of England. It was well known to be a large part of the business of the Bank to purchase government securities, and particularly Exchequer Bills; and this they did to meet the exigencies of the government. These transactions were carried on through the medium of the cashier. On the 26th of February, the prisoner carried into the Bank a certain number of Exchequer Bills, one parcel amounting to 100,000*l.*, another parcel amounting to 200,000*l.*, and a third amounting to 400,000*l.*, making in all 700,000*l.* He had also to carry in and make all the corresponding entries, and the book was signed as usual by two of the Directors. Instead, however, of carrying in all these bills as he ought to have done, one bundle, amounting to 200,000*l.*, he withdrew, and converted to his own use. It was not until the 9th of April that any suspicion arose; it was next to impossible that there should be any. On that day, however, in consequence of a transaction which the prisoner at the bar had with Mr. Bish, a gentleman well versed in business, and a very intelligent man, the matter came to light. He knew that Exchequer Bills once purchased by the Bank never again came into circulation. It happened that the prisoner at the bar, on the 16th of March, three weeks after the embezzlement, made application to Mr. Bish to purchase for him 50,000*l.* in the 3 per cent. consols, 'for the opening,' as it is termed. Mr. Bish thought this a speculation a little too deep, without some security against the possible fluctuation of the market, and therefore objected to entering into it, unless security was deposited with him to the amount of 6 per cent. The prisoner agreed to indemnify Mr. Bish against the chance of this fluctuation, and for that purpose he brought to him three Exchequer Bills. Fortunately for the ends of public justice, Mr. Bish knew that these identical bills had been sold to the Bank, and the circumstance of their having been offered to him considerably alarmed him. He was confident that there must be some foul practice in the matter, and he therefore immediately informed the Governor and Directors of the event. Inquiry was made instantly; and the conduct of the prisoner upon this occasion would be important for the consideration of the jury. It was impossible but that suspicion must fall on the cashier. Mr. Newland, of the Bank, was referred to; and he spoke in the presence of the prisoner, a director being also present at the time. A question was put to Mr. Newland, in the hearing of the prisoner. The question was this:—

"Is it possible that an Exchequer Bill, bought by the Bank, can by any mode afterwards get into circulation?"

"Certainly not; the thing is impossible," was the immediate reply. On which the question was, with great propriety, repeated to the prisoner himself; and he also said, 'The thing is impossible.'

"He was then further examined, and was asked whether he had not some concern in a transaction relative to Exchequer Bills with Mr. Bish? His answer was,—'That he had, indeed, directed Mr. Bish to purchase stock, and had deposited Exchequer Bills with him, but that he had done it for a friend.' Being asked the name of that friend, he begged

to be excused; but on being pressed upon the subject, he named a gentleman belonging to a banking-house at the other end of the town. He said that these could not be Bank Exchequer Bills. He looked once or twice on the *Bank Bought Book*, which was laid before him, and said he was certain that the bills were not Bank property; that they were not to be found in the *Bought Book* of the Bank; and if so, beyond all doubt, they never had been Bank property; had they been, they must have been entered in the *Bought Book*. The fact, however, was too apparent. An opportunity was given to the prisoner to leave the room, and in an instant an honourable Director, who, although he understood the nature of business very well, was yet not so familiarly acquainted with it as Mr. Swainston, looked at the book, and found the entry of these very bills, which the prisoner, a minute before, after looking over the book and pretending to examine it, had positively declared not to be there, and therefore could not be Bank property. It became now impossible for the Directors, in the discharge of a duty, painful indeed, but important and imperative, to avoid taking measures by which the person of this unfortunate gentleman was secured.

"The jury would now have to pronounce upon the case. If they found it to be as he had stated, and of which he had no doubt, they would have a duty to perform, painful indeed, but from which they would not shrink, but would pronounce the unhappy gentleman at the bar guilty. If, upon the whole case, they entertained any rational doubt, he not only consented, but entreated that they would give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt, and acquit him. The prosecutors had no wish but to do their duty, in submitting this matter to the determination of a court of justice. The jury, therefore, if they found the case demanded it, would pronounce the prisoner guilty; but if there remained any doubt upon the case, they would, with more pleasure, pronounce him not guilty."

Mr. Erskine then rose and observed, that this was the proper season for himself and his learned friends who with him were of counsel for the prisoner, to call the attention of the court to the indictment, and then to an objection which he had to make to its sufficiency, which appeared to him to be insuperable. "In every count of the indictment, the prisoner was charged with secreting and embezzling certain Exchequer Bills, which brought the question to one plain point, whether the pieces of paper, which the prisoner had taken, were or were not, in point of law, *Exchequer Bills*. It was quite clear that there was no power given to the Lords of the Treasury to issue Exchequer Bills, except by Act of Parliament. An Act for that purpose passed in the year 1799, which enacted, 'That a number of Exchequer Bills should issue for any sum or sums of money, not exceeding five millions, in the like manner, from and under, and subject to the like rules and directions as in and by an Act of Parliament (reciting another Act) were given: *Provided always, that every such Exchequer Bill shall and may be signed by the Auditor of his Majesty's Exchequer, or by some person in his name, duly authorized to sign the same, with the approbation of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, in writing under their hands, or by any three or more of them.*'

"Now, the bills in question were signed by a Mr. Jennings, who, in

the year 1799, had authority to sign Exchequer Bills, but that authority did not extend beyond the limitation of the Act of 1799; and it happened, by omission or accident, without any fault in any body, that power to sign them had not been given to Mr. Jennings on the two last issuing of Exchequer Bills, or rather on issuing those pieces of paper called Exchequer Bills. It was true that the public did not suffer from this, for an Act of Parliament had been passed expressly to cure the informality of those bills, which declared that they should be valid for all civil purposes. Then came a humane provision of the Legislature, which did it so much honour, and which was consistent with the principles of the British Government:—*‘Provided always, that this Act shall not extend, or be construed to extend, to the case of any prisoner now charged with any crime.’* After this Act of Parliament, it was impossible to say that this case could be made to affect the prisoner. It could not affect him before this Act, for the Legislature had declared, that before it these bills were a nullity; it could not affect him by the Act, for that the act itself expressly prohibited. The case then was this: that these papers, called in the indictment Exchequer Bills, were, to all criminal intents and purposes, invalid,—that they were not Exchequer Bills according to the provisions of any law existing at the time they were uttered.”

Mr. Garrow, in answer to this objection, admitted that, in order to make out a case of embezzlement, he must prove that they were Exchequer Bills. But whatever doubts might arise upon this head, on the general ground, he thought that they could not apply to the present case. It was not necessary that he should prove them to be, to all intents and purposes, Exchequer Bills. As to the Exchequer that issued them, they must always be good Exchequer Bills. With respect to the Bank who bought them, they must always be good as against the persons from whom the Bank purchased them; and more particularly, against the person to whom they were entrusted they must unquestionably be esteemed good.

Mr. Erskine, in reply, stated, that his learned friend had admitted that he must make out that they were good Exchequer Bills, but had, at the same time, contended that it was not incumbent on him to show that they were so “to all intents and purposes.” Such a distinction he could not comprehend. If they were Exchequer bills at all, they were so to all intents and purposes.

The Lord Chief Baron delivered the judgment of the Court, and observed, that the charge here was that the prisoner embezzled, and secreted, and ran away with certain Exchequer Bills, and these papers could not be so denominated. The magnitude of the offence could have no weight upon the decision. That an offender of this description should escape punishment was but a small sacrifice in the course of justice, compared to the advantages attending the regular administration of it, which would be an answer to those who might possibly look at the enormity of the mischief, without looking at the greater evil that would result from bending the rules of law to answer the circumstances of a particular case. The subscription of Mr. Jennings to the bills in question was no subscription at all; nor would those bills be valid in a court of law for any civil purpose, until the Act of Parliament had

passed to remedy their defect. For this reason the Judges were of opinion that the objection was valid, and must prevail; and therefore that the prisoner must be acquitted.

The jury were, therefore, directed to acquit the prisoner, which they immediately did.

Mr. Garrow then addressed the Court. Before the prisoner is removed, said he, it is necessary that I should say a few words to the Court, in order that he may not be suffered to return again into the bosom of that society which he has so greatly injured. It is true that he has escaped the criminal justice of the country, and its views have been defeated, but he will not escape its civil justice. It has cost the Bank considerably more than one hundred thousand pounds to buy up the Exchequer Bills re-issued by the prisoner. It is but just that he should be made to pay, and I therefore expect that he may be remanded.

After a few words from the Bench, the Lord Chief Baron ordered the prisoner to be detained in custody; he bowed and retired*.

Such was the result of a trial upon which the eyes of the whole commercial community of this great metropolis had been turned with the most intense anxiety. The Directors of the Bank, that vast establishment, whose transactions are so large as to lead those unacquainted with mercantile operations to suppose that, in labours so gigantic, regularity is unattainable, and yet whose accuracy is so perfect, that the balance of each day's accounts is ascertained, even to the nicety of the minutest fraction, were, beyond all the rest, looking with an interest proportioned to their responsibility upon the termination of these proceedings. They felt that they were answerable to the public for the manner in which they performed the duties entrusted to them, and that they were bound to establish, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the fraud committed by the prisoner was not attributable to any negligence on their part, but to a violation of trust and confidence, which it was equally impracticable for them to foresee or prevent. The public mind had scarcely yet recovered from the shock which it had sustained but a few years before, from that measure which had so deeply, and, for a time, so injuriously, affected the national credit, commonly known by the name of the Bank Restriction Act; and which had placed, in a great measure, the financial interests of the country in the hands of that potential body. Representing, as they did, so large a portion of the commercial credit, and standing, as far as their transactions in exchequer bills were concerned, in the place of the Government itself, they felt that, in the management of at least that part of their business, it was not sufficient for them to be free from fault, but they must be absolved from suspicion also. It was well known that the very object of the Bank in purchasing Exchequer Bills from time to time, was to relieve the money-market from the glut of those securities which issued from the Treasury at the discretion of the Government, limited only by the restrictions imposed by the legislature, and which were of so slight a nature, as to leave that discretion almost wholly unfettered. Therefore, one of those securities which had ever been in the possession of the Bank was known to be again in circulation in the market, it was

* It may not be unsatisfactory here to remark, that the prisoner, after remaining some years in Newgate, was released, on condition of transporting himself for life.

obvious, either that the Bank had been dealing treacherously with the public, or that some of those who were entrusted with the management of this department were violating the trust reposed in them. The consequence of either of these suppositions would be, that public confidence would be shaken to its foundation, and suspicion and doubt, rendered yet more formidable from the uncertainty of the cause of apprehension, could scarce fail of producing a panic, the result of which no man could contemplate without alarm.

That the result of the trial was unsatisfactory to the Directors of the Bank, as well as to the public at large, cannot be denied. To persons unacquainted with legal proceedings, it would naturally appear matter both of wonder and regret, that an offence of such magnitude as that with which the prisoner had been charged, was one for the punishment of which the law had omitted to provide. It seemed a reproach to our criminal judicature, that while every succeeding Old Bailey Sessions witnessed the conviction and execution of unhappy wretches, whose crimes, weighed against that of Mr. Swainston, were but as a feather in the balance, whether considered with reference to the value of the property which had been the object of their depredation, or to the injury inflicted upon society, so heinous an offender should escape with impunity. Nor were there wanting many, as on similar occasions I have frequently known to be the case, who were either credulous enough to believe, or wicked enough to assert a belief which they did not feel, that the wealth of the prisoner furnished a clue to his acquittal. To refute by argument, or to combat by assertion, a statement so preposterous as this, would indeed be worse than idle: for it would seem to admit the possibility of the truth of that, whose falsehood must, on an instant's reflection, be apparent to every unprejudiced mind. That wealth, however large, can give to its possessor, when under a criminal charge, any one advantage over his honest neighbour, beyond the power of calling to his assistance the most eminent and able counsel, and of bringing, if necessary, witnesses to prove his innocence, is a proposition which, to those familiar with our law, and conversant in the details of its administration, appears so monstrous, as to induce a suspicion that it can never really find credence in any well-constituted understanding: for those, however, who in defiance of all reason and all experience would assert the contrary, the only emotion I can feel is, pity for their credulity, or sorrow for their wickedness.

It may, perhaps, be more difficult to convince of the propriety of this prisoner's escape those, who, while they admit the equality and impartiality of our law, the wisdom and purity of its enactments, and the stern, unbending justice of its administration, unalloyed, save only by its leaning, possibly too favourably, to the presumption of innocence, or to the exercise of mercy, still ask, whether, in the fearfully large volume of our criminal statute-book, no page could be found, in which a robbery of this nature was denounced, and a punishment inflicted proportioned to its guilt. Still, though the task be difficult, I am far from despairing of success. Let every man reflect, for a moment, on the trifling circumstance to which the acquittal was owing, the omission in some of the Acts of Parliament to recognize the authority of Mr. Jennings to sign the instruments in question; and let him say whether that was an omission, which any degree of prudence on the part of the Bank could either have foreseen or prevented? Surely not. What then was the

alternative? Either that the prisoner should escape, or that the law should be strained beyond its ordinary force, to meet the case of so heinous an offender. How incomparably better was it for the public safety that the former should be adopted, in preference to the latter! The law is a creature not merely of principle, but of precedent; and that deviation from its fixed and well-established rules, which necessity would seem to justify to-day, might, upon the authority of this very case, and where no such necessity existed, sanction the conviction of an innocent man to-morrow. The escape of a guilty man, however great his crime may be, is a matter altogether unimportant, compared with the conviction of one who is innocent.

In juxtaposition with this story, and equally illustrative of the observations with which I commenced this chapter, I will place another, the result of which was awfully dissimilar.

At the Oxford Spring Assizes, in the year 1804, Henry Turnbull, Joseph Hart, and Edward Wilson, were indicted for a burglary in the dwelling-house of Samuel Henson. The offence was one of a very daring character, and the conduct of the prisoners had greatly aggravated the crime. The prosecutor was a jeweller in extensive business residing in High Street, in Oxford. On the 7th of January, in the year above-mentioned, he and his family had been disturbed between one and two in the morning, by hearing a noise in the shop. Mr. Henson instantly went down stairs, and on reaching the shop, discovered two men actively employed in collecting and putting into a bag a quantity of valuable property, consisting of watches, plate, and jewellery of various kinds. With great resolution, he rushed upon one of the men, and had nearly succeeded in throwing him upon the ground, when the other villain pulled a pistol from his pocket, and without a word being uttered, fired it at Mr. Henson's head. Fortunately, or I ought to say, by the good providence of God, the murderous intention failed of its purpose: the ball grazed his ear, a part of which it carried away, and without doing any further injury, lodged in the opposite wall. Stunned as he was by the blow, he was easily secured by the two ruffians, who bound his arms, while they proceeded leisurely to plunder the shop. They threatened him with instant death, if he made the least noise, or attempted to give an alarm; and the experience which he had both of their ability and inclination to carry their threat into execution was sufficient effectually to silence him. While they were thus employed, Mr. Henson heard distinctly signals given by some person on the outside of the house, which were answered by the men from within; and it was in consequence of a signal so given, and a voice calling loudly to them, that they at length retreated somewhat precipitately, carrying with them a large quantity of property.

It was upwards of an hour before Mr. Henson was released from his confinement: of course every step was then immediately taken for the discovery of the perpetrators of so daring an outrage, but no trace could be discovered of their route, nor had they left behind them a single article which could assist in affording a clue to the guilty persons. The time, however, during which Mr. Henson had been bound was abundantly sufficient to give him an opportunity of remarking their persons; and he spoke with the greatest confidence of being able to

identify the two who had been in the shop; and was not without a belief that he could recognize the voice of the third, who had evidently been keeping watch on the outside. As the value of the property lost was considerable, he very wisely spared no expense in his endeavours to recover it, or at all events to bring to justice offenders so daring. In little more than twenty-four hours from the moment he was released, an active and intelligent police-officer from London had arrived at Oxford, and in less than that time after he had reached that place, the three prisoners were in custody charged with the offence. From the inquiries which he made, and the information he received, he felt assured that the robbers were still in the neighbourhood, under his direction and superintendence, the officers of the town were dispersed in various quarters, where there was a probability of their lurking; and no person of suspicious appearance was suffered to pass unquestioned, or at least unmarked. Late in the evening after the arrival of the officer, a person unknown, and apparently watching most cautiously on every side as he passed along, was observed by one of those who were on the look out: he was silently but surely followed, and after many deviations from the path which he originally appeared to be pursuing, was seen to enter a barn about two miles distant from Oxford. His pursuer with great caution, and without being observed, listened for some time at the door, and feeling convinced that he heard voices within, withdrew to the high road, which was at no great distance, and from thence sent for further assistance to the town. Being reinforced by three other men, the whole body placed themselves in such a situation that they could command the door, the only mode of exit from the barn; and as they knew that the men of whom they were in search were desperate and determined, they preferred waiting till the morning should give them an opportunity of meeting them upon more equal terms, to the risk of an encounter in the dark with adversaries of whose number and means of defence they were entirely ignorant.

They had not, however, occasion to wait so long. About midnight the door of the barn was gently opened, and the three prisoners, after looking carefully round to see that they were not observed, were proceeding at a quick pace towards the high road. Before they had advanced many steps, and as soon as it became evident from no others making their appearance, that they formed the whole of the party, the officers rushed from their hiding-place, seized hold of the prisoners; and having the advantage of being prepared for the attack, while their adversaries were taken entirely off their guard, succeeded, though not without considerable resistance, and the necessity of using a great deal of violence, in overpowering and securing the three. A cart was procured, in which they were deposited; and while one of the constables remained to observe the barn, the others guarded the prisoners to Oxford. Upon their arrival there, they were of course instantly subjected to a strict examination, and nearly the whole of the stolen property was found upon them. Mr. Henson was sent for; and without the slightest hesitation or difficulty he identified Turnbull and Hart as the two men who had robbed his shop. Upon the person of Wilson, the third prisoner, a considerable part of the property was discovered; and to add to the presumption of his guilt, a pistol was taken from his person. The ball which had been discharged at Mr. Henson on the night of the robbery

had been extracted from the wall, and was compared with this pistol, which it exactly fitted. The barn in which they had secreted themselves was searched; and hidden at the bottom of a quantity of hay, was found a complete set of implements adapted for housebreaking.

Such was the evidence upon which the prisoners were committed; the whole of which was proved against them on the trial. As if to remove any particle of question as to the guilt of Wilson, against whom the proof, though strong, was entirely of a circumstantial nature, another fact, of the same indirect character, it is true, yet so cogent as scarcely to leave a moral doubt on the mind of any man, was distinctly proved against him. A labourer, who had been to fetch a bundle of hay from a stack in the direction of the barn in which the prisoners had been concealed, deposed, that between five and six o'clock on the evening of the robbery, he had seen two men sitting on a stile near the barn. One of them he stated most positively to be Wilson, to whom his attention was particularly directed, from the circumstance of his having a pistol in his hand, the flint of which he was hammering with a knife, and which, on seeing the witness, he instantly, in a hurried manner, put into his pocket, and turned away his head. This, however, was not accomplished with sufficient quickness to prevent the witness from having a full and accurate survey of his face, and the weapon which he had in his hand, to both of which he swore without hesitation; adding, that it was impossible that he could be either deceived or mistaken. To the person of the second man he said he could not speak with certainty, his principal attention being directed to Wilson; and he declined to give an opinion as to whether it was either of the other prisoners.

Such was the proof against the three men; and it would be difficult to find a case more strongly illustrative of the two different sorts of evidence, to which, in the early part of this chapter, I have alluded. Against two of them, Turnbull and Hart, it was direct and positive. Their guilt, the fact in issue, upon which the Jury were to decide, was proved by the testimony of a witness who spoke to it from his own actual knowledge; and through the medium, as it were, of his senses, the Jury became themselves spectators of the crime. Against the third, the evidence was altogether indirect and circumstantial: no positive testimony could be procured to establish his guilt; but the Jury were asked to presume it from a variety of independent circumstances, all of them combining to an almost irresistible conclusion that he must be guilty; because although each singly would have been weak and slight, or at the utmost doubtful, yet in their combination they appeared totally irreconcilable with the supposition of innocence. After a most fair and impartial summing up by the learned Judge who presided, the Jury, with very little hesitation, found them all guilty; and I believe the verdict was satisfactory to every one who heard the trial.

In a case so flagrant, and where personal violence to so dreadful an extent had been attempted, even humanity itself could scarce suggest a hope of mercy. Every man felt that mercy in this instance would have been cruelty to the public. The three prisoners were executed. To the very last, Wilson protested his innocence of the crime, for which he was about to suffer; and his companions confirmed his statement: but in vain. Yet his protestations were founded on truth: *he was innocent.* A very simple explanation of the circumstances will suffice to show the possi-

bility of this ; and its certainty was afterwards established by the testimony of the only persons who could prove it, except those who were gone to render their great account. The facts, as they really existed, were these. Turnbull, Hart, and Wilson, together with two other men of the names of Atkinson and Ross, had come in a party from London ; having fixed on two houses, one at Oxford, and one at Bicester, where they knew that a good booty was to be obtained. Turnbull, Hart, and Atkinson were the three who attacked Mr. Henson's house ; the latter being the man who had remained on the outside ; while Wilson and Ross had on the same night gone to Bicester. The two latter had met with great resistance ; and had exercised a degree of violence and cruelty greater even than had been used towards Mr. Henson ; so that the proof of Wilson's innocence of the crime of which he was convicted could only have been obtained by involving himself and his companion Ross in an offence, the consequences of which would have been equally fatal. The whole five had met by appointment previously made at the barn above-mentioned, where they divided their plunder. In apportioning the shares to each, a part of Mr. Henson's property had fallen to the lot of Wilson ; and the pistol which had been seen in his hand was one of a pair ; and had been employed, not at Mr. Henson's house, but at the house at Bicester.

Can any one blame the Jury who convicted Wilson ? No man—but let his fate be a warning to jurors ; and let them be most cautious how they find a prisoner guilty on circumstantial evidence alone. 72

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SESSION.

SELDOM has a Session of Parliament promised to open under circumstances more favourable to the stability of a Ministry than that which has just commenced. The insatiable ambition of Russia checked almost at the moment her eagles were about to wave over the domes of Constantinople ; Prussia restrained within the limits of her own domestic policy ; France tranquillized under a vigorous, enlightened, and yet moderate cabinet ; the new throne of Belgium settled ; Portugal emancipated from the domination of an odious usurper ; Spain restored to the influence of liberal and well-informed men, whose counsels must have issue in the establishment of a free constitution ; the United States grown prodigiously in numbers and in wealth, acting vigorously in augmenting their commerce with England ;—all these external circumstances combined seemed destined to render the paths of our foreign policy smooth and unencumbered, and even glorious,—if that be, as it unquestionably is, the truest and the best glory which consists in cultivating throughout the world those bonds of peace between the great communities of mankind that ought never to be broken.

At home, with a single important exception, indeed, prosperity appeared to smile upon us on every side. The agriculturists, who will never understand that they are overwhelmed by the machinery of the corn laws, complain, it is true, of the distressed state of their interests,—and not without reason. But they really have only themselves to blame. In a season when the prices of all articles of consumption must of ne-

cessity fall until they find an universal level, the owners and occupiers of the soil imagine that, for some reason which never yet has been explained, they are to be exempted from the general rule, and to be entitled to receive high prices for their produce, to the prejudice of every other class of industry in the kingdom. They are suffering from their want of proper information on this subject, and perhaps also from that kind of obstinacy which prevents them from conforming to the spirit of the times. But look through the metropolis and the great manufacturing towns, the sources of our national opulence;—everywhere the hum of busy artisans is heard,—the loom, the anvil, the potter's wheel, resound incessantly; the chimneys of our foundries are so many columns of fire, and though here and there the voice of discontent may be clamorous, it is but the chirp of the grasshopper as compared with the majestic tone of repose which prevails throughout the mind of the country.

With elements of moral strength such as these at their command, the Ministers might have met the Parliament in an open, candid, and confiding manner, such as would have very materially increased and consolidated their power. For it is to be remembered that the animation which now pervades all classes of trade has sprung from no sudden or extravagant enterprises, such as those which, at former periods of our commercial history, commenced in the most splendid hopes, but terminated, at the natural period, in wide-spread ruin. The character of our present situation is at once cheering and permanent. It affords no visions of fortunes to be fabricated in a day;—it opens no gold mines teeming with ore to the gaze of the avaricious. Trade is now very generally conducted upon principles which admit of little variation one way or another; and though profits may be limited, they are safe, and at the same time fairly proportioned to the amount both of the capital and the labour which they require. The flourishing condition of the revenue, though not always an accurate test of solid prosperity, furnished, on this occasion, a just standard by which the state of the empire might be estimated. Upon this important point, as well as upon the measures of economy and reform already accomplished, and those upon which the Ministers had resolved, they might have firmly relied, and have boldly demanded the confidence, if not even the generous applause, of the whole people.

But, unhappily, instead of coming down to Parliament with a royal speech calculated to win popular approbation, they commenced their operations with a rhetorical production, every line of which was studiously penned with a view to absolute inanity. The augmentation of the revenue afforded the means of reducing some taxes; but the King was permitted to make no promise upon this interesting subject to the country, because, forsooth, there was no precedent to be found for such a pledge in the "London Gazette!" The announcement was reserved for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and perhaps, after all, it was as well it should be so, since the paltry, nibbling, half-and-half sort of reduction which it promised was perfectly suitable to the calibre of the man who made it.

Personally we entertain every possible respect for Lord Althorp, but we have other feelings when we contemplate him as the Finance Minister of England, and the leader of the House of Commons. His Lord-

ship has at length yielded so far to the petitions of the people as to give up the house-tax; but, as if with a view to deprive the concession of all its gracefulness, the window-tax is still to be retained.

If it be apparent, as it must be to any person who has his eyes about him, that the whole of this obnoxious impost must be removed, would it not have been much more statesmanlike to have adopted the resolution at once, and to have rendered the King the medium of such agreeable tidings to the people? If there were no precedent for such a step, why not make one in a case like this? Is the Cabinet bound by the letter of the books like a court of common law? The idea is ludicrous and mean, —but it is characteristic. The fact was, that the royal speech of last Session was deemed in some quarters to be too communicative,—too much upon the plan of the United States;—and, therefore, the Whigs have returned—as Lord Althorp has, with his usual openness of heart, confessed—to the old Tory method for compounding Kings' speeches, the essential recipe with respect to which was that they should contain as much milk-and-water as possible, in order to obviate the fear of a division upon the address! This was the great bugbear of these exploded statesmen, and behold it now exercises the same talismanic influence over the counsels of the Whigs!

But perhaps the most unfortunate touchstone that was ever applied to the character of a Government of this country has been the affair of Mr. Sheil. In its origin that was a subject utterly contemptible. Mr. Hill, in one of his speeches to his constituents at Hull, had the discretion to boast, before the natives, of his familiar access to Government; and in order to show that he was conversant with even the secret machinery by which affairs of state are conducted, he boldly declared that a certain Irish member, who had distinguished himself by voting and speaking eloquently in the House against the Coercion Bill, had actually sent a communication to a Cabinet Minister, importing that, although he, the said Irish member, was obliged from circumstances to vote and debate against the Bill, his private opinions were all in favour of it, and that he was confident that, unless the Bill were carried into a law, there would be no possibility of living in Ireland. The charge, we believe, was no sooner made by Mr. Hill than it was, by him at least, forgotten. It was a mere election squib,—a rocket fired off, as it were, to grace his address to the good burgesses of Hull, who, doubtless, must be disposed to look upon their representative as a great man, if he could thus be on such confidential terms with a Minister as to be admitted to the very arcana of the Government.

Well, Mr. Hill's speech flies with the winds to Ireland, where it excites universal hatred against the traitor, whoever he might turn out to be. "Who is the traitor?" became a question in every mouth. The Hull speech thus acted like a firebrand on the mercurial people of that country. The very second night of the Session this question was put to Lord Althorp by Mr. Sheil, and the noble Lord, with his wonted openness of manner, declared, "Thou art the man!" The sensation in the House was perfectly prodigious. Mr. Burke's dagger was nothing to that revelation. It came upon the members like a thunderclap. Had his Lordship stopped there he would have sufficiently answered the question, and every motive connected with his position, both as a man and a Minister would have dictated to him the expediency of going no

farther. But he must run his head quite against the wall, otherwise he would not have been himself. "Thou art the man! and what is more, I believe everything that Mr. Hill has said to be true." Mr. Sheil felt at once all the peril of his position, and declared in the most solemn, and at the same time the most manly terms he could use, that the charge was a foul calumny. After such language as this a duel must have been the result, if the House had not interposed its authority to prevent any consequences of that description.

Now let us suppose for a moment—and the consideration affords a striking illustration of the mistaken origin of duels in nine cases out of ten—that these two gentlemen went the next morning to the field, and that one fell in the combat, what would have been the real state of the case? Upon the investigation it appeared that, in fact, Mr. Sheil had a conversation with Mr. Abercromby, at the Athenæum, on the state of Ireland—that the former expressed an opinion, in common we believe with every man of ordinary faculties in the three kingdoms, that something must be done to put down the system of depredation and massacre then going on in that country. Mr. Abercromby seems to have mentioned this opinion of Mr. Sheil elsewhere, without attaching to it any importance whatever, so far as the Coercion Bill was concerned, and upon this simple foundation Mr. Hill's declaration to his constituents was founded! If Mr. Sheil, therefore, had been slain in the duel, he would have suffered for the expression of a just opinion; and if Lord Althorp had fallen, he would have suffered for listening to prattlers, by whom Mr. Sheil's opinion was conveyed to his Lordship, coloured in a manner altogether different from the intention with which the words were originally spoken. Both the combatants would have therefore gone to the conflict, each believing in his own innocence—and innocent undoubtedly he would have been, as it now turns out, except of the blood which he might have shed.

Had the Member for Tipperary been an ordinary man, he must have shrunk under the warnings which were poured into his ear on all sides, and must have almost believed—conscious though he was of his spotless integrity—that he had afforded in some forgotten conversation ample grounds for this impeachment, seeing that it was thus taken by the Government altogether out of the hands of Mr. Hill. He demanded inquiry, and the result was singularly instructive. The solemn message to a Cabinet Minister, from an Irish member, to the effect stated, was nowhere to be found;—the evidence of the two witnesses upon whom Mr. Hill—or rather the Government—relied, dwindled into the words of a loose conversation, reported without the slightest malignity of intention, by Mr. Abercromby. Mr. Abercromby had forgotten that he had ever mentioned the conversation at all; and, such as it was, it had nothing whatever in it to sustain the accusation; and then Mr. Hill was obliged to abandon it; Lord Althorp apologized for his imprudences both as a minister and a man; and Mr. Stanley was placed in a position nearly similar.

Need we mention, as another proof of their wisdom and consistency, the manner in which they treated Mr. Harvey's motion for an inquiry into the Pension List? It so happens that the two Ministers whom we have just named were, when *not* in office, in a minority upon a motion of a nature exactly similar to Mr. Harvey's in substance and in purpose. They then voted for a return which should contain the names of persons

to whom pensions had been granted by the Crown. What could have been the object of such a return as this, if it had not been meant as the foundation for an inquiry into the origin of those pensions, with a view to cut off such as had not been granted for public services? If that motion had no other object than the mere exhibition in the public prints of the names of the pensioners, it was the most sordid party trick that ever was attempted. Nevertheless, when those Ministers were taunted with their former votes on this subject, they cried out, "True, we did vote for the return in question, but we meant only to ask for the names, that the families pensioned might be exposed—we never intended that the country should profit by the reduction of a single penny from the List." This was, in fact, their personal defence, and we shall leave it to speak for itself.

Their opposition to Mr. Harvey's motion was the strangest imaginable, considering that the present cabinet is itself the creature of reform. "We admit," they say, "that there are many names in the Pension List which ought not to be there, but we shall suffer no inquiry to be made which shall distinguish the deserving from the undeserving, for they all have a legal title to the pensions which they receive; and what is to become of any other title to property in the country, if this is to be overthrown, even in one solitary instance?" It is for the first time we learn that the power of Parliament is limited by the act of the Crown; especially in matters relating to public money paid quarterly out of the revenue. Had it been the case of a grant of land belonging to the Crown, given away years ago, and transmitted from heir to heir as patrimonial estate, the case might have been different. But here is a fund annually drawn out of the pockets of the people, and to the due application of which, for the purposes of the public service, it is the duty of the House of Commons to look with the utmost jealousy. The title given by an Act of Parliament ought to be respected as sacred so long as the true object of the Act shall be adhered to. But if it should turn out that, under the authority of a statute meant to provide rewards for valuable public services, pensions have been granted where no such services were rendered, either by the pensioner or the ancestor whom he represents, then we say confidently that the Ministers of the Crown ought to be held responsible for the continuance of a grant which, if the purposes of the Act be considered, was void from the beginning, and never can acquire the sterling stamp of legality. It is a fraud upon the public purse, and the warrant under which such pensions are paid ought to be rescinded. In a large House the Ministers had just a majority of eight in their favour, so that there is little doubt of the motion being renewed.

The whole matter, too, as connected with the motion of inquiry into the conduct of Baron Smith is altogether inexplicable by any rules of common prudence or common sense. It has been already largely discussed in all the public journals; and we merely advert to it here as another proof of some "rottenness" in our "state."

We have made these remarks far "more in sorrow than in anger." We cannot forget that the present Government, at a time of exceeding difficulty, bore the vessel they guided, in triumph and in safety, through all the perils by which it was encompassed. They must not, however, forget that the voyage has not yet terminated. If much has been done much remains to do: we trust they will so act—boldly, skilfully, but, above

all, steadily—as to secure the good opinion and the firm support of all who revere the British Constitution, and desire to see it renovated but not destroyed. The present Government largely enjoys the confidence of the people. Their position, however, is a critical one—a few more false steps; and they must be removed from it. We shall carefully and anxiously watch the progress of events—in the House of Commons more especially,—allying ourselves with no party, supporting no party; but with a deep and earnest desire that those who are “put in authority over us” may not be men whose only, or, at least, whose best, recommendation is “good intentions.”

THE ROCK OF CADER-IDRIS.

A LEGEND OF WALES.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

[It is an ancient tradition of Wales, that whoever should pass a night alone on the summit of the Mountain Cader-Idris, would be found in the morning either dead, in a state of frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the Mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows, all fitfully streaming,
Of wild gusts and torrents that mingled their moan,
Of dim-shrouded stars, as thro' gulphs faintly gleaming,
And my strife with stern nature was darksome and lone.

I lay there in silence:—a spirit came o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw!
Things glorious, unearthly, pass'd floating before me,
And my heart almost fringed with rapture and awe!
I viewed the dread Powers around us that hover,
Tho' veiled by the mists of Mortality's breath;
And I called upon Darkness the vision to cover,
For within me was battling of madness and death!

I saw them—the Powers of the Wind and the Ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storm;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion,
I felt their dread presence, but knew not their form.
I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
The dead were around me that night on the hill;
From their eyes, as they pass'd, a cold radiance they darted;
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies!—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived thro' that hour,
And as from the grave I awoke, to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice and a pow'r!
Day burst on that Rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader-Idris rejoiced in the sun;
But oh! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won!

BETTER DAYS.

BETTER days are like Hebrew verbs, they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. "All that's bright must fade," says Tom Moore. Very likely; and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than to fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Tom Moore's song, about "Stars that shine and fall," one might suppose that, by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show-booth at Bartlemy fair; and as for flowers and leaves, if they go away, it is only to make way for new ones. There are as many stars in heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too; and perhaps more in England, for we are always making fresh importations. It is all very well now and then to have a bit of a grunt, or a growl, or a grumble, or a lamentation; but one mend-fault is worth ten find-faults, all the world over. It is all right enough when the barometer or the purse is low—when the stomach is a little out of order—to say that things are not as they used to be; and I would not for the world deprive an honest man of the pleasure of grumbling;—it is an Englishman's birthright. But I don't like to see a matter of feeling made a matter of history and philosophic verity: let us have our growl, and have done with it. But some croakers remind one of the boy who said that his grandmother went upstairs nineteen times a-day, and never came down again. Or, to seek for another resemblance, they may be likened to the Irish grave-digger, who was seen one night looking about the churchyard, with a lantern in his hand. "What have you lost, Pat?" "Oh, I've lost my lantern!" "You have your lantern in your hand." "Oh, but this is a lantern that I've found, it is not a lantern I have lost." Thus it is with men in general; they think more of the lantern they have lost, than of the lantern they have found. It is true, indeed, that things are not as they were with any of us. Great changes have taken place, and more are daily taking place; but there are greater changes in our feelings and apprehensions than there are in the external world, or in the general frame of society. What a great change must have taken place between the time of the siege of Troy and the days of Homer; for the poet speaks of Ajax pelting the Greeks with stones of such a bigness, that ten or a dozen men of the degenerate days in which Homer lived could not lift such an one. Ever since his time things have been growing worse and worse: so that now, I dare say, the human race, compared to what it was during the siege of Troy, is not much more than a noble army of gnats. Nothing is as it was; the people grow worse and worse, generation after generation, and the inhabitants of the earth become more and more attenuated, till at length there will be nothing left of them,—they will become gradually invisible. The sun does not shine as brightly as it used to, and the seasons—everybody says they are changed. There is a great deal of truth in this,—there is no denying it. But the worst of the matter is, that there is too much truth in it. The evidence of the mutation of the seasons from youth to manhood is so superabundant, that by proving too much, it proves nothing.

Between the years 1740 and 1750, Horace Walpole wrote some letters, which have since been printed and published. I have not a copy now at hand to refer to; but I distinctly remember reading in them a lamentation of the change of the seasons. The writer complains, that on Midsummer-day he is writing by the fire-side; and he pettishly says, "We have now no summer in this country but what we get from Newcastle;" and presently after he adds, that it was not so when he was young. Now, I think that when Horace Walpole was young, Dean Swift was old; and yet the Dean makes the same complaint. Still more curiously the poet Cowper, writing about forty years after Horace Walpole, makes the same complaint, lamenting that neither winters nor summers were such as they used to be. Those now living, who were children when Cowper complained that the summers were not so hot, nor the winters so cold as they used to be, do now make the same complaint as he did then.

In the year 1818, the summer was remarkably fine and dry, and all people began to cry out on the beauty of what they called an old-fashioned summer. To be sure it was an old-fashioned summer; so are all summers old-fashioned summers. There is a passage in Tacitus, which describes the climate of this country just as it might be described now. I could quote the Latin; but as I have no particular end to answer in looking learned, I will make the extracts from Dr. Aikin's translation of the Life of Agricola. "The sky in this country is deformed by clouds and frequent rains, but the cold is never extremely rigorous." "The soil, though improper for the olive and vine, and other productions of warmer climates, is fertile, and suitable for corn. Growth is quick, but maturation slow, both from the same cause, the great humidity of the ground and the atmosphere." There, now, can anything be plainer than that? And yet we talk about the changes of the seasons as if the sun was worn out, and all things were going wrong. There always have been occasionally very hot summers, and occasionally very cold winters. Nineteen years ago, there was a fair on the Thames. That winter was not the rule, it was the exception. Whatever change there is, is in ourselves. Really, you are acquainted with persons of thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, and perhaps eighty years of age. Ask them all if the seasons have not changed since they were young, and, though the respective periods of their youth were at several intervals, you will find them all in the same story.

It is precisely the same with regard to manners. The deterioration of manners we do not perceive so soon as we do the changes of the seasons. We take our impression of the seasons at about the age of ten, and from that to fifteen; but our impression of manners we take at our first entrance into the world. All changes that have taken place since that time, we regard as innovations—as a kind of deflexion from the standard of propriety. Whatever was the fashion when we first came to years of discretion, was rational; whatever had then ceased to be the fashion, was antiquated, formal, and ridiculous; and whatever has come into fashion since then, is all a change for the worse—a departure from propriety and reason—altogether new-fangled. This word 'new-fangled' is a charming word; it expresses such a pleasant pungency of satire, and implies a delightful assumption of wisdom on the part of him who uses it. The mind by time acquires a kind of rigidity; it does not like

to be put out of shape or out of place;—change disturbs it, and makes it angry. Then it looks back to better days, when none of the villainous innovations were known, which are now so prevalent in everything. I am glad that I am neither gas nor steam, for it would break my heart to be abused as they have been.

But of all the regrets of the better days that are gone by, none are more pathetic than the lamentations of the loss of all our great men. What marvellously great men did live in the days that are past! This, of course, says the triumphant croaker, must be admitted. There is no denying that Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Scott, Byron, Nelson, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Sheridan, are all gone, and have not left their likenesses behind. It is no easy matter to conceive any human being more proud and happy than a triumphant croaker. If you stop a man in the midst of his lamentations, and prove to him, as clear as light, that he has no good ground for complaint, you seem to inflict an injury upon him; but if he can repel your arguments, and establish his own growling position beyond all question, he is far happier than if he had never had any cause of complaint. Is there, says he, a man now living who can write as Shakspeare wrote? Very likely there is now; and if there were, he would be quite a superfluity; we have as much Shakspeare as we want;—and so of all the rest.

The cause of this style of reproaching the present by referring to the past, is to be found in the loud lamentations which mark the departure of great men from this sublunary scene. When a distinguished man dies, the public feels a loss. Funeral, elegy, monument, epitaph, biography, all make the loss more talked about. But when a great genius is born into the world, there is no talk of it. We notice the great trees that are cut down, but we regard not the saplings that are springing up in their place. Thus we think that we live in sad, degenerate days, and thus we get into a habit of looking upon great men as good for nothing till they are dead. In the book of the Proverbs of Solomon it is said, that a living dog is better than a dead lion. Perhaps it may be; but we do not in general seem to hold to this doctrine:—indeed, we regard the living as dogs, and the dead as lions.

I think another cause of our looking back on the past as on better days, may be found in the fact that we are all growing older. The world is not half so pretty and wonderful to us now as it was when we were young. To a boy, a schoolmaster is often an awful and a great personage; he is regarded with admiration, as a miracle of majesty and a paragon of knowledge. Old Busby knew that, when he kept his hat on in the presence of royalty in his own school-room. But what a different idea of schoolmasters we acquire when we are grown up to man's estate! We measure all things by the standard of our own feelings,—we have no other rule to go by; and if we feel ourselves growing old and wearing out, we think that the world is growing old and wearing out; and if our eye grows dim, we think that the sun shines more feebly than he was wont to do; and if our feelings grow obtuse, we fancy that there is nothing in the world worth caring for; and if we go to the scenes of our boyish holidays, and if our boyish feelings do not return to us, we fancy that the place is sadly altered. I remember hearing one of the greatest puppies that ever lived complain of the conceit and affectation of young men of the present generation, and say, "It was not so when I was young."

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

IV.

THE BOW WINDOW.

BENEATH the Piazza two wags chanced to pass
Where a shop was adorned by an acre of glass.
Quoth Tom, *sotto voce*, "Hail, Burnett and Co. !
Success now-a-days is dependent on show."
"Not so," answered Richard, "here industry reigns ;
Success is dependent on using great *panes*."

V.

BEER SHOPS.

"These beer shops," quoth Barnabas, speaking in alt,
"Are ruinous—down with the growers of malt !"
"Too true," answers Ben, with a shake of the head,
"Wherever they congregate, honesty's dead.
That beer breeds dishonesty causes no wonder,
'Tis nurtured in crime—'tis concocted in plunder ;
In Kent, while surrounded by flourishing crops,
I saw a rogue picking a pocket of hops."

VI.

TO A WEALTHY VINEGAR MERCHANT.

Let Hannibal boast of his conquering sway,
Thy liquid achievements spread wider and quicker ;
By vinegar he through the *Alps* made his way,
But thou through the *World* by the very same liquor.

VII.

EDMUND BURKE.

The sage of Beaconsfield, who wrote
The crimes of Gaul's degenerate crew,
But little thought his name would note
The murd'rous deeds his pencil drew.

His anti-jacobinic work
Still lives—his name preserves it still ;
And—verb impassable—"to Burke,"
Implies to kidnap and to kill.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Indications of the Season—A Tragedy in Private Life—Legal Transpositions—
 Rail-Road Constructiveness—Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey—The
 Artist Newton—Movements of Memorables—The Clubs.

INDICATIONS OF THE SEASON.—The season may now be said to have begun. Parliament has met, and the Opera is open; and while the discords in one place occupy the men, the harmony in the other attracts the ladies: to be sure, on the yet sacred Saturday our senators may indulge in the recreations which Monsieur Laporte provides for them. We are old enough to remember the time when a motion of great importance in the House of Commons was actually put off in order that our representatives might enjoy the first appearance of Madame Catalani in "male attire." But those halcyon days are gone; and Catalani is gone; and the aspiring heroes, who gave up their country's welfare for a sight of the syren in trowsers, have themselves shifted into "lean and slippered *pantaloons*." Still, however, new attractions rise for a new generation. Opera dancers are to the Haymarket what hope is to the human heart,—they "spring eternally;"—and the sylph-like Taglioni, emulating in *her* way the exertions of the sublime Pasta and the enchanting Malibran, reconciles us to the loss of what, in earlier days, we thought—and fancy still—was even more graceful, more splendid, and more bewitching: but this is the failing of human nature, and our children hereafter will be just as prone to look back to the performers they *now* have as standards of excellence, as we, under similar youthful influences, refer to those to whom they in their turns are successors.

TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE.—Our readers cannot fail to recollect the tragedy in real life which was, about two or three months since, acted in the house of Mr. Watts, the excellent and respected master of a boarding-school at Barnes. It will be remembered that the French usher, a M. Dumas, had formed a violent, and—as it in truth appears—an unconquerable affection for the daughter of his employer; in what degree his addresses were encouraged, or whether they were encouraged at all, has not transpired. Let that be as it may, the crisis was accelerated by the rashness of the lover, who concealed himself in the bedroom of the young lady, armed with a knife; having, as it should seem, taken this desperate step with no other sinister design than that of compelling her to decide his fate by consenting to their marriage. The screams of the young lady brought her parents to her apartment, and Mr. Watts, ignorant at the moment of the character of his usher's intentions, and naturally incensed at his intrusion, under any circumstances, into his daughter's room, consigned him to the custody of the police, while the unfortunate young lady remained in the care of her mother.

Miss Watts died in the course of the night, and the coroner's jury decided that her death was occasioned by taking an excessive quantity

of eau de Cologne while in a state of agitation. M. Dumas was, of course, liberated from custody, but, we believe, was committed to the care of some friends, who judged it necessary to place him under restraint, from an apprehension of the results of his excitement. So, it should appear, he remained until about three weeks since, when he proceeded to the village of Putney, close to which the remains of the unhappy young lady were interred, in a lone burying-ground, on the road leading from Wandsworth to Richmond.

M. Dumas took a lodging at the Duke's Head Inn, in Putney; and his first step was to visit the burying-ground, and ascertain the spot where Miss Watts was laid. It appears that he frequented this place constantly, and has been known to pass the whole night there. This painful probation, however, had its end; and, at length, Dumas swallowed poison. Too well—too fatally did he drug the draught; and in the morning he was found dead and cold in his bed.

Upon him a coroner's inquest was held, and the usual verdict of *lunacy* was returned; yet, such was the feeling of pity excited by his inflexible constancy to the object of his affections, that, foreigner as he was, and a stranger in the place where he died, they laid his body as near as possible to that of her for whom he perished. His poison was taken under no fit of excitement, but in fulfilment, as it is said, of a pledge which he had given to some one so to die, if parted from all he held dear on earth.

The writers of novels—the dealers in fiction—may do much to interest their readers; but where could they cull materials for their work more sad—more affecting—than from this fact of real life? ~~THE~~

LEGAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—Sir William Horne, the Attorney-General, is made a Baron of the Exchequer. The Barony of the Exchequer was offered to several learned gentlemen, who declined the seat on the bench, unless they were excused going the circuit and sitting at the Old Bailey, which seemed to us to be very much like choosing to be a judge without doing judicial duty. Sir William Horne, however, has been accommodated; and, what is still more extraordinary, either is or is to be created a peer—a circumstance unprecedented, we believe, in the case of a puisne judge. This vacates Marylebone, for which it seems impossible, under the present order of things, that an Attorney-General can possibly sit. Sir John Campbell succeeds to the Attorney-Generalship; and Mr. Pepys, who refused the Judgeship, becomes Solicitor-General.

Since writing this notice of Sir William Horne's elevation to the bench, circumstances have occurred to put a stop to it. It appears that a puisne baron of the Exchequer may not sit alone in Equity without a special act of Parliament to authorise such a proceeding. Sir William Horne was superseded in his attorney-generalship by Sir James Campbell, in the belief that such an act would be passed to empower him to remain sole equity judge. It turns out, however, that the Lord Chancellor declines to sanction such an act; and therefore either Sir William Horne must accept the barony with all its common and criminal law duties, or not have it at all.

RAIL-ROAD CONSTRUCTIVENESS.—The rail-road schemes are in full

progress—that is to say, as far as the projectors go; but we suspect that common sense, which thinks ten miles an hour quite sufficiently expeditious travelling, will have some small share, not in the undertakings, but in checking the enthusiasm of the amateurs of groovy travelling.

It is proved to demonstration that the profits of the rail-road between Manchester and Liverpool have been derived from the constant intercourse of *passengers*,—the heavy weights and freights doing more mischief to the trams than can be covered by the tolls; and yet we are to embark our money in a rail-road between London and Bristol. Why? The whole object of that *tramification* is the conveyance of goods—of heavy loads: there is no chance of a constant intercourse of people between Bristol and the metropolis.

But then we are to have the Greenwich Rail-road, the most absurd of all—*cui bono*? As a joke, as a bit of fun, being whisked along from the Bricklayers' Arms in the Kent-road to the Hospital gates, in ten minutes, may be all very well, but not for a constancy. The speculators say, in their prospectus, that six thousand clerks will go every day to Greenwich and back for recreation. How do they know that, and why should they do so? Five of these six thousand clerks would have just as far to walk before they could get to the beginning of the Rail-road as they now walk to get their recreation elsewhere; and there is the absurdity of the whole scheme. If I want to go to Greenwich from Grosvenor-square, I must "first catch my dolphin" by travelling in a carriage, or on foot, to the Bricklayers' Arms in the Kent-road, which is half way for me to Greenwich. Then I am to get out of that carriage into another vehicle, and, hurled through the fog and smoke of Deptford marshes at a tremendous rate, sixteen feet above the heads of my fellow countrymen, on a thing whence the intervention of a walnut, or a school-boy's marble, will pitch me into the ditches or down the chimney (for all I know) of some respectable green-grocer in Bermondsey, and for what? Why should I be in such a dreadful hurry to get to Greenwich? If I go for pleasure, part of the pleasure is the going; and as for cels and white-bait, which are the only matters of business likely to take a man into the neighbourhood, half an hour gets them ready—they are "drest on the shortest notice;" and whether I get to the Ship, or (which is still better) the Crown and Sceptre—to which by the way no rail-road can take me—at half-past five or a quarter to six, what the deuce does it matter? The calculation of the six thousand clerks splashing up and down this iron platform seems not only to be a *chance*, but a numerical error on the part of the projectors; and we very much suspect, that however the thing may answer as a holiday junket during the fair, it will be found that, in the end, unless the London end of it could really be in London, it will turn out a sad failure.

Of all the failures that have been turned to account, the Thames Tunnel is assuredly the best. Mr. Brunel, having been stopped by nature, sets himself down very quietly, lights up his cabin with gas, and sticks a looking glass at the end of it, and then makes his bow and says, "I'll trouble you for a shilling each; walk in, ladies and gentlemen, here is half what I meant to have done; but as I could not do it, I shall have great satisfaction in showing you, by the aid of the large mirror, what it would have looked like, if I could have finished it." Whatever

the effect may be upon the visiters, this *coup d'œil* cannot afford any very pleasant reflections to the subscribers, who have so liberally sunk their capital.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give his commands to Sir George Smart for the preparations for a grand musical festival to be held in Westminster Abbey, even superior to the Commemoration of Handel executed under the auspices of King George the Third. Nothing can be more judicious or more considerate than this exhibition of his Majesty's taste at the present period, when sacred music has been expelled even from the orchestras of our Oratorios, and when the sing-song squalling of Italian professors has been permitted to usurp the place of that solemn, magnificent, and soul-stirring harmony, in which Handel stands of all the world alone and unrivalled.

Sufficient has not yet been done in the preparations to enable us, with anything like accuracy, to state the number of performers to be employed on the approaching occasion; and we should seem to exaggerate were we to name, without official authority to go upon, the extent to which we have been told the band and choruses are to be filled. Few now living recollect the Commemoration; but those who do remember it, describe the effects produced by certain pieces of music to have been magnificent—there can be little doubt on the advanced state of the musical profession in England since that period. We shall find their effects considerably heightened, and we look forward with great eagerness to the time when the people will have an opportunity of gratifying themselves with a splendid performance, and at the same time feel conscious that, in giving themselves pleasure, they are contributing to funds whence the aged and infirm, worn out in their service, are to derive benefit, succour, and comfort.

THE ARTIST NEWTON.—It has been erroneously reported that the popular and highly-gifted painter, Newton, is dead. The fact is not so; and much more happy should we be in contradicting the rumour were we able to add to the announcement that he is alive—that he were well. We regret to say that he is suffering in a most serious degree from aberration of mind—so serious, indeed, as to leave no hopes of restoration. He was a first-rate artist, and a most agreeable companion.

MOVEMENTS OF MEMORABLES.—The Duke of Devonshire has recovered from his lameness, and will shortly return to England. The Marquess of Hertford is better than he has been for many years. The Marchioness of Hertford has sold Queensbury House in Piccadilly to Lord Cadogan. Lord Glengal's marriage with Miss Mellish, which was postponed on account of the death of the young lady's father, will take place immediately; and the *on dit* is rumoured of a marriage, often before talked of, between Lady Glengal (his Lordship's mother) and the Master of the Rolls. The marriage between Sir Henry Cook and Miss Raikes is, for the present, postponed. Lord Corry is immediately to be united to Miss Shepherd; and Miss Vaughan, the daughter of the late

member for Wales, is married to Mr. Lee Lee, of Dellington House, the present member for that city.

Mr. Baines has been returned member for Leeds, beating Sir John Beckett by a majority of twenty-three. Mr. Jacob, a Repealer, has been returned at Dungarvon, against Mr. Barron, who stood upon the Duke of Devonshire's interest; and Mr. Miles has been elected without opposition for East Somersetshire, in the room of Mr. Brigstock. Mr. Prendergast, whose case had created a great sensation and much animated discussion between the Board of Control and the East India Directors, is dead. Mr. Babington Macaulay has sailed to assume his seat at the Supreme Council Board at Calcutta; and the Marquess of Sligo has set forth to supersede Lord Mulgrave in his government at Jamaica.

Miss Kemble was married last July to Mr. Butler, and her father has arrived in England. Mr. Bunn has produced an extremely clever translation of Scribe's popular comedy, under the title of the "Minister and the Mercer"; and Mrs. Yates has reaped a new wreath of laurel by her acting of Isabella, at the Adelphi, which theatre, by-the-by, is decidedly the most successful of any playhouse in the metropolis, and very justly so.

The Benchers of the Temple have again refused to call Mr. Whittle Harvey to the Bar, after a very long and patient investigation of his case, and hearing counsel for several evenings; and Government, in the House of Commons, have defeated the honourable gentleman's motion for a Committee to inquire into the Pension List by a majority of eight.

The installation of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of Oxford, took place on Thursday the 6th, at Apsley House. The ceremony was attended by all the official authorities and the delegates, and a few of the Duke's personal friends. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Chancellor of the University of Dublin, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, were also present. The Latin speech delivered by his Grace upon the occasion is said to be one of the most eloquent and appropriate that ever was heard. The public installation, as we last month stated, will take place the first week in July.

THE CLUBS.--The Literary Union Club has been dissolved—not for ever, but in order to be reconstructed upon an improved principle. White's, the once fashionable and political head-quarters, is in a rapid state of *decadence*, its members are few, and their number is daily diminishing. The reason for this is evident. To men of no particular politics, Crockford's affords *apréments* and accommodation highly superior: at White's there is no coffee-room; and if men choose to dine there, it must be by a preconcerted arrangement. At Crockford's, there is an admirable dining coffee-room, with the illustrious Ude himself as *chef de cuisine*. So much for the unpolitical portion of White's men. For the political members of White's, the Carlton Club presents every inducement; it blends all the good qualities of White's with all the convenience and advantage of Crockford's. The consequence is, that the respectable bay-window has become a desert; and although the "King," the "Kang," and the "Colonel," (the three K's, as Sir William Curtis

would have said,) may still be seen within its semicircle, its character is lost, its prosperity is blighted.

A good deal of this change is attributable, we really believe, to the extraordinary alterations and improvements which that very extraordinary and shamefully used man, Mr. Nash, has effected in the metropolis near Charing Cross. Before that most splendid of all European streets, Regent-street, had risen from the ruins of alleys, courts, mewses, and markets; the neighbourhood of the Haymarket and Cockspur-street was never thought of, except as the way to or from the houses of Parliament, along which the great and gay hurried to the patrician rise of St. James's-street. Now we have congregated in that once disregarded vicinage not only palace-like mansions, squares, columns, and terraces, but the majority of the London clubs. The Carlton, the Athenæum, the two United Service Clubs, the University, and the Travellers'. By the success of Regent-street, Bond-street, to which, in other days, St. James's-street formed a sort of ante-chamber, is a desert,—a place where, in wet weather, a man might go to look for a snipe, but where no man now would think of either walking or riding for the sake of meeting anybody. The point of attraction is therefore moved; and for every convenience as relates to official or Parliamentary life, the new region is unquestionably far superior.

Brookes's continues in full vigour, with blinds up and curtains down; while the respectable Boodlers, in top-boots and corduroys, continue to prose and twaddle with as much self-satisfaction as ever. And as for the club with the large window, at the bottom of the street, (name unknown,) it does just as well where it is as anywhere else. And the respectable "Arthur's," (where they shut up the street-door when they go to dinner, for fear of losing their spoons) is of a class of club so amiable, so dull, and so uninteresting, that the gentlemen who compose it hardly know when, as they certainly do not know why, they meet under its very handsome roof.

The Oriental—or, as the hackney-coachmen call it, the Horizontal Club—in Hanover-square, does, however, outdo even Arthur's for quietude. Placed at the corner of a cul de sac—at least as far as carriages are concerned, and in a part of the square to which nobody not proceeding to one of four houses which occupy that particular side ever thinks of going, its little windows, looking upon nothing, give the idea of mingled dulness and inconvenience. From the outside it looks like a prison;—enter it, it looks like an hospital, in which a smell of curry pervades the "wards,"—wards filled with venerable patients, dressed in nankeen shorts, yellow stockings and gaiters, and faces to match. There may still be seen pigtales in all their pristine perfection. It is the region of calico shirts, returned writers, and guinea-pigs grown into bores. Such is the *naboberry*, into which Harley-street, Wimpole-street, and Gloucester-place, daily empty their precious stores of bilious humanity.

When Gay wrote his famous fable, "The Hare with many Friends," he little anticipated the event which last week occurred to prove that a hare, however maltreated by many friends, might have one friend, who alone would compensate for the neglect of fifty. Monday week, Sir

Thomas Clarges died at Brighton. His will has been found; and he has left Colonel Hare, who is on his way to England with Sir William Russell, (to whose mission he was attached,) from Lisbon, all his magnificent Yorkshire property, estimated at ten thousand ~~and~~. Whether the gallant Colonel had any reason to expect this bequest we know not, (his mother, we believe, was a connexion of Sir Thomas Clarges;) but if he had not, we can scarcely imagine a much more agreeable surprise than that which awaits him on his arrival, of finding himself *Hare* to Sir Thomas's property.

Mr. Wilkinson, who has passed twelve years of his life in ~~egypt~~, devoting himself with unremitting attention to the decyphering hieroglyphics, is about to publish the results of his most laborious and interesting investigation. Amongst other things, it seems that Mr. Wilkinson has set at rest a long-disputed question, with regard to the frequent recurrence in the Egyptian inscriptions of the beast with square ears cut. He shows to a certainty that this figure represents *Osim*. In order to match this invaluable discovery, Gantin the confectioner has sent to Norway for *ices*.

Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Stanley are too much for the Member for Dublin and his "forty." Upon two or three occasions during the month, the Colonial Secretary has informed him, in a manner the most unequivocal, that the House of Commons is not exactly upon a par with the Corn Exchange, and that the attitude of a bully is not altogether becoming in a Member of Parliament. It will be well if the Honourable and Learned Gentleman will for the future adopt his own bye phrase with respect to Mr. Stanley, and—"let him alone." The conduct of Sir Robert Peel, on the occasion of Mr. O'Connell's sneer at national faith, was altogether worthy of an enlightened statesman and an honourable man. The country is indebted to him for maintaining its proud and honest position, and for watching to protect its high character from the attempts of such as would not only "beggar" one portion of the state, but degrade and dishonour another. It was well said by Sir Robert, that the Irish people—such as desire the preservation of order and of good faith, public or private—would learn what sort of practice would follow a *theory* of the nature of which so broad a hint had been given.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in operation. By Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c. 3 vols.

We congratulate Mr. Lyell, and the scientific part of the public, on the conclusion of his admirable work on the most difficult, and to some, at least, the most interesting of all the sciences. In our notices of the former volumes, we have detailed the principles of Mr. Lyell's theory, and avowed our conviction, that hitherto all the discoveries that have been made in geology confirm and establish it. We followed him through his details without weariness: and his reasonings, founded on facts which, when fairly stated, are themselves arguments, fully satisfied us. We waited for the present volume with something like impatience, at the same time assured that we should lose nothing by the delay. It is, indeed, a performance worthy of a philosopher,—a man enthusiastically devoted to science, and especially to the one which he seems destined, more than any other writer, to advance and illustrate. It seems now in vain to limit the period of the earth's existence as commencing with the time to which the Mosaic account of the creation has referred the transactions of the six days. Under some form or other, while it was undergoing, by the operation of causes now at work, the most wonderful transformations, the earth probably existed millions and millions of ages before it became the habitation of man. Mr. Lyell has at length classified the different periods of its characteristic changes; and, from actual observation and personal research, has proved the decision is neither fanciful nor assumed for the purpose of maintaining an hypothesis. We repeat, what we believe we have before asserted on this subject, that the Mosaic statement is not at all affected by the doctrines and principles of geology, and that Mr. Lyell throughout breathes a spirit favourable to Divine revelation. It seems, however, that one of our super-orthodox contemporaries took alarm at the apparent boldness of some of Mr. Lyell's speculations, and expressed their disapprobation without duly examining the work, or being prepared to substantiate the charges they alleged against its author. This has fortunately afforded Mr. Lyell the opportunity of explicitly stating his views, and of exonerating himself from every suspicion of infidelity or scepticism.

The imputation, which he repudiates in his concluding remarks, is that, in his first volume, he had endeavoured to establish the proposition, that "the existing causes of change have operated with absolute uniformity from all eternity." Mr. Lyell justly remarks, that this is a strange misconception of the scope of his argument. In his defence, he quotes Professor Playfair, who observed, "that it was one thing to declare that we had not yet discovered the traces of a beginning, and another to deny that the earth ever had a beginning."

"With equal justice," Mr. Lyell continues, "might an astronomer be accused of asserting that the works of creation extend throughout infinite space, because he refuses to take for granted that the remotest stars now seen in the heavens are on the utmost verge of the material universe. Every improvement of the telescope has brought thousands of new worlds into view, and it would, therefore, be rash and unphilosophical to imagine that we already survey the whole extent of the vast scheme, or that it will ever be brought within the sphere of human observation. But no argument can be drawn from such premises in favour of the infinity of the space that has been filled with worlds; and if the material universe has any limits, it then follows that it must occupy a minute and infinitesimal point in infinite space. So far as tracing the earth's history, we arrive at the monuments of events which may have happened millions of ages before our times, and if we still find no decided evidence of a commencement, yet, the argument from analogy in support of the probability of a beginning, remains unshaken; and if the past duration of the

earth be finite, then the aggregate of geological epochs, however numerous, must constitute a mere moment of the past, a mere infinitesimal portion of eternity."

"It has been argued, that as the different states of the earth's surface, and the different species by which it has been inhabited, have had each their origin, and many of them their termination, so the entire series may have commenced at a certain period. It has also been urged, that as we admit the creation of man to have occurred at a comparatively modern epoch—as we concede the astonishing fact of the first introduction of a moral and intellectual being, so also we may conceive the first creation of the planet itself."

We are far from denying the weight of this reasoning from analogy; but, although it may strengthen our conviction, that the present system of change has not gone on from eternity, it cannot warrant us in presuming that we shall be permitted to behold the signs of the earth's origin or the evidences of the first introduction into it of organic beings. In vain do we aspire to assign limits to the works of creation in space, whether we examine the starry heavens, or that world of minute animalculæ which is revealed to us by the microscope. We are prepared, therefore, to find that in time, also, the confines of the universe lie beyond the reach of mortal ken. But in whatever direction we pursue our researches, whether in time or space, we discover everywhere the clear proofs of a creative intelligence, and of his foresight, wisdom, and power.

"As geologists, we learn that it is not only the present condition of the globe that has been suited to the accommodation of myriads of living creatures, but that many former states also have been equally adapted to the organization and habits of prior races of beings. The disposition of the seas, continents, and islands, and the climates, have varied; so it appears that the species have been changed, and yet they have all been so modelled, as types analogous to those of existing plants and animals, as to indicate throughout a perfect harmony of design and unity of purpose. To assume that the evidence of the beginning or end of so vast a scheme was within the reach of our philosophical inquiries, or even of our speculations, appear to us inconsistent with a full estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attributes of an infinite and eternal Being."

Mr. Lyell's "*Principles of Geology*" will now take their station as a standard work on all the great and interesting subjects on which he treats. These volumes comprehend all that is real in discovery,—all that is philosophical in principle—all that is fair in deduction—all, in fact, that deserves the name of science,—we had almost said it is a work that supersedes every other on geology.

Letters from Switzerland and Italy during a late Tour. By the Author of "*Letters from the East*," and "*Travels in the East*."

Mr. Carne is too well-known as a lively and interesting writer to require any commendation of ours. Who has not read "*Letters from the East*," and a variety of other beautiful specimens of genuine sentiment and excellent writing from the pen of this amiable delineator of general nature? and it is their own fault if they have not risen from the perusal enlightened and improved. We assure them that the present volume is worthy to take its place with the best of its predecessors. The "*Letters from Switzerland and Italy*" possess all the interest of a romantic story: affecting incidents, glowing scenery, profound reflections, lively, sparkling, and sometimes pensive remarks, enrich and adorn every page. We might select many pleasing illustrations to confirm this statement, but our plan is not to abridge every work we notice, nor to transfer its best parts to our own for the purpose of increasing its value at the expense of another. We shall be quite content for the reader to thank us, when he has enjoyed the pleasure, for pointing out to him a volume which abounds in descriptions equal, and frequently superior, to the following:—

"The fate that befell the village of Biel, situated in one of the lateral valleys in the upper part of the Valais, was singular and appalling. It contained three or

four thousand inhabitants, an industrious race who cultivated their little territory, and lived almost wholly on its produce. Many a wild vale and tract, even of beauty in this land lies so remote from the beaten track of travellers as rarely to be visited; one of these was shut in on three sides by lofty mountains, covered with snow the greater part of the year. It was a savage and lonely abode, but its people were deeply attached to their homes; and though, like many of the Swiss peasantry, they might murmur at times at their lot, they would have refused to exchange it for a more flattering one in another land. The accident that desolated every hearth, and crushed all their hopes and toils, occurred in the midst of winter.

"The village was encompassed by mountains, from which the oldest inhabitants had never known any avalanches fall, or had ever heard their fathers speak of such an event; so that the people dwelt in security, nor dreamed of a swift and terrible destruction.

"One morning most of the men were at work in the fields; few, except the women, the aged, and the sick, remained within doors, and the former were busied in their household occupations. The fall of snow this year had been unusually heavy, but it could not be conceived that death was to be hurled from the distance of two leagues, from a summit that was not even visible,—yet so it was. The morning was a clear and beautiful one, when those who were at work in the fields suddenly heard a rushing sound, and, looking back, saw an immense body of snow issue forth from the mouth of a ravine; it had travelled six miles through this ravine from the precipice where it fell. The village lay directly beneath, and the avalanche buried it: cottages, gardens, and trees,—all disappeared! It was but the rush of a few moments, for the loosened mass fell with the rapidity of a cataract; and the wretched villagers looked on the calm and dazzling surface of snow that slept horribly on their hearths and homes beneath. The shouts of the children, the cheerful call of the mother, the guardian cry of the village dog, were hushed now. They gathered quickly round, and plied every effort of strength and skill to remove the snow. The peasants from the nearest hamlets hastened to assist; but the snow lay on the roofs to the depth of many hundred feet, and for a long time their efforts were in vain; it was a lingering and a miserable work, for no one knew the fate of those who were beneath. The father knew not if he were childless, or the husband if he should find his wife living or slain! They called aloud, and shouted during their toil, but nothing, save some faint cries or groans, could be heard. They were like gamblers, frenzied with the hopes and fears of each cast, and bending in agony over the yet unclaimed piles of gold. Had a great painter been at the foot of the mountain, he would have loved to trace the scene—the agitated groups of peasantry digging into the heart of the fatal avalanche, and each drawing nearer and nearer at every stroke to his own home, that he panted yet dreading to see.

"And when the canopy of snow was removed—and this was the work of some days—it seemed that the dead were more happy than the living who were found. The latter were miserably maimed and crushed, and they had remained long beneath the snow without food, or light, or motion; for the darkness, they said, was dreadful to bear. Numbers lay dead; some in the chambers that were shattered above them, and some without doors, in their little gardens, or wherever the destruction forced them. They had either lingered or died alone, for none in the sudden darkness and terror could help the other. Sixty or eighty of the wounded were carried to the nearest hospital; and poverty and sorrow came on every family, and that greatest curse of the peasant—loneliness.

"The roof that was destroyed, and the little garden that was laid waste, might be raised again; but who could restore the lost wife and children? Who could bring again the little circle that gathered round the hearth at morn and eve? 'The golden bowl' of the poor Swiss was rudely 'broken in pieces,' and his heart was almost seared by the blow that took all, even all, from him! Yet one was left behind."

"It so happened, however, that one was left; a little boy five years of age was found alive and unharmed, clinging to the neck and body of a faithful dog. When the mass of snow fell, and his mother and the other children perished, he had clasped, in his terror, the large dog who chanced to be close to him at the moment. The sagacious animal covered him with his body, and lay gently down beside him during the long darkness; the warmth of the body, as well as his companionship, cheered the little fellow through the trying scene. He gave a simple and touching detail of his own feelings, and the sounds of anguish and despair that he had heard from hour to hour!"—Page 30.

The Royal Mariner. By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq.

The motto of this right loyal poem is "Fear God, Honour the King;" and, indeed, the bravery and enterprize of our good monarch, when in former days he "braved the battle and the breeze," merit a grateful remembrance. We heartily commend the sailor who trims his sea-plume in such honourable service. We agree with Mr. Sillery's opinion, that "the British Navy, honoured by having one of its members, now for the first time, elevated to the throne, has always been a noble subject of interest and eulogy, and the very name is a mighty and inspiring sound, communicating a feeling of security and superiority throughout the whole kingdom." We love to witness the enthusiasm of a young and ardent seaman; it is full of truth; there is nothing cold, nothing calculating, nothing selfish, about it; it is free and boundless as the ocean whereon it journeys; and we never met a sailor more devoted to the sea than the author of "The Royal Mariner." Nevertheless, it would not be fair to judge of the author's merits by his *loyal* poem, where his subject, as it proceeded, created a boundary which, in our estimation, a free seaman could ill brook; and we particularly recommend among other of its "minor" contents, to our readers, the perusal of the blank verse poem, called "The Burial of the Dead at Sea."

It contains many powerful, and a still greater number of touching, lines. The following image is striking:—

"Now the bell,
The funeral bell, with slow and solemn tone
On board the ship was toll'd—peal after peal
Rung through the element, like blessed souls
Mourning around the bark."

There are also some light and varied songs that would set well to music. "Mary to her exiled Lover" is particularly simple and graceful, forming a species of music by the play of its own soft words; and there are many which deserve the same praise. An animated likeness of our good Sailor King, and an exceedingly beautiful vignette title-page, are the embellishments of the volume, which is very properly, and by permission, dedicated to the Queen. There are now-a-days many poetical claimants for a word of notice; it is difficult to accord even so much to all. But Mr. Sillery is by no means a novice in his vocation. He has published several works of exceeding merit; and is a poet of no ordinary pretensions, who manifests much skill and more feeling in the pursuit of the Muse. It is a delightful, if not a profitable calling; and we heartily congratulate the young author on the praise which has already stimulated him to exertion. He must, however, be assured that labour is necessary to finish the work which enthusiasm may commence. The more severe eye of criticism may detect some faults in his poetry, but there is far more to commend;—our greater pleasure is to encourage where we find much promise; the fruits of a fine and ingenuous mind are before us; and if there be a few weeds that we would willingly remove from their place, there is no doubt that where the ground is so capable of cultivation, the time is not distant when the young poet will attain that distinction in the path he has chosen, for which he so ardently pants.

Olympia Morata; her Times, Life, and Writings. Arranged from Contemporary and other Authorities. By the Author of "Selwyn," "Mornings with Mamma," "Probation," "Tales of the Moors," &c.

We cannot better introduce this very delightful and instructive work to our readers than by allowing the fair collector of the materials of which it is composed to speak for herself.

"Olympia Morata, the beautiful and accomplished subject of the following memoir was a young lady of Ferrara, educated as a companion and model to the

daughters of the princely house of Este; and, from her high endowments, natural and acquired, the friend and idol of the most learned men of her day. Having embraced the reformed tenets, then beginning to excite suspicion in Italy, she narrowly escaped persecution in her own country, by marrying, and following to his native Germany, an amiable youth of similar opinions. It was, however, only to be plunged, by an untoward fate, in all the horrors and vicissitudes of war. Successively the inhabitant of various besieged cities, and hunted from one to another by the utmost virulence of bigotry, pestilence, famine, and peril were her portion during the brief remainder of a life, whose termination they accelerated at the early age of twenty-nine, when she gently expired, lamented by all who admired her talents or appreciated her virtues. Elegant poems (chiefly on sacred subjects) in Greek and Latin, and familiar letters, breathing the very soul of unobtrusive piety, established her claim to the admiration of posterity and the affection of a large circle of sorrowing friends. Her death took place at Heidelberg in 1665.

It is to brief, but beautiful, notices of this interesting person, occurring in the admirable work of Dr. Mc'Crie, on the 'Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy,' that the authoress is indebted for the pleasure derived from the compilation of the following pages. The motive to which they owed their origin was simply the desire of becoming herself better acquainted with, and introducing to other unlearned readers, the life and writings of a Christian heroine, uniting, in so rare and eminent a degree as Olympia Morata, the qualities and accomplishments which engage human esteem with the more imperishable treasures of that "better part," of which early death itself cannot deprive her."

Although this beautiful narrative is at times interrupted by the author's eminently intelligent and affecting observations, yet they add to, instead of diminishing from, the interest and attraction of the whole—a rare instance of such an effect, produced by such means. Every reader is not capable of reasoning as she reasons; and the young may be taught to do so rightly by attending to her judicious remarks. We cannot command success; but we can pronounce that this volume most truly deserves it. It conveys a great deal of information; its principles are altogether favourable to the true feminine dignity of woman; and by those who are anxious to raise the sex to their proper elevation in society, it will be read with unmingled satisfaction.

The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany. By the Lady Charlotte Bury.

We have experienced much pleasure in the perusal of this classic and elegant volume; it recalls old scenes, and renovates the remembrance of what we ne'er shall look upon again; the name of Lady Charlotte Bury has ever been "like the breath of the sweet south," more because of the virtues of her exemplary life than by the brightness of her exalted rank, though both may be truly termed illustrious; and never was her pen more aptly employed than in the present instance.

The historical and legendary notices prefixed to each poem are replete with intense interest; and the versification is so perfectly adapted to the subject, so graceful, so flowing, so easy, that we are at a loss what to admire most, where all is hallowed by that pure religious and moral feeling, that has ever been the distinguishing characteristic of her Ladyship's productions. In truth, it was a beautiful task for Lady Charlotte Bury and her husband to undertake together; his pencil and her pen were well calculated to illustrate each other; but painful, indeed, is the feeling that fills the heart, when we remember that the hand which held the pencil is cold and lifeless, and that it has been the destiny of the wife to send forth the completion of the task *alone*. The engravings are admirable in effect, and *toned* by a feeling which well accords with the subject upon which the Rev. Edward Bury's skill in art was exercised. We can only add, in conclusion to this brief notice, that the work, both in design and execution, may safely be termed a book of beauty. We recommend all who have dreamt of loveliness to look upon the Lady's Portrait, and their dream will be realized.

Tour of the American Lakes and among the Indians of the North-West Territory in 1830. Disclosing the Character and Prospects of the Indian Race. By C. Colton. 2 vols.

These volumes supply a great deal of information, open a wide field for inquiry, and, in point of interest, are equal to any of the fictions of romance. The maxim of Byron—"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction," (as the author pertinently observes,)—was never more applicable than to the principal subject of these pages. The "History of the American Indians" is the *romance of fact*. It needs not a single dash of the pencil,—not a single ingredient of the sentimentality of poetry, to give it life and power over the feelings. The naked truth has in it more of poetry, and a more energetic challenge on the affections, than any possible embellishment or fictitious garniture that could be thrown around it; more than any creations of fancy with which it could be charged show that race as they *are* and *have* been, and none of human kind can fail to be interested in them. This is Mr. Colton's deliberate testimony in a general form: of its truth and justice the pages before us afford the most ample confirmation. Perhaps no man is better qualified than our author to write on all subjects connected with America. Its domestic manners—its civil and social institutions—its new population—its aboriginal inhabitants—and the character and prospects of both, are more familiar to him than to most others who have undertaken to make the world in general acquainted with them. Having, in a former volume, vindicated his country from the misrepresentations and calumnies which had been circulated to its prejudice, in the present undertaking he has less delicacy in exposing the unjust and cruel policy which continues slavery in the midst of it, and which has diminished to insignificance and threatens nearly to exterminate the Indian race,—the rightful owners of the soil, and once the sole lords of the entire continent. While he spares not the American States, his censures are far from being exclusive. He is neither governed by partiality nor prejudice; and, as it appears to us, that both to America and Great Britain he has dealt out justice with an even hand.

We hope the following remarks will not be lost upon those for whom they are more especially intended; we are sure that the work in which they are found, if read by the civilized of both hemispheres, will go far to decide public opinion on the momentous questions which they involve. The fate of the American Indians, whether they shall exist or be annihilated, has come to a crisis:—

"Their rights," Mr. Colton says, "are properly the cause of humanity, and, though well-defined in the conscience of the *world*, are yet undefined and unsettled in the *fact* and operation of their social and political relations; and these rights can only be fixed by a thorough public discussion before the world, which will claim to be arbiter in the case, and which alone, as a community of nations, is likely to be a fair court of appeal. The question of these rights is so prominent and interesting, that the world will sit in judgment upon it; and the sooner that opinion is formed and expressed the better. That judgment can hardly be wrong; and it must also be respected and influential, if it comes in season; indeed, the very anticipation of it may possibly answer all the purposes.

"The challenge of the attention of the British community to this subject is especially proper, as they are involved in the same responsibility with the United States, by having an equal number of Indians, more or less, upon their hands: in their North American colonies, over whom their Colonial Governments are compelled to legislate, and whose existence and future amelioration depend upon the treatment they shall receive from those authorities. The Indians of the Canadas have no formal guarantee of their distinct rights, which they can assert against being removed at the pleasure of the Colonial Governments; and whenever the white population crowds upon them, they are subject to the same train of injuries which have been suffered in the adjoining states.

"The author has endeavoured to show that the salvation of the Indians, as a race, depends jointly upon Great Britain and the United States; and inasmuch as

the crisis of their destiny has evidently arrived, it is deemed proper and obligatory that their case, with the history and nature of their wrongs, should be laid, without disguise, before the two communities, unless their doom must be considered as unavoidably forestalled, and themselves abandoned to annihilation."

We fear that the decree has gone forth. European wants, joined to the selfishness of human nature, when excited into baneful activity by the pressure of circumstances, will leave nothing for the poor Indian wanderer to hope. He must be a stranger and an outcast in his father-land, till the heel of oppression shall tread him for ever in the dust.

We would willingly enrich our pages with further extracts; but feeling persuaded that the work itself will be widely diffused, and that in proportion to its circulation will be the impression which it cannot fail to make on the public mind, we content ourselves with cordially wishing it the success it so well deserves.

Christian Ethics; or, Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.

The publication of such a work as the present, and under the circumstances in which it makes its appearance, is one of the signs of the times which it becomes our rulers in church and state seriously to mark and promptly to improve. The Dissenters have now their professors and chairs of philosophy. Science and letters are as abundantly cultivated by the despised sectaries as by those who live among cathedral stalls and monopolize to themselves the seats of learning; and, what is not a little remarkable, that labouring as they do under the disadvantages of an exclusion from our universities, these men, without a church, and with a kind of mutilated social existence, continue to take their station as high in the literature of their country as any of its privileged and more favoured sons.

Dr. Wardlaw's Lectures on Christian Ethics, delivered at the Congregational Library, it is not too much to affirm, are far, far more worthy of a Christian divine, and far more sound and correct in their philosophical principles, than the treatises on the same subject put forth by Paley and Butler.

These lectures would furnish an admirable text-book for all our colleges and universities. We were especially struck with the lecturer's modest, yet manly, investigation of the moral system of Bishop Butler. Great minds, sincerely pursuing the discovery of truth, however they may differ, must always feel a just reverence of each other's worth. We hope we shall hear no more of a system of ethics founded on the present character of human nature, formed without consulting revelation, which, in a peculiar sense, is the moral work of the Deity, and enforced by motives irrespective of, and sometimes opposed to, the dictates of a religion which we all acknowledge to be divine.

Lays and Legends of various Nations. By W. I. Thoms. Part I.—Germany.

The "Lays and Legends of Germany" here given to the public form a very amusing introduction to a series of similar works, in which the legendary lore of all the principal nations of the world will be submitted to the reading world. There are two classes to whom the collection cannot fail of being acceptable,—the lovers of the marvellous, who will find an ample and novel supply, and the inquirers into the history of the human mind, through that pleasant medium, the history of fiction, who are presented with abundant matter for speculation, not only in the tales themselves, but in the notes with which the editor has illustrated them. The "Lays and Legends of Germany" form the first part of what can scarcely fail to be a valuable and amusing collection of the legends of the "olden time," and which, we trust, will meet with the encouragement it merits.

Our limits will not permit of our giving a specimen ; but we the less regret that fact, inasmuch we believe our readers will recompense themselves for the omission by securing the work itself.

Travelling Mems, during a Tour through Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, and France, in the Summer and Autumn of 1832; including an Excursion up the Rhine. By Thomas Dyke, jun.

Mr. Dyke is a very intelligent and observing traveller, endowed with the necessary qualifications to enable him to form a just estimate of whatever came under his notice; and the two spare volumes which he has quaintly entitled "*Travelling Mems*," are lively exhibitions, in rather a loose and careless style, of every thing that he deemed interesting. Their principal attraction is derived from the new aspect and changed circumstances of the different countries he visited, at a period so important to Europe as the year 1832, and the freshness of the events which he describes, not only in the memory but in the feelings of the reader. The deadliest enmities are often to be found between the foes that once were friends—Holland and Belgium, to wit. As the travellers approached Maestricht they were doomed to feel some of the inconveniences arising from the hostility of these countries to each other—which so recently appeared one and indivisible.

"A numerous throng of peasantry was waiting at the gate to be admitted with their various produce for the use of the town and garrison. At one o'clock the drawbridge was lowered, when a superior officer, accompanied by a small escort of soldiery, brought forth a ponderous bunch of keys, that must have belonged to Blue Beard, and unlocked the gate—admitting the peasantry, but refusing us. A big-whiskered hero, as tall as a tower, and looking as fierce as Bobadil, came forward from the party, whiffing at his long embossed pipe, and enveloping his mustachios in volumes of smoke. Seeing that our nether habiliments were not as capacious and broad-bottomed as those of Hollanders, he addressed us in French, demanding our business, our route, our country, with a dozen more questions jumbled into one, which we answered by requesting permission to view the town and its fine cathedral. The fellow returned to his party; a council was held; and, finally, a second message was brought to us by the same ambassador. He insisted on knowing where we came from; and on our naming Belgium, the matter was settled, and we were significantly requested to retire by the way we came. In vain we represented ourselves as *Messieurs Anglais*, travelling in search of the picturesque and wonderful, and disclaimed acquaintance with the enemy;—we met with a point blank refusal, and the ambassador retired. Determined, however, as we had come so far, to see all we could, we jumped upon a mound, and from it obtained an excellent view of the various appendages to a strong fortress. The moats, drawbridge, inner gateway, and fortifications lay revealed to our view: but while indulging in this stolen privilege, a peremptory call from the officer told us that if we did not sound an instant retreat, he would send us a more summary messenger. This was enough for us; our force was unequal to the siege, and we promptly obeyed; not, however, without loitering to catch another view of this interesting place."

We scarcely need recommend a work which, if it convey nothing very profound on the great stirring questions so interesting at the period to which it refers, will be sure to afford a few hours of rational amusement; and will not fail to prove a very useful companion to those who may meditate a similar excursion.

The Sacred Classics; a Cabinet Library of Divinity. Vol. I.—A Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying. By Jeremy Taylor, D.D. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D.

If the publishers of the "*Sacred Classics*" proceed as they have commenced, we doubt not their general acceptance with the public. Two of the most eloquent and noble works in our language are, Milton's "*Speech for Unlicensed Preaching*," and Taylor's "*Discourse on the Liberty of Pro-*

phesying." They differ, however, in important particulars. Milton saw the subject in a clearer light than his right-reverend coadjutor in the cause of freedom. We recommend Mr. Cattermole to read the "*Areopagitica*" with attention: it may perhaps convince him that the liberty of prophesying admits not of limitations or exceptions. It is not as sects that men are to be punished or restrained, while they obey the laws; for their fanatical extravagancies, if they do no injury to the community: they are accountable to God alone. Let opinions be free as the air, and they will soon become as pure and salutary.

Torrens on Wages and Combination.

This is one of the clearest, best-written books we have ever seen. To hear of any work on political economy now-a-days is to be frightened: the muddy stream flowing from the muddy brains of most of these writers would pollute the clearest intellect in Christendom, so much is there, in general, of hard-headed nonsense and fine-spun truisms. But this tract, by Colonel Torrens, is as lucid as the day, and he that runs may read, and he must be a sad fool if he does not understand. We regret extremely that it is not in our power to give extracts, as we would willingly be the means of circulating some of the wholesome truths with regard to wages and combination. The gross impolicy of placing any restriction, either on labour, or the rate at which labour is paid, is shown to demonstration. The chapter on Mr. Fielden's scheme for limiting the hours of labour is a complete demolisher. The utter impossibility of realizing the benevolent mono-maniac schemes of Owen and others, without positive ruin to the country, is shown to an arithmetical certainty. This chapter, and the one on a free trade in corn, would, if circulated cheaply among the lower classes, do more good than all the penny trash that ever issued from the press, and show the workmen what fearful enemies well-meaning friends may prove. As a whole, for style and for matter, it is the best book of the class we ever read.

The Philosophical Rambler; or, the Observations and Adventures of a Pedestrian Tourist through France and Italy.

Tours and Travels! Travels and Tours! We are drugged with them almost to nausea; they form nine-tenths of the publications which issue from the press. Can they all find readers? No, nor reviewers either, unless the "gentle craft" are willing to lose both their time and their temper. We consider ourselves, however, fortunate in the works of this description which we have this month been called to notice. If not of the highest order, they deserve the commendation we have given them; and the present is decidedly the best. He that was a Solitary Rambler through France and Italy, on his return has rendered himself a very instructive and delightful companion.

His account of himself is characteristic and amusing.

"A 'Rambler,' who had already made the circuit of the globe in search of knowledge, and to gratify his own adventurous curiosity, started from England on a pedestrian tour through France and Italy; and fitting himself with a befitting knapsack at Dieppe, proceeded to Paris, and thence to the south of France, to view the ancient ruins, and other beautiful objects of art and nature which abound in that province and part of Languedoc. He thus entered Italy by way of Nice, and visited in succession all the principal cities, their palaces, galleries, and churches; and, although the route be a beaten track, yet the author has endeavoured to treat it after an untrodden manner. In this tour the reader will find, among other things, some interesting descriptions and histories of the antique remains of Italy; accounts of the topography with regard to health, and the volcanic geology of the country he passes through; of pilgrimages to holy shrines; of excursions to view the curious, the beautiful, and picturesque; of his adventures on the road, and of

his reflections and sentiments suggested by the scenes and objects which presented themselves as he trudged along his solitary route."

The author, we think, has far exceeded his professions. The work is sufficiently philosophical and scientific to justify the first title—and it cannot be taken up for mere amusement without being perused to the end. The scientific reader will be greatly interested by the author's observations on the source of the malaria of Rome; on the discovery of an extensive fossil forest; source and cause of the sirocco; and various other topics which are not often treated in a book of travels.

Hymns for Children. By Mrs. Hemans.

A most charming little volume, worthy of its gifted author,—worthy in every sense, whether as regards the talent evinced, or the use to which it is devoted. A series of brief but exquisite poems associate the idea of religion with the affections, and fill the youthful mind with images of power and beauty traced to their direct source—the goodness of God.

"These are thy works, Almighty Father, these;
The rolling year is full of thee."

Time may deaden, and the many distractions of life weaken, the first impression of these pages, but it will never be quite effaced. In long after years, when the spirit has sought but found no resting-place, and the worn and heavy heart goes on its way mournfully, the remembrance of those early hours,

"When bent the infant knee in earnest prayer,"

will return; memory will have treasured the sweet and sacred music, which will awaken at a touch.—Mrs. Hemans, we observe, promises a similar volume, should this succeed. It deserves success of the most extended and exalted kind—a success which we both wish and prophesy.

Archbishop Whateley on Transportation.

These remarks on transportation, and on a recent defence of the system, are well worthy of the enlightened Archbishop of Dublin. The inadequacy of the punishment of transportation, now so generally adopted, either as a means of colonizing or of preventing crime, is well exposed. The baleful effects of sending hardened criminals to infant settlements is ably insisted upon; and it is clearly shown that, in most cases, transportation is a wish gratified rather than a pain inflicted. His Lordship concludes his work by pointing out the advantages, combating the objections to, and strongly urging the necessity of appointing commissioners to inquire into the subject. In the appendix to this excellent little volume there are some details which most forcibly display the vicious effects of the present system.

The Autobiography of Grant Thorburn.

We have nothing to say against America, but much in its praise, and Grant's book deserves to be in the hands of every one who meditates a trip to the "*New World*," as it will still be called, like the *New Forest* when it is old; the enterprize, the industry, the cheerfulness, the exertion of this extraordinary little man, is worthy the attention of the whole commercial world. Patient in adversity, temperate in prosperity, and useful in his varied callings, the original "Laurie Todd," is an excellent and charming person; too fond, to please us, of American politics, but yet so truthful and straight-minded in all his ways, that we bid him and his singular book, God speed! in all the corners of the earth. We wish we had space for a lengthened notice—but we must only refer our readers to the book itself; they will read, and learn, and admire, laugh, and censure, praise, and sometimes condemn. Much that is contained in its varied

pages, the spirit and industry of the man they must applaud, despite themselves,—for never was there a more active or enterprising settler, in a barren land; the dedication to the Duchess of Buccleuch, is the most earnest and touching thing of the kind we have ever perused.

Church and State in America. Inscribed to the Bishop of London.

By C. Colton, A.M.

It is well for America that she has, resident in the metropolis of Great Britain, a prompt and able advocate, always on the spot and always ready to meet her enemies and accusers in the gate. The Lord Bishop of London, with other dignitaries, and various reviews and publications on Ecclesiastical topics, have, it seems, uttered, written, and circulated numerous misrepresentations on the subject of the religion of the United States,—misrepresentations, in some cases at least, proceeding less from malice than ignorance. These Mr. Colton has classified, and demolished them all as they have successively presented themselves before him. The pamphlet is, at this moment, especially seasonable. If the general subject of national establishments, or that of the Church of England in particular, should, during the agitation of the question of Church Reform in Parliament, produce the discussion which we anticipate, Mr. Colton's "Church and State in America" will furnish all parties with certain and sufficient information as to the real state of that country on the question at issue in this. Misrepresentation cannot, after the perusal of this masterly performance, shield itself under the plea of ignorance.

Memorials of a Tour in some Parts of Greece, chiefly Poetical. By Richard Monckton Milnes.

We cannot compliment Mr. Milnes on his poetry, nor on the general literary merits of this melange of narrative, sentimentalism, and rhyme; yet there are a few redeeming beauties in the verse, and occasionally we observe glimpses of talent rising above mediocrity. But not of this character is "the Sulist's answer to an expostulating Frank," where we meet with no better lines than the following:—

"I ask you, would nature have planted us there,
Where earth's farthest region is bounded by air;
Where the great Eagle pauses in wonder to see
The race he contemns as crull'd as He."

"Olympus" is in a higher tone, and breathes something of the spirit of genuine poetry. The portion, or section, we know not what to call it, headed "Ali Pacha," discovers considerable powers of discrimination and reflection, and is written with spirit and taste. But, as a whole, the volume has little in it to excite interest; it is a mere collection of fragments, and we are quite of the opinion of the author's friends, to whom the manuscript was *deferentially* referred, that "whatever might be the merits of the contents, its form, or rather formlessness, is quite sufficient to prevent it from winning the slightest public attention."

Songs and Poems by Charles Mackay.

The diffidence expressed, *in limine*, by this aspirant, inclined us to a favourable rather than a sinister augury respecting his efforts; and our examination of them has justified our presentiment. We cannot, indeed, ascribe to them any very conspicuous share of the electric soul of poetry, or "divinus afflatus;" yet to have some *few* sparks of this ethereal flame must afford scope for exultation, and to that extent may this writer advance his claim. In his list of subjects, he has not ventured, in many instances, beyond the old traditional generalities; yet the few excursions he *has* made out of that circle are far from infelicitous. "The Prayer of Adam, alone in Paradise," contains some thoughts which must have streamed from the fountain of the heart.

Proposed Abolition of the Local Testamentary Courts. By
Michael J. Quin.

The subject of this pamphlet, which has already run into a fourth edition, is of great importance to all those numerous families of moderate property who reside at any distance from the metropolis. Almost since the establishment of Christianity in this country, local tribunals have existed amongst us for grant of probates and of letters of administration. The system thus so long established, which has afforded every possible facility for the accomplishment of both of these objects, certain Commissioners, as well as a Committee of the House of Commons, have proposed altogether to abolish, with a view to substitute for it a single tribunal in London, whither all wills shall in future be sent from all parts of the country. The consequence of this alteration would be, to increase very considerably the expense of probates and letters of administration in the first instance, and to render it necessary for any person who lives at a distance from town, and who would wish to examine an original will, either to submit to the expense and inconvenience of a journey to London, or to pay an agent for the purpose. Now, when it is considered that there are about nineteen thousand probates and letters of administrations taken out in the course of a year in the local courts, and that of these seven thousand appertain to properties under 200*l.*, and twelve thousand to probates under 1000*l.*, it is obvious that the expense of the new system would fall chiefly on the small properties of the kingdom, a most unequivocal, and therefore a most unjust mode of dealing with the difficulties of this question. Mr. Quin has shown that the local courts might be reduced from 380 to about 40; and that by rendering these tribunals in every way efficient, advantages might be obtained for the administration of the testamentary branches of our law which could not be expected from the theoretical projects of the Commissioners.

Letters from a Father to his Son on his entering the Army. Dedicated, by permission, to Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Taylor, G.B.C. By an Old Officer.

The contents of this admirable little book makes us regret that it is not (to use a bookselling phrase) "got up" in better style; had it been printed in small type, and neatly bound, so as to form a pocket volume, there are but few of our young heroes who would not have possessed it. It is, we understand, the production of a very meritorious officer, who is *blessed* with half-pay (which a facetious friend of ours calls *split pea*) and eleven children! We mention this to prove his fitness for setting forth a soldier's duty, which he has well and ably done. The letters are to his own son; there is little doubt of their being dictated both by judgment and affection.

Narrative of a Journey to the Falls of the Caverry and Neilgherry Hills.

To all who wish to be instructed with regard to the best part of the climate of India this book will be useful; to all who are about to visit those regions of the sun it will be indispensable. The Neilgherry Hills and the Falls of the Caverry appear to be the paradise of a sultry land. It is here that the dim and sunken eye of the drooping invalid first brightens, and his emaciated form and shattered nerves are again braced into health and elasticity. As a description of an oasis in the desert—of a lovely land of promise—this book is most pleasing.

LITERARY REPORT.

The Architectural Magazine; or Popular Journal of Improvements in Architecture, Building, and Furnishing, and the Arts more immediately connected therewith, conducted by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. &c. author of the "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture," will appear on the 1st March, and be conducted monthly, price 1s. 6d.

The first Monthly Part of a work on Natural History, by Henry Woods, F.Z.S., A.L.S., which has been nearly seven years in preparation, is announced to appear on the 31st of March.

Brother Tragedians, a Novel, by Isabel Hill, is shortly to be published.

Mesars. Planché and C. Dance announce the publication of their Dramas produced during the last four seasons, by Madame Vestris, at the Olympic Theatre.

Shortly will appear a volume, consisting of original pieces, by some of the most eminent writers of the day, on subjects connected with the evils of Slavery, or the Prospects of the Emancipated Negroes.

A new monthly series of Views in India, China, and on the Shores of the Red Sea, from sketches by Capt. R. Elliot.

A second series of the Naval Sketch-Book, containing some curious facts regarding Portugal, by Capt. Glascock.

In monthly parts, beginning with Germany, **Lays and Legends of various Nations,** illustrative of their Traditions, Popular Literature, and Superstitions, by J. W. Thoms, editor of the "Early English Prose Romances."

Makanna; or, the Land of the Savage; describing the Scenery of Southern Africa, and including the extraordinary History of the Prophet Chieftain Makanna.

The Sea-Service; or, Popular Sketches of Ship-Building and Naval Warfare, by the Author of "A Year in Spain."

Excursions in the North of Europe, by John Barrow, jun.

An Account of the Principal Objects, &c. made during Twenty Years' Residence in Egypt, by J. G. Wilkinson, Esq.

A Memoir of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England, by J. B. Williams, Esq., LL.D.

Cleone, a Tale of Married Life, by Mrs. Lemon Grimstone.

The History of the Church in Scotland, by the Rev. Dr. Russell.

Memoirs and Remains of Bishop Lowth, by the Rev. P. Hall, M.A.

A Selection from the Lyric Poems of Goethe, with a few Translations in English and Italian, by the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey, of Eton College.

Education Reform; or, the Necessity and Practicability of a Comprehensive System of National Education. By Thomas Wyse, jun., Esq., late M.P. for the County of Tipperary.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany, by Lady Charlotte Bury. Oblong 4to. 2l. 2s.

A Discourse on the Studies of the University, by A. Sedgwick. 8vo. 2nd edit. 4s.

Sir Rodolph of Hapsburgh, an historical romance. 3 vols. p. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Entomologia Edinensis; or, a Descriptive History of the Insects found in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, by James Wilson and Rev. J. Duncan. 8vo. 12s.

Chitty's Forms of Practical Proceedings in the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. 12mo. 18s.

Hayward's Translation of Goethe's Faust. 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s.

The Pilgrims of the Rhine, by the author of Pelham, &c. Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Ditto, large paper, India proofs, 3l. 3s.

Parkes' Chemical Catechism, 13th edition. 8vo. 15s.

The History and Principles of Banking, by J. W. Gilbart. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Light of Nature pursued, by Abraham Tucker, with some Account of the Life of the Author, by Sir H. Mildmay. 3d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Stephens's Summary of the Criminal Law. 8vo. 12s.

History of the British Colonies, by M. Martin. Vol. I.: Possessions in Asia. 8vo. 21s.

The Writings of Washington, with his Life, by Jared Sparks. Vol. 11. (the first of the Writings). 8vo. 12s.

On Wages and Combinations, by Colonel Torrens. 8vo. 5s.

The History of Natural Philosophy, by Professor Powell of Oxford (being Vol. LI. of Lardner's Cyclopædia). 8vo. f.c. 6s.

The Recess; a Serio-Comic Tour to the Hebrides, by Frederick Fag, Esq. of Westminster. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems, by E. Elliot. 12mo. 5s.

Time's Telescope for 1834. 12mo. 9s.

Paxton's Introduction to the Study of Human Anatomy. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.

Hume and Smollett. Vol. I. 12mo. 5s.

Crabbe's Poetical Works, with his Life, by his Son. Vol. I. 12mo. 4s.

Romance of History (France, Vol. I.) 12mo.

The History of the Glove Trade, by W. Hall. 12mo. 5s.

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FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition at the British Gallery is at all times one of vast interest. The especial object of the Institution is the sale of pictures, and it has been ever the great market of works of art. If something of variety is thus sacrificed by a plan which invites the transmission of such productions as have failed to attract purchasers elsewhere, we are amply compensated by the more advantageous positions in which they are placed, in rooms well lighted, and not so crowded as to distract the eye and the mind of the observer. The gallery may, doubtless, be improved; (the south room has been aptly described as "the condemned hole;") but at present it is the best constructed in the Metropolis. The exhibition of 1834 is on a par with its predecessors; it, at least, manifests no falling off either in talent or industry on the part of British artists. With many of the more prominent pictures we are already well acquainted; but they are such as may again and again claim and receive the attention of all who love and can appreciate art. There are few new contributors, although some with whom we are familiar appear to have taken rapid strides toward perfection during the year gone by. Such are Mr. Henry Wyatt and Mr. Scarlet Davies. Mr. Wyatt has two works of high merit, "La Reverie" and "Le Chapeau Noir;" the idea of the latter being obviously, but not slavishly, taken from the celebrated picture of Rubens. Mr. Davies exhibits the interior of the Louvre, in which he has happily contrived to convey the peculiar grandeur and beauty of the magnificent depository of art in France. It is a bitter satire on the "job" we are about to perpetrate in England. Among the most exquisite cabinet pictures it has ever been our privilege to examine, are those of Mr. Callcott. A "Dutch Ferry," (No. 3,) is an absolute gem; and a work of another class, "Anne Page and Master Slender," may be quoted in proof that the admirable artist has not confined his talents to landscape—the branch of his profession in which he is most known to excel. It will not surprise us if, having attained his object—surpassing excellence—in the one department, he seek to obtain it in another, and devote his pencil to the transcribing beauty in human kind, now that he has had his range over the Lower World. There are several fine productions of Mr. E. Landseer: two, very opposite in character, will universally please—"A Naughty Child," a little, sulky, mischief-making brat, whose broken slate and torn primer tell a sad tale; and "Deer and Deer Hounds in a Mountain Torrent;" both the hunters and the hunted are tumbling down a mighty precipice of rock and water. We are glad to find that all the exhibited works of Mr. Etty are sold. The fact is strong against the notion, that paintings of the higher class do not find purchasers; and heretofore the case of this fine and sterling historical painter has been quoted as in point. But it is obvious that a true feeling for art is spreading rapidly in Great Britain. Its patrons are now no longer confined to the high-born and very wealthy; they are found among the many, and especially among our merchant-princes, who have learnt the luxury to be derived from its cultivation, and the advantages that may be obtained from its support. Mr. Vernon and Mr. Morrison have, we venture to assert, done more for its benefit during the few past years than half the noblemen in England within the same period; it is a noble mode of rendering riches useful—making it a blessing in a two fold sense: we trust and believe their examples will be widely imitated. Collins's delicious work, "Returning from the Haunts of the Sea Fowl," is here exhibited. We have seen and admired it before; but it will amply repay those by whom it is again examined: like all the productions of this artist, it is full of nature and truth. Mr. D. Roberts exhibits a large and magnificent work, one of the fruits of his recent visit to Spain; it is the Cathedral of Seville, as decorated for the

festival of the Corpus Christi. There are some admirable paintings of animals by Mr. Ward, R.A., who, we understand, has returned to the practice of his profession after a sojourn of some length away from "the endless pile of brick," and among green fields, where the originals of his studies are to be found. Mr. Uwins has three pictures, one of them being his splendid work, "Taking the Veil." This is the first opportunity we have had of congratulating both the artist and the Royal Academy on his recent election to their body. A more unexceptionable choice, or one more satisfactory to the public, could not have been made. Mr. McClise, whose extraordinary work of "Zelica," in the exhibition of last year, produced a sensation of no common kind, exhibits three paintings. "All Hallow Eve" was one of the attractions at Somerset-house, but it will be again seen to be again admired, at least by all to whom Irish character is in any degree familiar. We doubt, however, if it is generally understood. Wilkie succeeded in his scenes of Scottish humour; but his subjects were more general. His "Blind Man's Buff," his "Penny Wedding," his "Village Fair," and so forth, cannot be described as *peculiar* to the land in which they were painted. The sports on the eve of All Hallow—the lead-melting, the snap-apple, the nut-burning, and the tub-diving—will scarcely strike at once the eye of an English observer. The genius of Mr. McClise is of the highest order; he is on the road to fame, and we trust he will not linger on his way to follow his own humour rather than pursue the noble object he is certain to attain—if he so will it. Another picture, and in another style, is "Francis the First," paying his devoirs to a "fair captive." It is an excellent work, the design admirable, but hardly of sufficient warmth in the colouring. It injures and is injured by a picture which hangs, injudiciously, beside it, "The Mourners by the Rivers of Babylon," by Joseph West—"By the rivers of Babylon we sate down and wept." It is a fine production of art, and ought to have been placed, as well as that by McClise, in a situation more correspondent with its merits, the more especially as it is of a class as yet not sufficiently appreciated by the majority of the Gallery visitors. The grouping is excellent, and the drawing not less so; but there is a dull and lead-like character in the colouring that prevents it from being at once attractive: it is only by being somewhat scrutinized that its value will be appreciated; by this test, however, it may be tried, and this is saying very much for it.

Some of the rural scenes of Clater (spelt Clayter in the catalogue) display a fine feeling for art, the birth of a genuine love of Nature. There is no mistaking this; the fact is told by a hundred little points, each of which the artist must have noted well and studied much. "The Unexpected Return," by A. Farrier, describes a girl's school,—the governess just entering her door "unexpected," at the moment when the little romps are in the very height of unrestrained fun. It is a capital picture. Mr. T. Von Holst has two works, but neither of them in that style which has heretofore excited our admiration: they are more quiet and sober. He has not taken his accustomed flight into the spirit-land of his ancestors. He is an artist of rare powers; and will, ere long, become as much the fashion as was Fuseli in his day.

Among the landscapes we have to notice those of Mr. Stark, whose publication, "The Rivers of Norfolk," we have elsewhere reviewed. They are fine examples of a style essentially English—pure and graceful, and yet bold and manly. Some admirable works by Mr. Webster claim and deserve attention. Two very sweet pictures—a village-girl and a boy angling—by Inskipp, are among the best of this accomplished artist, but are not of sufficient magnitude to add to his high reputation. There is a noble picture of "A Peasant's Home," by J. P. Knight. Mr. Patten exhibits a splendid painting of "A Bacchante." It is with exceeding pleasure we observe this artist pursuing the course towards success which we some years ago anticipated for him. "A Study," by Mr. John Hayter, is

a very excellent work. We have recently seen some of his portraits, that lead us to expect he will, ere long, hold a very high station in this department of art, to which he seems disposed to devote the energies of his fine mind. Our limits do not permit us to proceed farther with the list. We trust that public patronage will continue to advance, as it has long done, "The Institution for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, and for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom."

The late Mr. Bonnington's pictures are at present exhibited in Regent-street. The collection consists of paintings, drawings, and sketches, containing examples of his various styles of painting architectural and marine views, landscapes, and sketches of manners and costumes. As a study to young artists, we are presented with some of Bonnington's earliest drawings, showing how the young idea advances from its first faint dawning to the full maturity of honour and success. Besides these, the exhibition contains some truly characteristic sketches and studies from the living model, in the execution of which simplicity is happily blended with freedom. These last will afford the professor, as well as the amateur, ample field for study and enjoyment. They again remind us of the loss this country sustained when, in the prime of life and in the vigour of intellect, the artist was removed from among us. He had arrived at exceeding excellence before knowledge had been matured by years—an age, indeed, when more ordinary men are but students in that art in which even genius rarely excels until after a long period of continued labour. The works of Bonnington are now universally appreciated, and bear enormous prices, the connoisseurs having discovered that, in 1834, a painting is worth 300*l.*, which, in 1828, would have been gladly given for 30*l.*; so much for post-humous fame and profit.

PUBLICATIONS.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

This is a noble undertaking, and one that is certain of success. The first number is now before us. It contains four prints, engraved in the most finished style of which the art is capable, from drawings by Turner, Callcott, and Stanfield; and published, with letter-press accompaniments, for the sum of half-a-crown. Even in these days of cheapness the fact is startling. It is only by a most extensive sale that the proprietors can be recompensed. We have some experience in such matters, and can form a tolerably accurate idea of the expense. Yet we venture to assert that the sale will be such as to render the speculation largely profitable. We have the guarantee of Messrs. Finden that the work will in no way deteriorate as it proceeds; and that succeeding parts will be at all events equal to that which is submitted to us as a specimen. The landscape illustrations to Lord Byron—produced by the same eminent engravers—are now brought to a conclusion, and we may refer to the series as one of rare excellence, which not only sustained the promise put forth at the outset, but which became of considerably greater value as its popularity increased. The plates we are now noticing are larger in size—more expensive in every way—yet are issued at the same price. It is pleasant, therefore, to find success stimulating to exertion. Messrs. Finden will find that public patronage keeps pace with their efforts. The Bible Illustrations, independently of their merit as works of art—and as such alone they would be widely popular—are calculated to meet the wishes, and satisfy the wants of a large class of persons. The Bible is still the household guest of all in England; the scenes of sacred history are familiar themes; and we have long desired to obtain some mode by which our fancy might be aided in tracing its marvellous and deeply-interesting events. One of the main attractions of this work is its accuracy;

pictorial effect has been given to the actual sketches of travellers taken upon the several spots delineated; and while we have a collection of beautiful embellishments, we may rest satisfied of their *truth*.

We shall have other opportunities of noticing the publication; but may now feel justified in recommending it in the strongest manner. It is one of those extraordinary productions to which the invention of engraving on steel has given birth—rendering the most perfect works of art of easy access to persons of limited means, and thus cultivating a taste for that which is among the most exquisite of all the enjoyments that result from civilization.

The first number contains views of Mount Ararat, by Callcott—the sketch by the author of *Hajji Baba*—Valley of the Brook Kedron—Sidon—(these two by Turner)—and Tadmor in the Desert, from the pencil of Stanfield. They are glorious and exciting scenes to look upon and ponder over.

Scenery on the Rivers of Norfolk. By James Stark.

We noticed the early numbers of this exceedingly interesting and beautifully embellished work. It is now completed, and forms a delightful volume for all who love nature and admire art. Mr. Stark is among the most eminent of our English landscape painters. We have elsewhere spoken of his productions. We may here note that they are well calculated for engraving, and that it would be difficult to find an artist better fitted to illustrate a work in which accuracy and truth in copying natural scenery were desired to be blended with refinement in taste and striking character in effect. His style is not too ambitious; he has evidently learnt it in the fields, beside the woods and along the streams and rivers of his native country. It is not travel-soiled. He may have been abroad, for aught we know, but he has borrowed no trick nor frippery from our continental neighbours. It is absolutely delicious to find a pure British painter now-a-days—such as Mr. Stark. It would be wise if some who are pursuing art, either as a pleasure or a profession, would study under him. We can scarcely imagine a better master for those who seek to carry good theory into able practice. We should add that his volume—which we cordially recommend—has had the advantage of being aided by the most efficient engravers;—among them is Mr. George Cooke, whose works are models of excellence. His publication of “*Views on the Thames*” is, perhaps, taken altogether, one of the most perfect of the English school. It has given rise to a host of paltry imitators—not *cheap*, although of marvellously low price—yet it continues high in public favour, and well deserves it.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

The *Minister and the Mercer*, translated by Mr. Bunn from the French of M. Scribe, has been produced with very considerable success. The story on which the plot is founded is tolerably well known. The scene is laid in the capital of Denmark. The reigning monarch, confined in his palace, and in a helpless state of fatuity, is ruled entirely by his wife, and she in turn by the minister Strænzee. To overturn the power of this minister is the wish of the Queen Dowager, and also of Bertrand. The Queen accordingly intrigues and plots for the purpose, and, when her plans are ripe, invites Bertrand to join her. Her surprise and dismay are unbounded when, after hearing all her machinations, he declines. Thus it is, however, that he treats both noble and simple, and obtains possession of all their secrets by allowing them to suppose that he is at heart their friend. But he is the head, and they are the body. Nothing is done but he knows of it; no apparent reverse happens to himself or his friends, but eventually

the turn given to it, by his consummate wisdom, proves it good fortune in disguise. Success attends upon all his efforts, for he adopts the very method that must be successful;—the agents of his enemies are unconscious tools in his hands, and his friends are building up his power when they only consider themselves promoting their own aggrandizement. Blundering or well-laid schemes to effect his overthrow are alike powerless; and when his resignation is least expected, nay, most dreaded, he retires from office. A few hours, and he is restored to favour,—not merely as a minister, but as the first minister, a post which, from the commencement, his enemies have been blindly plotting for him to obtain. Even the tumults of the popular insurrection subside into peace, or burst out again with fury, at the very time that his power is to be strengthened, or, to serve ultimate purposes, weakened. In bringing about these results, Bertrand never appears to intrigue, but when all the materials for combustion are gathered together, he applies the spark, or withholds it, as best suits his purpose. The wily Tallyrand is said to be the prototype of Bertrand, and the hoary diplomatist who wittily said, when some one called Marmont a traitor, that “his watch only went a little faster than the others,” is well represented by Farren.

Throughout the piece, pithy bits of wisdom, each fit for a statesman's axiom, flash out with a smartness that is quite refreshing. The curious, but too true view of human motives, taken by this Nestor in politics, is avowedly a sly sarcasm, and a composed sense of mental superiority that begets respect while it affords pleasure. In the performance Farren falls short of the almost ideal excellence with which many would invest the character. The wit, the sentiments, and the sneers, are all the result, in Bertrand, of an experience unexampled, accompanied with transcendent abilities: hence his humour ought never to be represented with the slightest approach to vulgarity or excess of gesture, nor should his wariness bear the appearance of cunning. Wisdom, worldly wisdom it is true, but of a high intellectual standard, is the prominent characteristic of the man, and it should never be degraded by the offensive leer of the hypocrite. Farren's performance, however, is a superb effort; and if it does not equal our probably fanciful expectations, it certainly exceeds anything else the stage now can boast of. The part of Raton, the rich mercer, and the leader of the popular party, and who, like a citizen patriot, spends 20,000 florins during the time of the tumult, is entrusted to Mr. Dowton; his performance is good, though we have seen him to greater advantage. The servant of Raton (Mr. Webster) was a judicious piece of acting. Mr. Brindal, as Baron Göchler, the foreign minister, the premier of an hour and a half, overdid his part; so consummate an ass is not in existence as the one represented by Mr. Brindal. Mrs. Sloman, as the Queen Dowager, acted in her usual sombre, awful style. Miss E. Tree, as Christine (we hailed her return with pleasure), who is a sort of beautiful *attaché* to the comedy, made the most that could be made of a character comparatively insignificant. Mrs. Glover, as the wife of the mercer, was, as she always is, excellent. Cooper, as the son of the mercer, made love to Christine, in his best style. The scenery and decorations are of a very superior order.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Gustavus III. has retained its popularity unimpaired since our last notice, and its nightly production has been interrupted only by the production of a piece uniting whatever was attractive in the gorgeous splendour of the opera to a novelty and magnificence peculiar to itself,—we mean the *Revolt of the Harem*. Its production was heralded by a thousand rumours of its indelicacy and improper tendency, and various were the surmises hazarded as to its being immediately suppressed. Nothing could be more unfounded than the apprehensions of the fastidious; and its frequent repetition has amply belied the predictions of the prudish. Its

name is significant of its purport, and is founded upon the traditional resistance of the fair inmates of the Seraglio of Mahomet, King of Granada, to the wishes of that potentate. Ismael, the Commander-in-Chief (Monsieur Silvain) of Mahomet's armies, returning triumphant from a campaign against the enemies of the Prophet, is offered, in the profuseness of his monarch's gratitude, any boon in the power of the sovereign to confer. Previous to Ismael's expedition, he had been betrothed to Zulma, (Mademoiselle Pauline Leroux,) who, in his absence, had been made a resident in the harem, and was destined for the pleasures of royalty; but the maiden remaining true to her soldier-lover, Ismael demands her hand as the recompence of the toils of warfare. Mahomet's refusal, and her devotion to Ismael, turn the heart of Zulma from its wonted meekness, and she and her companions resolve to effect their liberty by force of arms. Their schemes for their delivery are for some time rendered abortive, owing to the vigilance of the chief of the Eunuchs; but by the friendly interference of the Genius of the Harem, (who, disguised as a slave, had once been protected by Zulma from the brutality of a ruffianly attendant,) the fair insurgents are furnished with javelins adapted to such puissant hands. The magic weapons, which sprung from the sterile boards of the harem, are indued with the power of changing, at the will of their owners, from instruments of warfare to sweet-toned lyres; so that when their inspector-general finds them at the unfeminine exercise of the spear practice, and calls the household troops to suppress the mutiny, he discovers, on his return, that they had other harmony than the "music of the spears." Their plans being at length matured, the fair rebels quit the palace of the despot, bivouac in a secure pass of the Alpujarras Mountains, and bid successful defiance to the might of their late sovereign. As the sex of Achilles was betrayed to Ulysses when the wily chieftain tempted the warrior with battle-axes and sword-blades, so the potency of fine shawls and brilliant kerchiefs achieves the subjugation of the valorous maidens, who were invincible against the legions of an empire. The consequence of their vanity is, however, obviated by the interposition of the good Genius, who causes the affair to terminate, as all such affairs usually do, in the marriage of the lovers and the total discomfiture of the enemies to their union. Such are the materials from which a three-act ballet, entitled the *Revolt of the Harem* is formed. In every respect, the production is the most unique, correctly sustained, and elegantly simple thing of the kind we ever witnessed. All the available talent of England and the Continent, essential to its success, has been procured; and whether we regard the dancing, scenery, grouping, or other features of the ballet, we must concede it our entire approbation. The scene is laid in Granada, at the time of the Caliph's occupation of that fairest of Spain's fair provinces. All the romance, and heroism, and chivalry inseparably associated with the æra and the place, are summoned to enlist the mind of the spectator in favour of that which produces emotions of times long passed, when he deemed the earth an Elysium, and its inhabitants demigods, and Spain, above all lands, stood first in his estimation. The Alhambra, with its thousand indefinable associations, its oriental magnificence, its chaste blending of Saracenic pomp and simplicity, its magnanimous monarch, and their noble-souled gallant cavaliers, and its Moorish mysteries, is presented in all its quondam splendour. The Court of Lions, with their ceaseless cascades of fragrant waters, and the glories of the Crescent, are again restored to their pristine grandeur; and one is half persuaded that Washington Irving is anything but hyperbolic in his glowing eulogy of this region of enchantment and magnificence. The performers, too, are just such personages as fancy would people such a scene with,—all aerial, joyous beings, light and lovely as their own sunny skies, and bounding as the waters of their silvery Xenil. The Crescent would have never waned had the Viceregents of the Prophet in Granada such defenders of its honour as the insurgents of the Harem appear in the ballet.

Impotent would have been the prowess of the Cid and his chivalrous battalions against the fair Paynims, and the hearts of the Christians would have been about as impalpable to the eyes of the ungodly houris as a square yard of London fog in a tropical sunbeam. Nothing could be finer than the arrangement of the whole production;—all its parts bespeak perfection. The dancing, bathing of the nymphs, and military evolutions of the Amazonian warriors have earned the praise and admiration of all who have seen them.

VICTORIA.

A three-act comedy, called the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, from the pen of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, has been produced at this theatre, and received with every mark of admiration. It is founded on the well-known ballad of the "Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green," as it appears in the "Percy Reliques." The particulars of the plot it would be uninteresting minutely to detail, as in most points the play assimilates with the ballad. The wooing of "Prettye Bessee" by suitors of rank and peasants of low degree is the pivot on which all the incidents are made to turn. The final recognition of her noble origin, and the reward to the young gallant who courted her when humble and unknown,—himself not less unknown,—by receiving the hand of a baron's daughter, in the while being discovered to be a baron's son, forms the romantic wind-up to this eventful history. With these rather slender materials Mr. Knowles has made excellent use. As a dramatic production his play is worthy his former well-earned fame. It contains many bursts of true poetry, and a strain of thought pervades the whole that genius alone can infuse. High moral sentiment, devoid of all clap-trap absurdities; appeals to better feelings than the mere floating and evanescent sentiments of the day, distinguish this beautiful production. In addition to the interest attached to the simple development of the fortunes of "Prettye Bessee," a sort of underplot has been introduced, which is throughout of the humorous cast. One young Small, with "a soul above buttons," anxious to see the world, and escape the thralldom of trade and the pollution of the city, prevails upon Old Small, his father, to allow him to seek his fortune. To this the old man consents; and the farewell (Mr. Williams is the father) and the parting benediction are both, for the acting and the sentiments conveyed by the actor, truly worthy of being pronounced as "beautiful exceedingly." The young adventurer half repents him, but that "too flattering mirror," that

"known disease

That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence,"

is too much for the vanity of poor young Small; and, under the impression that such a face, and such a figure, must win the heart of some high-born dame, he sallies forth in quest of fortune. This is altogether a well-conceived character. Not less so is that of the servant to the young city fopling. The instructions given by master to man, as to how the servant of a gentleman of condition should bear himself, is in a style equal to anything in the old dramatists. Mr. Abbott, with a mixture of silly simplicity and egregious self-love, has hit off the apparent original conception of the author most excellently; nor is the performance of the servant Peter, by Mr. Latham, deserving of any comment but that of unmixed praise. Finally, young Small is married to a cobbler's daughter, who, like himself, has entertained most dainty notions of marrying to high degree. They are mutually deceived into the belief of the other being a person of high rank,—of the lady believing the gentleman to be a "real gentleman," and the gentleman believing the lady to be a "real lady," until they are deluded into matrimony; they then discover their error, and repent their doings. The scene where Ralph (Mr. Forrester) first instigates the courtship is admirable. The awkward, funny, rustic, fine lady-airs of Miss P. Horton, as Kate, the

oobler's daughter, drew down roars of laughter; nor did the lackadaisical shyness of Abbott, nor the easy dexterity of Forrester, pass unnoticed by the audience. Mrs. Egerton looked and spoke Queen Elizabeth to the life. The Lord Wilford of Mr. Knowles was distinguished by intense feeling. The entrance of the Queen wound up the plot, and after the same style as has been done by the ballad-monger, only he has told us more than the dramatist—

"A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye the prettye Bessee."

At the conclusion Mr. Knowles was loudly called for, and, on announcing the piece for repetition, he retired amidst the loudest cheers.

Frank Fox Phipps, a very laughable farce, has been another very attractive novelty of the last month.

Lurline is still played to crowded houses at the Adelphi; and Yates enlivens the gloom of *Lent* by a merry Monologue, assisted by Mrs. Yates and the modern Momus, Mr. John Reeve.

The Olympic still fills; for Vestris has lost none of the charms of her bewitching manner, nor has Liston adopted a mask.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Accounts have been recently communicated to this Society of the expeditions of Captain Back and Mr. Lander, with a brief sketch of the plans of two projected expeditions,—one into the interior of South Africa from Delagoa Bay, the other behind British Guiana; towards the organization of which the Council had agreed to subscribe from the funds of the Society.

The letters from Captain Back were dated Norway House, 27th June last, and intimated his having completed his preparations, and being about to set out for Cumberland House; whence, after seeing his heavy boats off, under the care of his assistant, Dr. King, he meant to proceed himself in advance, in a light canoe, to ascertain the truth of a report that an easier route to the Thlew-ee-cho would be found from Athabasca than from the Great Slave Lake. This information was accompanied by a letter from Dr. Richardson, regarding this practicable deviation from the original plan; in which he argued that it was impossible that any route from Athabasca could be easier than from the Great Slave Lake. The thanks of the Society were voted to him for his communication; at the same time a strong opinion was expressed that Captain Back would not in any case allow his heavy boats to be led astray, it being obvious from his letters that he meant to precede them for this very purpose.

The intelligence regarding Mr. Lander's expedition was obtained from Mr. MacGregor Laird, who had accompanied him, and recently returned. It was communicated *vivâ voce* to the Society by the Secretary. It appeared from it that the expedition had failed as a mercantile speculation, and suffered great loss of life from sickness; but had otherwise proved the easy accessibility of the interior of Africa in this direction, and the probability that other expeditions, fitted out at less expense, and embracing a greater number of objects, would be more successful. The natives were, in the main, willing to trade, and their country was so exuberantly fertile that they could not long want the means of doing so to great advantage, if only the slave-trade were effectually abolished; but, at present, they scarcely thought of other exportable produce than their fellow-men; and sold them, both up the river to the Fellatahs, and down the river to the Ebo, Bonny, Benin, and Calabar tribes, for further transfer to European slavers.

Mr. Laird also describes the population on the river as dense, and some of the towns as large; Ebo having 6000, Atta 15,000, and Funda, even, 20,000 inhabitants. There is no union, however, among them, each attacking and plundering the other as opportunity or provocation instigate; and even their language is not uniform, different dialects being spoken in different parts of the river. Mohammedanism is on the increase among them; but there is little bigotry, and much superstition. In form they are stout and well-built, but under-sized. The average height is scarcely above five feet six inches; and Mr. Laird does not think that he anywhere saw a man more than five feet ten. The females are plump and good-looking when young; but being married at about twelve, they are old at twenty, as among the coast tribes.

Cattle are small, and not numerous; sheep and goats abundant, and of middle size; poultry very small, but sweet and good. Fish are plentiful in all the rivers and creeks; and the catching them constitutes a specific employment, or perhaps occupies almost a separate caste, or tribe, among the natives.

The arts of weaving and dying blue with indigo are well known; also of tanning and working leather; and of brewing, but not distilling. Butter was found among the upper tribes. Riding is also much practised by them; the saddle and bit being both Moorish, and the horses small, but active and vigorous. In Funda common blacksmith's work is well executed; and they make copper into ornaments, and bowls for their pipes. The walls of this city are eight miles in circuit, twenty feet high, and eight wide at the top, with a ditch thirty feet across. The material is mud; but it is well prepared and put together.

Mr. Laird left Mr. Lander in August last, at which time he was about to proceed further up the river, with the view, if possible, of reaching or even passing Boussa. He had previously been to Fernando Po, and procured reinforcements both of men and supplies; so that the iron steam-boat, which alone he retained, was equally effective as ever. Not the least apprehension was entertained of violence from the natives.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A paper by Mr. J. A. R. Stevenson has been read, containing an account of the Phansigars and Shoodgarshids. The Phansigars are people who form themselves into gangs for the purpose of murdering and robbing travellers; and so systematic are their plans, and so faithful have the individual members of these gangs proved to each other, that it has been found extremely difficult to bring them within the reach of the judicial power. The examination of part of a large gang inhabiting a village near Bijapur, furnished Mr. Stevenson, with the particulars, were detailed in this paper. This gang was under the command of two naigs or chiefs, and also paid tribute to the potell, or head of the village, as a consideration for his silence. Most of them were Mahomedans, but there were Rajputs and other castes among them; the males were about sixty in number. They are sworn to a fair division of the spoil, to secrecy, and mutual fidelity; they never rob without first murdering their victim, which is done by strangulation; and they never leave any traces of their deeds. Mr. Stevenson details the plan pursued by these miscreants to effect their object, and states that they have been, for the most part, removed from the British territories. In the 13th volume of the "*Asiatic Researches*" a very ample account of these gangs will be found, as communicated by Dr. Sherwood. The Shoodgarshid (which is a Canarese term, compounded of *shoodgar*, a burning or burial-ground, and *shid*, proficient or ready, from their being supposed to lurk about such places with a view to collect certain human bones to work charms, &c.) is a fraternity of jugglers and fortune-tellers, who profess to live by begging; but they are known to kidnap children, and carry on an abominable traffic in the sinews extracted from the breasts, wrists, and

ances of females who have been recently delivered; which last is an essential particular as regards their efficacy. As a proof of the existence of this custom, Mr. Stevenson relates an instance which occurred at Sholapoor a few years ago.

At a recent meeting a communication from Lieut. Burnes was read, giving an account of the existing state of Sattan Somnaty, the site of the celebrated temple destroyed by Sultan Mahmud of Ghizni, A. D. 1024. The town is in the province of Guzerat, and on the coast, about forty miles above the Portuguese settlement of Diu. The Mahomedan invader is said to have dashed the idol to pieces with his mace; nor is this denied by the pious Hindoo; but he consoles himself with the reflection, that his God retired into the sea on the approach of the conqueror, and has ever since remained there. The great temple is placed to the north-west of the town; and being on a rising ground, is visible at twenty-five miles' distance. There is a remarkable feature in its architecture, viz., its having three domes. The arches were originally formed in the style of most other Hindoo buildings, by projecting courses of stone gradually approaching each other until they met; but the Mahomedans have transformed these into more perfect figures. The town itself is of unquestionable antiquity, and the traditions of its inhabitants accord in a remarkable manner with the records of history. Thanks were returned to Lieut. Burnes for his interesting paper; which was followed by the reading of some remarks on the Hindoo system of education practised in Southern India, by Captain Harkness, who observes, in commencing, that the southern peninsula having been less exposed than other parts to changes from foreign interference, on account of the plan there adopted, may be considered to afford a sufficiently faithful picture of what Hindoo institutions really are. The position and emoluments of the schoolmaster are first described, to which succeeds a detail of the course of instruction, with illustrations; the nature and amount of the schoolmaster's remuneration are next stated; and the paper concludes with a brief *exposé* of the principles and effects of the system itself, and an indication of some of its more striking defects. The natives, it is stated, would gladly accept an improved system of education for their children, if held out to them, with the sanction and authority of Government.

VARIETIES.

Population.—According to an analysis of the occupation of the population of Great Britain, taken from Marshall's *Statistics of the British Empire*, there are—

Agricultural occupiers	1,500,000
Agricultural labourers	4,800,000
Mining labourers	600,000
Manufacturers	2,400,000
Proprietors and annuitants	1,116,398
Seamen and soldiers	831,000
Shopkeepers	2,100,000
All other classes	3,190,000

Total 16,537,398

It appears, from this statement, that the agricultural population, compared with that employed in manufactures and mines, is as two to one; it seems to follow, that the number of shopkeepers, and of tradesmen and artificers,—that is, of shoemakers, tailors, butchers, carpenters, &c.,—included in the last line of figures, who are dependent upon the agricultural interest, must be to those dependent upon the manufacturing interest, in something like the same proportion. It is not, therefore, too much to say,

that there are ten millions of persons in Great Britain interested in the prosperity of agriculture.

British Shipping.—Of the ships on Lloyd's books, about one-third are in the first class. It has been calculated that, in twenty-two years, the whole amount of tonnage of England is either lost or broken up. That calculation is thus made, taking all the ships that have been built during that period in England, and it appears we have about 240,000 or 250,000 less tonnage than we had twenty-one years ago; so that in twenty-two years it requires a number of ships to be built equal to the existing tonnage to keep it up. The annual per centage of loss of tonnage in the whole shipping of the country varies very much; the Newcastle Insurance Association costs, one year with another, about nine per cent., but that includes the averages, which amount to nearly half the sum. It has been calculated from Lloyd's books that there is a ship and a half lost per day throughout the year, but this calculation includes foreigners.

Steam and Machinery.—The estimated number of looms propelled by water and steam power in the United Kingdom, including those in preparation for working previous to the stagnation, and as near as any calculation can be made, is 58,000. The average produce, taking it at 32 square yards a day, makes 1,254,000, or 1,741 yards a minute; weekly, 7,524,000; monthly, 31,300,000; yearly, 376,200,300. Allowing to each person six yards for yearly consumption, will supply 62,700,000, and will cover 62,700 acres of ground, and in length would extend 213,750 miles, and reach across the Atlantic Ocean 71 times.

Newspapers going by Post.—His Grace the Postmaster-General has determined on abolishing the whole of the privileges enjoyed by the clerks of the Post-office, as regards the transmission of, or dealing in, newspapers, whether English or foreign. No other class of persons will be allowed any exclusive privilege with regard to such trade, which will become entirely open and free in every respect. These privileges will cease, so far as English newspapers, and the circulation of them within the United Kingdom, are concerned, on the 5th of April next, which will allow ample time for such arrangements as the public convenience will demand, connected with a change of this nature. The transmission and supply of the English newspapers abroad, as well as the supply of foreign newspapers from all parts of the world, will cease to be included in the Post-office privileges, at periods varying according to the distance from which such papers are to be obtained, or to which they are required to be sent; which periods are not yet, we believe, definitively settled. A compensation is proposed to be made to the clerks of the Post-office only in those cases wherein their privileges, as in the instance of foreign newspapers, are established by an Act of Parliament. Hereafter any Post-office clerk dealing in newspapers will be dismissed.—*Times*.

Bank of England.—An account of the liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, on the average of the three months ending the 4th of February:—

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation . . .	£18,377,000	Securities . . .	£24,762,000 *
Deposits . . .	14,086,000	Bullion . . .	9,954,000
	£32,463,000		£34,716,000

Population, &c.—There has been delivered to the Members of the House of Commons an abstract of the population returns for Ireland in 1833. The following are the results:—English statute acres 17,183,763, houses inhabited 1,249,816, building 15,308, uninhabited 40,654, total families 1,385,066, families chiefly employed in agriculture 884,339, chiefly employed in trade, manufactures, and handicraft 249,352, families not comprised in these two classes 251,368, males 3,794,880, females 3,972,521, total number of persons 7,767,401.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

In all France, during the year 1831, only twenty-five persons were executed, of whom twenty-three had been convicted of murder. The same year, in England alone, the number executed was fifty-two, of whom twelve had been convicted of murder. Hence in France, only *two*, but in England—with a vastly smaller population—no fewer than *forty*, exclusive of murderers, died by the hand of the executioner.

The obelisk erected at Munich, in honour of the Bavarians who fell in the Russian campaign, is now completed. The four sides of the socle bear the following inscriptions:—1st. To the 30,000 Bavarians killed in the Russian campaign; 2nd. Erected by Ludwig I., King of Bavaria; 3rd. Finished on the 18th of October, 1833; 4th. They perished for the deliverance of their country. This monument is 100 Bavarian feet in height, and the expense of its erection is estimated at 50,000 florins. It is made from the cannon captured by the Bavarian regiments when they served under the French eagles.

Äërolites.—Accounts from Kandahor, in India, state that a whole shower of äërolites had fallen there, so heavily as to break in and perforate the roofs of the houses; and a child is mentioned as having been killed by the storm. The stones were round and smooth, and their fall accompanied by lightning and meteors. The atmosphere appears to have been surcharged with electricity: a dense fog ensued, and lasted for three days.

Cochineal.—The French have, it is said, succeeded in introducing the cochineal insect into Algiers; whence they expect to be soon able to supply France with that beautiful dye.

Various attempts have been made by scientific men, in France, to render sea-water drinkable; and to make it applicable to domestic purposes. This desirable object, it seems, is about to be accomplished. M. Sochet, a naval engineer, has submitted his experiments for this purpose to the French Minister of Marine, who is stated to be so satisfied of their success, that he has given orders for a public trial of the discovery, which is likely to produce very important results. M. Sochet has already introduced several beneficial improvements in nautical science.—*Athenæum*.

A great many works of art continue to be discovered at Pompeii. Some very fine paintings have recently been found.

AGRICULTURE.

THE agricultural business of the past month is perhaps the least important of the year, for it consists merely in turning over, manuring, carting mould, protecting the remains of the turnip crop, scaling in the lands, on which this necessary feed has been grown, preparatory to barley sowing; fencing, and ditching. The weather has been favourable in the highest degree. In the various indications of spring, this season is full three weeks before all others within the memory of man, and the *drier* days, of late, have been immensely beneficial to the next great operation of the year—putting in the crops of spring corn. If the same appearances hold to the end of the month, there can be no fear of “the peck of March dust that is worth a king’s ransom.” The effect of the west wind, about the 19th, in evaporating the moisture from the surface of the soil, was, during even 24 hours, perfectly surprising. The only apprehension is that the wheats should get too forward and rank. In the meantime the market prices of grain, of nearly all denominations, are still depressed; and, there can be no question, much below a compensating rate.

Under this sad and ominous appearance of things,—(writes an intelligent correspondent, in whose views, though generally correct, we do not altogether coincide.)—it will not seem wonderful that the landed interest should look with deep attention to Ministers and to Parliament. Government has, it is true, decidedly put down all hopes of any alteration in the corn-laws emanating from them. But it is quite clear that the question must be met, and not less so that agitation, an expedient now universally adopted, will be actively employed on both sides; it is so already, for meetings against the corn-laws are holding in the great towns, and against the malt-tax throughout the country. Agricultural associations are also forming. Thus the disposition to effect general purposes by the combination of masses, is in full and mutually-excited exercise. In truth, there is but too much reason to perceive that a fierce and unyielding opponency is rising upon the point between manufacture and agriculture; nor can anything short of the most complete investigation, and the most equitable arrangements, silence the increasing and acrimonious hostility. The compromise proposed by Lord Althorp—to give up the house-tax on the one side, and to commute tithes, and amend the poor-laws on the other,—will be regarded with a feeling scarcely above contempt by both, and perhaps justly; for it is admitted to be nothing more than a mere compromise, perfectly unworthy an enlightened Government to truckle under, and no less inadequate to the object. We may, perhaps, be permitted briefly to discuss this matter, since the press has been of late, and will continue to be engaged in such representations.

We are convinced, perfectly convinced, that nothing short of a luminous and comprehensive series of measures, embracing all the interests of all the parties, will be deemed adequate by the nation, and we are not less satisfied that such a series must come, and shortly too. It behoves the Administration then to brace themselves to the task; and neither to blink nor to postpone a decisive course, now indispensable, not to national prosperity alone, but to national safety.

The first step towards making the subject thoroughly intelligible, and to dissipate all delusion, is to set the designs and desires of each separate party in their true light. The object of the manufacturer (as well as of the community at large) is to obtain a rate of subsistence as cheap as his competitors abroad. The object of the landlord is to maintain his rent; of the farmer, to get a fair price for his commodity; of the labourer, to obtain such wages as will afford him a due share of the necessities and comforts of his station. The object of the first is clearly to *reduce* the price of corn; the real interest of the others may, however paradoxical it seems, be found to lie in the same purpose.

Landlords have been unsparingly abused for a desire to maintain high rents—a single fact will show how unjustly; for what interest does capital engaged in the purchase of land now bring? certainly not more than 3 per cent., perhaps less, and this without reference to the absolute loss of from 40 to 50 per cent., which has already been suffered upon purchases made during the high times. To reduce rents to any considerable extent is, therefore, with any view to common fairness, as impossible as unjust. But still, such is the state of public opinion, the price of corn must be reduced. How is this dilemma to be met? Let us see.

The truth is, the protecting laws, as they are called, have afforded no protection *adequate* to the promise held out, for agriculture is in a worse state than ever; and it is proved also by the necessity of altering the fixed for a graduated scale of duty, after many years of trial, that the former expedient failed; and how stands it with the latter? Why, the whole protection, since 1828, has not risen to more than five shillings per quarter—no protection at all. And since it is proved, by accurate accounts, that for forty years England has imported largely, and with an increasing population must continue to import, it should seem to be established that nothing

is left to meet the reason of the case, and the objections of the people, but an open trade; for look, we repeat, to the effects of *nominal* protection upon agriculture! The farmer has suffered his capital to slide away from him, under a belief of enjoying a benefit which has never existed. In the end the evil has reached the landlords and the church, as is perceptible in the continual returns of portions of rent and tithes at the successive audits. The question then resolves itself purely into one of equivalent compensations.

We have not space to enter into the process of a detailed computation, but the reader will give us credit for the assertion, that corn must be expected to fall considerably in the event of a free trade; if not, there is nothing to be apprehended from a free trade: first, from the averages of the last ten years, for which, we say, the real owner's price of foreign wheat cannot be taken at more than 26 shillings and a fraction in the great mart of Dantzic. Neither is it possible to estimate, with any approach to truth, the final consequences of the stimulus of continually open ports upon foreign agriculture, or the results of mercantile calculations and profits upon the demand for exported manufactures and freights. We therefore state broadly and at once, in spite of Mr. McCulloch's article in the last "Edinburgh Review," and Mr. Jacob's "Reports," that price must fall, and greatly. Now then for compensation. Rent constitutes about one-fifth of a farmer's outlay, and cannot be reduced to any extent, for capital would cease to be invested so unprofitably. "But," says Lord Althorp, "the landlord will be advantaged by a commutation of tithes (though but little, unless it were proposed to *reduce* the ecclesiastical revenues) and by amendments in the Poor Laws." But even this bonus depends upon the contingency whether these be coupled with adequate provisions to *extend the field of agricultural employment*; if not, they will amount to no more than a different arrangement—*relief* there will be none. But both landlord and tenant will find compensation in the fall of the *general* price of commodities; for all the nine great divisions of the outgoings of a farm—rent, tithes, poor-rates, taxes, labour, horse-provender, seed, tradesmen's bills, and subsistence, (together with the fact of less capital being required) will fall with general price, particularly the last five; thus they will be advantaged by the measure itself. But the same rule of equal justice demands that all restrictions being removed on the one side, they should be struck off on the other. Local rates should be as much as possible distributed; the malt-tax, and whatever restrictions press upon agriculture, must be abrogated. It is in this stage that the state becomes a party to the transaction; and, it will be asked, can Government spare the revenue? We think it may be shown it can. It is established that the community at large would be benefited by a low price of subsistence; for the financial accounts of the last year show that, as trade expands, revenue increases; and there can be no question that a free trade in corn would vastly increase our export of goods; and if employment were given to, and reciprocated by, the agricultural pauper population—if both these and the manufacturing idlers were raised into producers of their own consumption, (they would produce much more,) there can be little doubt of the increase of revenue. This is the legitimate as well as the surest and best mode of augmenting the resources of a country. *The production of the revenue ought to be the result as well as the measure of the national industry.*

But were this not the case, the question returns—Ought the community to be deprived of these great advantages, and the attendant promise of regenerated prosperity, by a mere fiscal difficulty? Ought not some substitute to be found? There can be no hesitation as to the answer. Such appears to our minds the impartial and unprejudiced judgment of the case; and to this solution time, we feel perfectly assured, will bring it.—B.

The wheat trade has been dull during the month, owing to the millers not liking the moist condition of the general samples, and holding back. Prices have ranged, including Irish and Scotch, the best and the worst,

from 42s. to 58s.; barley from 23s. to 36s. (chevallier for seed); oats, 17s. to 22s. Flour is declining; and ship marks have been sold as low as 36s. per sack; London-made from 45s. to 47s., though *nominally* 50s. The prices abroad vary of course. In France trade is dull. In America flour is lowered about 1s. to 1s. 6d. per barrel. In the ports of the Baltic wheat is up a little.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Ornamental Forest Trees.—*The Poplar.*—Few trees are better known than the poplar, and few have their varieties more strongly marked. The peculiarly conic form of the Lombardy poplar (*Populus dilata*) not only distinguishes it from all the other poplars, but has a most striking effect in landscape scenery, particularly when intermixed with round-topped or spreading trees. In an early volume of the "Gardener's Magazine," published in 1826, are a number of sketches, showing the good effect of the Lombardy poplar in landscape scenery, and many other examples might be adduced from paintings. The Lombardy poplar is of little value as a timber tree; as, though it grows to a considerable height, its trunk never attains much thickness. Some of the largest Lombardy poplars in England are at Blenheim, in the Duke of Marlborough's private garden. The abele or white poplar (*Populus alba*) is a very handsome tree, and the under sides of the leaves being covered with thick white down, a beautiful effect is produced when the leaves are agitated with the wind. A striking difference between this tree and the Lombardy poplar is that the wind generally acts only on the leaves and small branches of the abele, while the Lombardy poplar bends before the breeze, waving its compact form to and fro with a most graceful sweep. The Dutch considered a plantation of abeles an ample provision for a daughter: the tree seems to have been brought to England from Holland, since a writer, speaking of it in 1659, calls it the Dutch beech. Evelyn tells us that, "in the sword and buckler days, shields were made of the wood of this tree." The bark is good for fevers. The tree grows rapidly, and may be propagated by cuttings.

The aspen (*Populus tremula*) has had the tremulous motion of its leaves celebrated by Sir Walter Scott:—

"And variable as the shade.

By the light quivering aspen made."

It grows rapidly, and its roots spread so fast as to be injurious to other plants growing near it. The bark is a favourite food of beavers. Linnæus says that the perpetual trembling of the leaves arises from the footstalks being flattened at one end; but others suppose it to arise from the plane of the long leaf-stalks being at right angles to that of the leaves, which allows them a much freer motion than they could have had if their planes had been parallel. A strange superstition exists in some countries that our Saviour's Cross was made of the wood of this tree, and for that reason the leaves can never rest. *Populus balsamifera*, or the balsam poplar, is a native of Siberia and also of North America. It is covered in winter with abundance of glutinous yellow balsam, which is used in medicine. This tree is also called Tacamahaca.

The Carolina poplar (*Populus angulata*) has the catkins a bright scarlet, and when the tree is in flower they have a very showy appearance. There are some fine specimens of this tree in Kensington Gardens. The tree flowers in March. The black poplar (*Populus nigra*) is of such rapid growth, that a truncheon stuck in the ground becomes in a few years a handsome tree. In Kamschatka the people use the inner bark for bread. The leaves, notwithstanding its name, are of a light green. The wood is very smooth and white, and it is said to be so slow in taking fire, that the flames in a building are said to have stopped where this timber had been used. It smokes a long time before it bursts into flame, and, of course, is a bad

wood for fuel. A red substance, like cherries, often appears on the leaf-stalks, and is occasioned by the *Aphis bursaria*. Some derive the name of *Populus* from the Latin word for people, as the public walks of ancient Rome, appropriated to the people, were planted with poplars; others derive it from *Paipallo*, to shake, from the facility with which poplars wave in the wind.

Ash.—There are above forty varieties of ash known in the British nurseries. The ash is a most useful tree, and is celebrated for the toughness of its wood, which, in ancient times, was so generally used for making handles for warlike instruments, that its English name is said to be derived from the Celtic word *æsc*, a pike. The common ash (*Fraxinus excelsior*) is a native of Britain, and the ornamental ash trees usually grown in British shrubberies are varieties of this species. Of these *Fraxinus excelsior pendula*, or the weeping ash, is well known. It was first discovered in a field in Cambridgeshire. Many very beautiful specimens of this tree are to be found in different parts of the country. *Fraxinus excelsior jaspidea*, or yellow-barked ash, has a very striking effect in winter in a shrubbery, particularly if surrounded by evergreens. The green curled-leaved ash is another variety of the same species. These are the principal trees found in our shrubberies; as the North American species, which are very numerous, are as yet but little known in England. It grows slowly, and generally comes into leaf very late.

Maple.—The sugar maple of America (*Acer saccharinum*) is a most magnificent as well as useful tree. The trees are topped early in spring, and the incision is made with an axe. Warm days and frosty nights are reckoned the best for this operation. The processes of boiling and clarifying the juice are nearly the same as those used for the juice of the sugar cane. A good sized maple will yield about five or six pounds of refined sugar in a season. *Acer campestre*, or the common maple, seldom attains a large size; perhaps some of the finest in England are in Caversham Park, Berkshire. *Acer rubrum* is remarkable for its beautiful scarlet flowers, which come out before the leaves. *Acer striatum*, the striped, or snake-barked maple, has a smooth bark, beautifully striped with green and white; the smaller twigs assuming a red tinge in winter. This tree is seldom attacked by insects, and is very ornamental in a plantation. *Acer opalus* and *Acer platanoides* are the largest trees of this genus. The former is a very handsome tree, with branching head and thick foliage, and the latter will bear the sea-breeze without injury, a most desirable quality in a forest-tree. The leaves of this tree assume a fine gold colour when dying.

USEFUL ARTS.

Improved Axle and Box for Carriages.—A very important and ingenious improvement over the ordinary axle, the invention of Mr. Birch, is contained in the Museum of National Manufactures. Its superiority may be understood from the following description:—The arm of the axletree is a perfect cylinder; the back part of the nut which meets the box is convex; and the end of the box which receives it is concave. The end of the cylinder is screwed, to receive the nut; and holes are cut through for the lynch-pins, so as to allow free end play. Two barrels, half the length of the arm, are fitted to the same, perforated with holes, so as to allow the oil to flow to all parts, and to receive any grit that may get upon the surface. A wrought or cast iron box has a chamber in the rear to receive oil; and the lynch end is screwed, to receive the cap or reservoir, its interior being accurately fitted to receive the outer surface of the barrels. By this arrangement, the amount of friction on the barrels is greatly lessened; the necessity which has hitherto existed for taking off the wheels from

week to week, for the purpose of filling the boxes with oil, is superseded altogether; the absorption of the oil is guarded against; and, until the wheel itself shall be worn out, it need never be taken off. Whilst the extent of end play on the axle can be adjusted at discretion, the oil is certain of reaching the whole of the rubbing parts; and, by securing the absence of friction, a greater degree of velocity to the carriage is secured. In a gig which was fitted up with one of these axles, one of the wheels was oiled, and never again disturbed, until it was worn out; the other had the cap taken from it, and ran six hundred miles, until the oil became a paste, from the wet and dust having had access to it. This was afterwards well cleansed, and polished dry, and put together without any oil; and in that state ran sixty miles without sticking fast, although, by the friction, it had become so hot, as to require two pails of water to cool it. A gentleman had one of these axles put to his cabriolet, and commenced running on the 9th of October, 1831. One month afterwards, the axle and box was examined and refitted, and was not again disturbed until May 24, 1833; and, when then examined, appeared quite full of the oil. It was then refitted with the same, and has been in use ever since. These advantages cannot fail to ensure its general introduction to all modes of popular conveyance in which velocity is an object.

Novel Gymnastics.—From an upper window in front of the Museum of National Manufactures, in Leicester-square, is frequently suspended one of Glass's extremely useful tubular fire-escapes; and we have noticed, at times, trains of youths following each other in quick succession down the bag. It appears to be a highly-exciting amusement with the more adventurous of the younger visitors of this establishment, to make this new kind of aerial transit, as they appear perfectly indifferent to the toil of climbing four pairs of stairs, for the transient enjoyment of locomotion *per descensum*, through a length of forty feet. Nor is the experiment devoid of possible utility, in familiarizing the experimentalists, and those who witness their amusements, with the use, in case of peril, of one of the most serviceable, because always immediately applicable by the possessor, of the contrivances that have been proposed for escaping from a casual danger, more urgent and more dismal than almost any other which can beset man in his own habitation, in the hour when foreign succour is commonly distant and most precarious.

Oxy-Hydrogen Microscopes.—The application of the intense light emitted by the combustion of lime by a stream of oxygen and hydrogen gases has latterly drawn great attention, and excited considerable interest to the wonders of the microscopic world, developing Nature in one of the most interesting series of her works; and, as far as research extends itself, displaying the same goodness and power as in some of her more magnificent, although not more elaborate, efforts. A very portable apparatus has just been completed by Mr. Knight, the eminent philosophical-instrument maker, in which the beauty of the illustrations is only equalled by the portability of the instrument, and the perfect safety to which it is reduced. The combustion of a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen was formerly an object of considerable difficulty and danger, and only undertaken by the boldest chemists: but these are effectually obviated in the use of a jet, the invention of Mr. Hemming, the lecturer on chemistry, consisting of a cylinder, containing several thousand pieces of wire, and through which the gas passes, being, in fact, an amplification of the principle of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp, as it is absolutely impossible for the flame to deflect through the cylinder into the chamber containing the gases. By the use of this simple, but effective application, we become initiated into the economy and habits of the myriads of the minor inhabitants of the world of nature; and, as an object of mental gratification, we know of nothing greater than what an evening's exhibition of this wonderful and

portable instrument can afford, whether as an object of recreation or study, and, as such, must unquestionably supersede the use of the common or solar microscopes, from the superior magnitude and clearness with which the objects are displayed.

Improvement in Water Wheels.—The patentee describes his invention as a multiplied water power, and says that it consists in “the repeated application of water to a number of wheels in succession.” Instead of allowing the water of a given head to act upon a single wheel, the patentee proposes to carry the water down an inclined plane, in the form of a trough, and to have a succession of undershot, or flutter wheels, one behind the other. He supposes, by way of exemplification, that there is a fall of ten feet, and states that there may be then an inclined plane of one hundred feet in length; on such a plane from twenty-five to one hundred wheels may be placed, as they may vary from one to four feet in diameter. From the shaft of each wheel, bands are to be extended to a main shaft carrying a fly-wheel. The superiority of this plan over that of a single wheel is said to be that the desired velocity for sawing, grinding, &c., may be at once obtained.

We could scarcely think of a more certain mode of diminishing the power of falling water than by dividing it in this way; its own friction against the plane or trough, the friction of so many axes, the bending of so many bands, and the keeping of so many parts in order, will consign this invention to early oblivion, excepting the outlay which it may occasion should, for a time, serve as a memento that such a thing once was.

In point of novelty, we will remark that the using of wheels in succession, and the gearing them so that they shall concur with each other, have been repeatedly done, although not in the mode prescribed by the present patentee. It has been adopted principally where there has been a high fall, and a small quantity of water, rendering it impossible, or inconvenient, to make a wheel of sufficient diameter to apply the whole power at once.

NEW PATENTS.

To Thomas Sharp, of Manchester, in the county palatine of Lancaster, and Richard Roberts, of the same place, engineers, for certain improvements in machinery for grinding corn and other materials, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Joshua Taylor Beale, of 11, Church-lane, Whitechapel, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of a lamp, applicable to the burning of substances not hitherto usually burned in such vessels or apparatus.

To Frederick Plant, of Bread-street Hill, in the city of London, fur-cutter, for his invention of an improved fur-cutting machine.

To Pennock Tigar, of Grove-hill, in the parish of St. Nicholas, in the liberties of Beverley, in the county of York, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of iron or other metal wheels for carriages.

To Joshua Bates, of Bishopgate-street, in the city of London, merchant, for an improved method of condensing ætiform substances and refrigerating liquids, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To James Walton, of Sowerby Bridge, in the county of York, cloth-dresser, for his invention of improvements in machinery, for facilitating the operations of raising, dressing, and cropping the pile of woollen and some other fabrics.

To Charles Attwood, of Wickham, near Gateshead, in the county of Durham, manu-

facturer of soda, for his invention of the art of making a certain pigment or certain pigments, by a certain process or certain processes not previously used for such purpose or purposes.

To James Boynton, of High Holborn, in the county of Middlesex, portable ink-stand manufacturer, for his invention of improvements in apparatus or means of producing light.

To William Morgan, of Penton-row, Walworth, in the county of Surrey, plumber and glazier, for an apparatus for heating and ventilating churches, conservatories, houses, and other buildings or places.

To Jean Jacques Leopold Oberlin, of Leicester-square, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, for improvements on, or additions to boilers, applicable to various purposes, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Erust Wolff, late of Leeds, in the county of York, but now of Stamford-hill, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improved means of supplying heated air, in order to support combustion in inclosed fire-places, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To William Thomas Yates, of John-street, Cambridge Heath, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in boilers for steam-engines and other uses.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JANUARY 24, 1834, TO FEBRUARY 25, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 24.—A. ADAMS, Hackney, linen-draper. J. and M. WRETCROFT, Sheffield, joiners' tool-manufacturers. C. LAMPLOUGH, Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, linen-draper. D. HAMMEY, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton, nurseryman. J. A. BORRON, Eccles, Lancashire, merchant. B. LAMB, Stones End, Newington, corn-dealer. T. HAMMOND, London-wall, farrier. R. WILSON, Lawrence Pountney-hill, wine-merchant. T. CLARK, sen., Swinford Lodge, Leicestershire, cattle-salesman. J. SHEARCAFT, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, tailor.

Jan. 28.—R. PHILLIPS, jun., Chiswell-street, auctioneer. W. VENABLES, Lamb's Conduit-street, draper. T. and T. WOOSTER, Coal Exchange, coal-factors. G. ELLIMAN, Watford, grocer. H. HUGHES, Henry-street, builder. G. STOCKLEY and T. WAKELIN, Kenilworth, comb-manufacturers. W. ROSE, Bromsgrove, innkeeper. R. MARSHALL, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. J. WHITEHEAD and P. FRYER, Barton-upon-Irwell, cotton-spinners. W. FORSTER, Liverpool, tailor. A. McCALL, Manchester, merchant. J. EDGECUMBE, Bath, cooper. T. PARKER, Manchester, victualler. R. MORRIS, South Hamlet, corn factor. W. T. SADLER, Norwich, innkeeper.

Jan. 31.—T. CURTIS, Budge-row, stationer. W. BRADLEY, Newgate-street, linen-draper. R. KNIGHTS, Cirencester-place, commission-agent. W. JOHNSON, Mulden-lane, haberdasher. J. T. UNSDELL, Tunbridge Wells, Tunbridge-ware manufacturer. T. CARY, High-street, Wapping, salt-merchant. S. LLOYD, Birmingham, iron-heel-manufacturer. G. GOWELL, Salford, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. W. MORGAN, Cheltenham, retail brewer. P. C. JEGGER, Liverpool, commission-merchant. R. EDWARDS, Liverpool, plumber. T. F. LUCAS, Long Buckby, coach-proprietor. B. CARLILL, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.

Feb. 4.—T. SMITH, Burrowes' mews, Blackfriars-road, hackneyman. F. C. L. KLINCKENDER, Silvester-row, Hackney, schoolmaster. J. MIDDLEMIST, Shepherd's Bush, nurseryman. T. JAMES, Bishopsgate-street, trunk-maker. W. THORNTON, Leicester, hosier. W. BELLAMY, Haseley, Warwickshire, horse-dealer. S. MACK, Norwich, grocer. C. CAULCUTT, Amphill, Bedfordshire, corn-dealer. J. FARRER, Foulby, Yorkshire, porter-merchant. T. COLLETT, Rugeley, Staffordshire, brewer.

Feb. 7.—J. TRIGGS, Mare-street, Hackney, veterinary surgeon. C. LAMPON, Tyer's-gateway, Bermondsey, fellmonger. J. and W. GREEN, Swinton, Yorkshire, earthenware-manufacturers. R. DIXON, Chesterfield, millster. J. JACKSON, Whitehaven, Cumberland, mercer. J. THRAVES, Sandiacre, Derbyshire, miller. M. W. LAMB, Manchester, drysalter.

Feb. 11.—J. FARMER, Osborne-st., White-chapel, sugar-refiner. W. H. BULLOCK, Rupert-street, tailor. G. BAYLEY, Rotherhithe, ship-breaker. W. FRY, Bristol, chymist. J. BILLINGTON, jun., Wakefield, scrivener. J. LAING, Stockton-upon-Tees, ship-builder. G. COWELL and J. ACTON, jun., Manchester, cotton-spinners. J. BUTTERWORTH, Rochdale, cotton-spinner. J. BROADBERRY, North Collingham, Nottinghamshire, coal-dealer. J. TRENCH, Wribbenhall, Worcestershire, scrivener. G. THOMPSON, jun., Huddersfield, coach-builder.

Feb. 14.—D. FINNEY, Berwick-street, Soho, victualler. J. THOMPSON, Old Montagu street, Whitechapel, brewer. J. COOK, Narrow-street, Ratcliff, biscuit-baker. H. LANCASTER, Tunbridge Wells, upholsterer. T. B. FERRERS and L. J. MACKINTOSH, Copt-hall-court, stock-brokers. G. A. BROWN, Dockhead, baker. J. S. HASSAL, Liverpool, insurance-broker. R. HALL, Nottingham, innkeeper. W. H. KING, Basingstoke, tea-dealer. S. STOKES, Liverpool, merchant.

Feb. 18.—H. GRIMSDALE, High Wycombe, innkeeper. J. JAY, Welbeck-street, upholsterer. H. and L. JACOBS, Mansell-street, glass-dealers. C. PERCIVAL, Whitechapel High-street, oilman. T. WARING, Little Windmill-street, builder. I. BRIGHTWEN, South-place, Finsbury, veterinary surgeon. R. SHAW, Lyme Regis, Norfolk, corn-merchant. T. BUCKELL, Newport, Hampshire, surgeon. R. ROBERTS, Carmarthen, draper. J. WIGAN, Bristol, scrivener. W. RICHMOND, Tynemouth, Northumberland, ship-owner. A. VAUDREY, Manchester, rectifier. T. BENSON, Bishop-Wearmouth, Durham, grocer. C. FOX, Manchester, artists' colourman. F. COOKE, Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer. J. FLETCHER and G. F. PATTISON, Manchester, hosiers. W. KENT, Plymouth, brewer. J. BRADDOCK, Macclesfield, hatter. J. F. COKBETT, Worcester, coal-merchant. J. WATSON, jun., Rotherham, iron-plate manufacturer.

Feb. 21.—L. P. C. HANSEN, Clink-street, coal-merchant. J. ROMANIS, Gracechurch-street, hosier. G. UPTON, Boroughbridge, scrivener. W. W. BAILEY, Quarndon, Derbyshire, commission-agent. J. WHALLEY, Lockwood, Yorkshire, grocer. J. WILLINS, Warwick, broker.

Feb. 25.—J. HAYWARD, Queen Anne-street, Portland-place, builder. R. HEALE, Mincing-lane, wholesale grocer. G. BETTS, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, upholsterer. J. and G. WHITE, Kentish-town, coach-proprietors. T. SHAW, Charlsworth, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. G. F. WATTS, Bath, money-scrivener. M. SAMUEL, Liverpool, merchant. R. ATKINSON, Huddersfield, woollen-cloth-manufacturer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE commerce of the country for the last month has manifested but little animation, and the season is yet hardly sufficiently advanced to give an impetus to our home trade in fancy goods. The silk trade, indeed, is less active than it was a short time ago; but, on the other hand, cotton and woollen goods are again in demand, and the temporary languor into which those two branches of manufacture had fallen is fast dissipating. The chief subject of interest now in the commercial world is the change about to take place in our system of trade with China, to meet which great preparations are made by individuals possessing capital. Upon the remonstrance of the Merchants about to engage in that trade, Government has consented to abandon the heavy consular duties which it was their intention to impose on British ships and cargoes entering at, or clearing from, Canton, and to make advances to the extent of a million on homeward cargoes from India and China, half of which is to be advanced on Tea. They adhere, however, to their scale of duties on that article, and declare their intention of putting up by auction next year, without regard to an upset price, sixteen millions of pounds of Tea, and a still further quantity, should the prices for the home market appear to them to warrant it.

The Sugar Market, towards the middle of the month, showed a good deal of animation, considerable purchases being made, on the expectation that Ministers had it in contemplation to lay a further duty on West India Sugar; but when, by the production of the Budget, it became evident that this opinion was unfounded, a check was put on further purchases, under the operation of which the market is at present languid. The smallness of the stocks held by first purchasers, however, prevents any material decline in prices. The present stock in warehouse is about 2500 hhds. more than at the corresponding date of last year. By public sale on the 18th, 130 hhds. Barbadoes brought from 57s. to 61s. per cwt.

In Mauritius Sugar there has recently been a decline of 6d. to 1s. per cwt; at public sale on the 21st, 3533 bags went off readily at that reduction, the prices being, for low brown, 46s. to 49s. 6d.; brown, 50s. to 52s.; yellow, 53s. to 56s. per cwt.

The East India Sugars, 518 bags of Bengal brought by auction, 29s. 6d. for good to 31s. for fine white. The demand for Siam, Java, and Manilla, is become

exceedingly dull even at a reduction of 1s. per cwt.; 721 bags of Siam sold at 22s. 6d. to 25s. 6d., and a reduction of 1s. per cwt. upon such as was damp; of 550 baskets of Java, the greater part was taken in at 23s. to 24s.

Foreign Sugars have participated in the restricted demand and the depressed quotations. By public auction, 1092 chests of yellow Havannah have brought 24s. 6d. to 26s. 6d., and about 250 chests of Pernams were taken in at 22s. to 29s. 6d. for brown to good white, but offers were made at 6d. to 1s. below these prices.

The supply of Refined Sugars is scanty, but the demand only keeps pace with it; 32s. per cwt. is asked for fine crushed, and 29s. 6d. is obtained for inferior, manufactured from foreign Sugar.

The demand for British Plantation Coffee is limited, but holders manifest no eagerness to make sales. By public sale of some small parcels last week, Jamaica, unclean good ordinary to fine ordinary, brought 75s. to 84s.; good ordinary to middling Dominica, 82s. to 90s.; middling Berbice, 88s.; and Triage, 78s. to 84s.

East India Coffee maintains its quotations, though the demand is not extensive; 531 bags of Sumatra brought 47s. 6d. to 48s. 6d.; damaged 44s. to 46s.; 50 hales of Mocha sold, ordinary, at 61s. to 62s., and good, at 90s. to 93s.

The holders of Foreign Coffee are firm against a reduction; at public sale a parcel of Brazil, principally damaged, brought 54s. to 58s.; the sound was bought in at 61s.; 60 bags coloury St. Domingo went for 60s. per cwt.; and a parcel of pale Brazil has brought 58s. to 58s. 6d.

British Plantation Cocoa is little in demand, but Brazil meets with ready sale at 1s. advance.

The demand for Rum has been brisk of late, particularly for the finer qualities of Jamaica, which it is said are purchased for the French market, where they will be admitted at a duty of 4s. 8d. per gallon. This has caused an advance of 1d. to 2d. per gallon; proof Leewards are quoted at 2s. 4d.; 5 to 11 over proof, 2s. 5d. to 2s. 6d.; fine Jamaica, 3s. 3d. to 3s. 7d. per gallon. The French letters state that an advance of 2d. per gallon had taken place in Brandies, under the expectation that the import duty here would be lowered; there is little doing in that article or in Geneva.

Tea is less in demand; and in Bohea and Congou, a decline of 1d. to 3d. per pound has taken place. The East India Company have announced their intention

of putting up nine millions of pounds of Tea in June next, and the like quantity in September and December.

In Spices, higher prices are asked for Pimento; but Mace, Nutmegs, and Cloves are unaltered. In Pepper a decline of $\frac{1}{4}d.$ per pound may be noted.

Indigo is rather looking up; 75 serons of Guatemala have brought, for fair to good quality, 3s. 4d. to 5s. per pound.

In Silk there is a fair steady demand, particularly in Brutias; and prices are fully supported.

Cotton fully maintains its price in the London market, notwithstanding a decline of $\frac{1}{4}d.$ per pound on some descriptions at Liverpool; the sales last week were—270 Bengal, mid. to good fair, $6\frac{1}{4}d.$ to $6\frac{3}{4}d.$; 3400 Surat, good, $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $7\frac{3}{4}d.$; 240 Madras, fair to good, $6\frac{1}{4}d.$ to $7d.$; 1000 Pernams, mid. to fair, $10d.$ to $10\frac{3}{4}d.$; 220 Bowed, good fair to good, $8\frac{1}{4}d.$ to $8\frac{3}{4}d.$

The Corn Market has of late been dull; the supplies, particularly of the inferior qualities of wheat, having exceeded the demand. Considerable purchases of Barley have been made by the distillers, at from 25s. to 27s.; fine malting brings 30s. In Oats the trade is very dull.

The British Funds during the early part of the month suffered but little fluctuation, Consols oscillating between 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 89 $\frac{1}{4}$; but after the meeting of Parliament there was a gradual and steady rise until the 21st, when they touched 91 $\frac{3}{8}$, but subsequently fell nearly 1 per cent. The high prices maintained by public securities, generally, is attributed to the enlarged issues of the Bank, and the increased facilities to which the competition of the new Banking Companies oblige them to have recourse.

If the fluctuations in our own funds

have been of a temperate character, there has been no want of excitement in the Foreign Stock Market, where the Securities of the South American States, and still more those of Spain and Portugal, have undergone rapid variations. At the close of last month, Portuguese Bonds were quoted at 61 $\frac{1}{2}$, and within three weeks they rose to 75; within the same period Spanish Bonds advanced from 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 37.

The closing prices of the principal Securities, on the 24th, are subjoined:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Ditto for the Account, 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Three per Cent. Reduced, 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98 $\frac{3}{8}$ —New Three and a Half per Cent., 97 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Four per Cent., 104 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —India Stock, 252 $\frac{1}{2}$ —33 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Bank, 216 $\frac{1}{2}$ —17—Exchequer Bills, 50s., 51s.—India Bonds, 31s., 32s.—Long Annuities, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Five per Cent, 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Brazilian, 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Chilian, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ —8—Colombian, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ —28—Danish Three per Cent., 74 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Dutch Five per Cent., 96 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Ditto Two and a Half per Cent., 49 $\frac{3}{4}$ —50—Mexican, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ —41—Portuguese Five per Cent., 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ —2—Ditto Scrip, 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ —2—Russian, 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ —7—Spanish, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

SHARES.

Anglo Mexican Mines, 947s. 6d., 9410s.—Bolanos, 147l. 10s., 152l. 10s.—British Iron Company, 28l. 10s., 29l.—Canada Company, 51l., 52l.—Colombian, 9l. 10s., 10l. 10s.—Del Monte, 51l., 52l.—Imperial Brazilian, 60l. 10s., 61l. 10s.—Irish Provincial Bank, 40l. 10s., 41l.—United Mexican, 11l. 5s., 11l. 15s.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 4.—This being the day appointed for the opening of the Session of Parliament, his Majesty left the Palace at about two o'clock, accompanied by the usual state attendants, and passed through the Park on his way to the House of Lords. On reaching the House of Peers, his Majesty, after the usual preliminaries, made the following most gracious speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In calling you again together for the discharge of your high duties, I rely with entire confidence on your zeal and diligence, on your sincere devotion to the public interest, and on your firmness in supporting on its ancient foundations, and in the just distribution of its powers, the established Constitution of the State. These qualities eminently distinguished your labours during the last Session,

in which more numerous and more important questions were brought under the consideration of Parliament, than during any former period of similar duration. Of the measures which have in consequence received the sanction of the Legislature, one of the most difficult and important was the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery. The manner in which that beneficent measure has been received throughout the British Colonies, and the progress already made in carrying it into execution by the Legislature of the island of Jamaica, afford just grounds for anticipating the happiest results. Many other important subjects will still call for your attentive consideration. The reports which I will order to be laid before you from the Commissions appointed to inquire into the state of the Municipal Corporations, into the administration and effect of the Poor Laws, and into Ecclesiastical Revenues and Patronage in England and Wales, cannot fail to afford you much useful information, by which you will be enabled to judge of the nature and extent of any existing defects and abuses, and in what manner the necessary corrections may, in due season, be safely and beneficially applied. It has been the constant aim of my policy to secure to my people the uninterrupted enjoyment of the blessings of peace. In this I have been much assisted by the good understanding which has been so happily established between my Government and that of France; and the assurances which I receive of the friendly disposition of the other Powers of the Continent, give me confidence in the continued success of my endeavours. I have, however, to regret that a final settlement between Holland and Belgium has not yet been effected, and that the civil war in Portugal still continues.

You may be assured that I will be careful and anxious to avail myself of any opportunity which may afford me the means of assisting the establishment of a state of security and peace in countries, the interests of which are so intimately connected with those of my dominions. Upon the death of the late King of Spain I did not hesitate to recognise the succession of his infant daughter; and I shall watch with the greatest solicitude the progress of events which may affect a Government, the peaceful settlement of which is of the first importance to this country, as well as to the general tranquillity of Europe. The peace of Turkey, since the settlement that was made with Mehemet Ali, has not been interrupted; and will not, I trust, be threatened with any new changes. It will be my object to prevent any change in the relations of that empire with other powers, which might affect its future stability and independence.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. They have been framed with the view to the strictest economy and to such reductions as may not be injurious to the public service. I am confident I may rely on your enlightened patriotism and on the cheerful acquiescence of my people for supplying the means which may be required to uphold the honour of my crown and the interest of my dominions. The accounts which will be laid before you of the state of the Revenue, as compared with the Expenditure, will be found most satisfactory.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have to lament the continuance of distress amongst the proprietors and occupiers of land; though in other respects the state of the country, both as regards its internal tranquillity and its commerce and manufactures, affords the most encouraging prospects of progressive improvement. The Acts passed in the last Session for carrying into effect various salutary and remedial measures in Ireland, are now in operation, and further improvements may be expected to result from the Commissions which have been issued for other important objects of inquiry. I recommend to you the early consideration of such a final adjustment of the tithes in that part of the United Kingdom as may extinguish all just causes of complaint, without injury to the rights and property of any class of my subjects, or to any institutions in Church or State. The public tranquillity has been generally preserved, and the state of all the provinces of Ireland presents, upon the whole, a much more favourable appearance than at any period during the last year. But I have seen, with feelings of deep regret and just indignation, the continuance of attempts to excite the people of that country to demand a repeal of the Legislative Union. This bond of our national strength and safety I have already declared my fixed and unalterable resolution, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to maintain inviolate by all the means in my power. In support of this determination, I cannot doubt the zealous and effectual co-operation of my Parliament and my people. To the practices which have been used to produce dissension to the State, and mutual distrust and animosity between the people of the two countries, is chiefly to be attributed the spirit of insubordination, which, though for the present in a great degree controlled by the power of the law, has been but too perceptible in many instances. To none more than to the deluded instruments of the agitation thus perniciously excited, is the continuance of such a spirit productive of the most ruinous consequences; and the united and vigorous exertions of the loyal and well affected, in aid of the Government, are imperiously required to put an end to a system of excitement and violence, which, while it continues, is destructive of the peace of society, and, if successful, must inevitably prove fatal to the power and safety of the United Kingdom.

The Duke of Sutherland moved the Address, and Lord Howard of Effingham seconded the motion.—The Duke of Wellington considered that the Speech contained as little as any Speech he had ever heard. It was impossible for any man who heard that Speech to know what was the intention of his Majesty's Government. His Grace then entered into an examination of the policy pursued towards Portugal, Holland, and Turkey, which he

strongly reprobated, contending that Ministers, by not recalling his Majesty's subjects from Portugal, and by not interfering in time with the affairs of Turkey, had done a great deal to provoke that war which they desired to suppress. The noble Duke also condemned the domestic policy of the Government, censuring the Corporation Commission, and calling upon their Lordships, after past experience, to look with suspicion on the conduct of Ministers in respect to the Church.—Earl Grey defended the Government at great length; after which the Address was agreed to without a division.

Feb. 5.—Shortly after two o'clock, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Howard of Effingham, (the mover and seconder,) the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Auckland, Lord King, and several other Peers, proceeded to the Palace with the Address.

Feb. 6.—The Lord Chancellor announced that the Address of their Lordships, in answer to the Speech from the Throne, had been presented to his Majesty, to which his Majesty had returned a most gracious answer.

Feb. 7.—Lord Dacre presented several petitions from the three denominations of the Dissenters of London, and within twelve miles thereof, praying for relief from the disabilities under which they labour, in respect to births, deaths, and marriages; and praying likewise to be admitted into the Universities without subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles: and also seeking relief from church-rates. His Lordship thought it was impracticable to relieve them from church-rates; but with some parts of the petition he concurred.

Feb. 11.—In answer to a question from Lord Strangford, Earl Grey said that the Commissioners appointed by Great Britain on the one hand, and by France on the other, to examine the laws of the two countries relative to Customs' Duties, with a view to the formation of such regulations as may be advantageous to both, had made a voluminous report, which had been laid upon the table of the House, and had also been submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies. The noble Earl added, that the Commissioners had paid the most laborious attention to the subject, and that their report contained many useful suggestions; but difficulties, arising from the influence of public opinion, from the operation of different and conflicting interests, and from the discordant views entertained by persons connected with commercial affairs, rendered it impossible for him to state, at present, what steps would be taken in the matter. His Lordship, however, was of opinion that good and sound principles would finally prevail on this subject; and that the French would see that it was their true interest not to act upon a system of repulsion towards this country.

Feb. 18.—On the motion of the Earl of Shaftesbury, it was agreed that the House would not receive any petition for a private bill after Monday, the 24th of March; and that the House would not receive any report from the judges on such petitions after Monday, the 14th of April.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 4.—Shortly after two o'clock, the Speaker entered the House with the usual formalities, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod having commanded the attendance of the House in the House of Lords to hear his Majesty's Speech, a number of Members proceeded to the House of Peers for that purpose. On their return, the Speaker having taken his seat, the Speech was read to the House in the usual manner. The House then adjourned till four o'clock.

The Speaker, at four o'clock, again took the chair.—Mr. O'Connell gave notice that, on the 6th of March, he should move for leave to bring in a

bill for the total repeal of tithes in Ireland; also that, on the 15th of April, he should move for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Union between this country and Ireland.—The Solicitor-General gave notice that, on the 18th of April, he should move for leave to bring in a bill for the total abolition of imprisonment for debt; also a bill to amend the law relating to real property.—The Speaker read the Speech which had been delivered by his Majesty; after which, Mr. S. Lefevre moved an humble Address to his Majesty, offering the thanks of that House for its gracious contents. This was seconded by Mr. Morrison.—The Address having been read, Colonel Evans said he had not anticipated much information from the Speech, which appeared to rival any of its predecessors in containing as little information as possible.—Various amendments were then moved by Mr. Hume, Mr. H. Grattan, and Mr. O'Connell. Of these, the first was rejected by 191 to 39; a second, also moved by Mr. Hume, without a division; Mr. Grattan's without a division; and Mr. O'Connell's by 189 to 23. The debate, in which Lord Althorp, Sir R. Peel, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Littleton, Mr. A. Baring, Mr. Cobbett, and others took part, was protracted till midnight.

Feb. 5.—The report on the Address being brought up, Mr. Cobbett addressed the house, insisting that the country was far from being in a tranquil state.—Mr. O'Connell having denied some proofs adduced by Mr. Littleton as to the beneficial effects of the Irish Coercion Bill, then alluded to the statement made by Mr. Hill relative to the treacherous conduct, as alleged, of some of the Irish members. A discussion ensued, never perhaps equalled within the walls of the house.—Our readers will remember that after the close of the last Session, Mr. Hill stated at Hull, that one of the Irish members had said that though he had voted and spoken against the Coercion Bill, he wished it to pass; and that he had voted and spoken against the Bill, because otherwise he would have lost his seat in Parliament.—Lord Althorp, in reply to Mr. O'Connell, on the above said, "that he should not act a manly part if he did not declare that he had good reason to believe that some Irish members (certainly more than one) who voted and spoke with considerable violence against the Bill did in private conversation use very different language." A scene instantly occurred which baffles all correct description.—Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Lynch, Mr. O'Dwyer, Mr. Finn, and several other Irish members asked Lord Althorp individually whether they were alluded to: Lord Althorp replied that they were not; but on the same question being put to him by Mr. Sheil, his Lordship replied that the hon. member *was* one.—Mr. Sheil asserted, in the most solemn manner, before God and his country, "if any individual has said to the noble Lord, or to others, that I have given any approbation to the Coercion Bill in private, he has belied me by a most gross calumny; but as the noble Lord has put the statement on his own responsibility, I shall say no more."—Lord Althorp and Mr. Sheil were subsequently called upon to give assurance that the House having taken cognizance of the matter, they would take no steps out of the house. Both of them having refused to give the required assurance, they, on the motion of Sir F. Burdett, were taken into custody by the Sergeant at Arms. Ultimately, however, they gave the required assurances, and were discharged.

Feb. 7.—Sir R. Inglis moved for the appointment of a select committee, to which all public petitions, except election petitions, are to be referred, and which is to report to the House from time to time. The motion was agreed to, and the committee was appointed. It will be recollected that a similar committee sat last session.

Feb. 10.—Mr. O'Connell, pursuant to notice, brought formally before the House the accusation against certain Irish members, who are represented to have approved of the Irish Coercion Bill, though they spoke and voted against it.—Mr. O'Connell dealt with the matter as a breach of privilege, and putting in a copy of the "*Examiner*," which contained a report of Mr.

Hill's speech at Hull, moved that a select committee be appointed, observing that, if that motion were agreed to, he should move that the report of Mr. Hill's speech in the "Examiner" (copied from a Hull paper) be referred to the committee so appointed.—The motion for the appointment of a committee was carried by a majority of 192 to 54, against an amendment of Sir F. Burdett, who thought that the inquiry ought not to be prosecuted, and who moved, with the view of getting rid of the subject altogether, "that the House pass to the order of the day."

Feb. 11.—Mr. Robinson moved for "An account of the sum or sums of money paid into the Exchequer, or otherwise received by the Government, out of the annuity granted by act of Parliament to Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, since the accession of his Majesty to the throne of Belgium; specifying the time of such payments." His object, he said, was to ascertain whether any and what payments had been made into the Exchequer on account of the surplus of that pension. He believed it would turn out that no such payments had been made. Under this impression he (Mr. R.) was prepared to argue that, as the Prince had ceased to owe allegiance to this country, he had ceased to have any right to a pension. But without stopping to argue that point, he would propose an inquiry into what had been done by Prince Leopold. He wanted to know how the pension had been appropriated or controlled, whether there were any responsible trustees, whether the Government had any means of controlling the expenditure, and whether any and what balances were on hand?—Lord Althorp, who said that he should not oppose the motion, observed that the trustees had declined to act. His Lordship also stated the Prince's debts at 83,000*l.*, and the annual expenses of Claremont and Marlborough House at 20,000*l.* No portion of the income he believed had gone abroad.—The motion was agreed to.

Feb. 12.—In answer to a question from Mr. Hume, Lord Althorp stated that it had been absolutely necessary to fill up the office of Auditor of the Exchequer immediately on the decease of Lord Grenville, as no money could be issued without the signature of that functionary; but that Lord Auckland, who had been appointed to the office, would receive no salary for the discharge of the duties attached to it while he continued President of the Board of Trade. The office would not be abolished, but the salary of future Auditors of the Exchequer would be reduced from 4,000*l.* to 2,000*l.* a-year.

Feb. 13.—Mr. O'Connell moved, pursuant to notice, that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the conduct of Mr. Baron Smith, in respect to the discharge of his duties as Judge, and to the introduction of politics in his charge to a Grand Jury. The motion was carried on a division by a majority of 93,—the numbers being 167 to 74.

Feb. 14.—*Ways and Means*.—The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means, the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced his financial statement. His Lordship observed that, as he must unavoidably deal in the prospective, he trusted he should not be tied down too strictly to the letter of his statements. At the same time he had no reason to suppose that there would be any considerable deviation between his calculations and the future results. The surplus of 1830 was 2,914,000*l.* Great reductions, however, had been made in the preceding year, which did not affect the revenue until 1831, when it caused a deficiency of 700,000*l.* "This deficiency," observed his Lordship, "continued during the next quarter, and in May, 1832, it amounted to 1,240,000*l.* The amount of taxes reduced at that period was small, and the revenue recovered so far that, at the end of the last financial year, instead of a deficiency of 1,240,000*l.*, there was a surplus of 1,487,000*l.* Last year we reduced a considerable amount of taxes. The amount of taxes repealed in 1831 and 1832 was 1,790,000*l.* In 1833 we effected a reduction to the amount of 1,545,000*l.* So that the reduction effected in two years amounted to 3,335,000*l.*; but, notwithstanding this, I am happy to say that, on the 5th of January last, the

surplus revenue was larger than it had been at the corresponding period of the preceding year. At this latter period the surplus was upwards of 1,513,000*l*." His Lordship next announced that the estimates would be reduced in comparison with those of last year, to the extent of half a million. This would raise the surplus revenue from 1,500,000*l*. to 2,000,000*l*. But there was another source of increase to which he looked forward—the alteration in the tea trade. He calculated that the effect of opening that trade would be in one year to make an addition of 600,000*l*. to the revenue. The next branch of the subject to which his Lordship referred was the additional charge upon the country in consequence of the large grant to the West India proprietors. "That grant," said he, "as hon. members are aware, amounts to 20,000,000*l*., and I think we cannot estimate the interest of it at less than 800,000*l*." Therefore, having stated the surplus revenue at 2,600,000*l*., I am obliged to deduct from that amount this 800,000*l*., which leaves me a balance of 1,800,000*l*. No man who has ever heard me declare my opinions in this House will doubt that I would say, that having a surplus of 1,800,000*l*. to calculate upon, a considerable reduction of taxation ought to take place. But I hope and trust the House will not think I do too little if, at this early period of the session, I propose but a moderate reduction of taxes. I am prepared to say at the present time, that there is no reason why I should not declare my intention to recommend to the House to reduce taxes to the amount of 1,200,000*l*." After congratulating the House on the prospect of providing for the interest of the West India debt without adding to the burdens of the people, he intimated his intention of repealing the House Tax, which amounted, at its present assessment, to 1,170,000*l*. The house tax, apparently, said the noble Lord, although I do not admit in reality, bears unfairly upon houses of a lower class, and more especially upon those in towns, in comparison with those in the country. But be that as it may, the objection cannot apply to the window-tax. Since the year 1822 the amount of window-tax has been reduced 1,466,376*l*. Therefore relief has already been given by that tax, and the amount at present received from it, is 1,273,000*l*. Now it is impossible, if we have any regard for the revenue and public credit of the country, to add to the reduction of the house-tax, which is 1,200,000*l*., the reduction of the window-tax, which would be 1,200,000*l*. more. I should like to refer Gentlemen back to the year 1792—a period which all economical reformers have considered the golden year—and I will compare the taxes upon dwelling-houses then with what they will be now when the house-tax is removed. In 1792 the taxes upon houses and windows amounted to 1,129,000*l*. When the house-tax is reduced, the window-tax, which will then be the only tax affecting dwelling-houses, will amount to 1,200,000*l*.; thus dwelling-houses will not produce to the revenue a larger amount of tax than they did in 1792, notwithstanding their enormous increase. I, therefore, think that the call or demand for the reduction of the window-tax, in addition to that of the house-tax, is not a demand which ought to be complied with. I dare say I shall be told that, in making this proposition, we are giving relief to the trading interest, while it is admitted, and Ministers themselves admit, that the landed interest is in a state of distress and suffering. I cannot deny the force of this statement, but it will be for the House to decide whether it will adopt the suggestion I have thrown out, or reject it for the purpose of applying a reduction of taxation in some other way. But I must beg to state that I do not think the pressure upon the landed interest arises so much from the general taxation of the country as from local burdens. I am sure if we are able on these different questions to propose measures which shall be satisfactory to Parliament and the country, we shall do more to give relief to the landed interest than by the reduction of taxes, apparently more than really affecting them. With respect to Ireland, I do not at the present moment mean to state the measures which we have in contemplation, but we have in contemplation financial measures for Ireland, which I

believe will be productive of considerable relief, but which I hope may be so arranged as not to occasion any reduction of the revenue. I cannot state those measures at the present time—it would not be desirable—it would be improper that I should do so until I can bring them regularly before the House. I have now stated my general view of the finances of the country; and having done this, I beg to move, as a motion of course, that, towards making good the supply granted to his Majesty, the sum of 14,000,000*l.* be raised by Exchequer Bills for the service of the year 1834.—The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. Grote presented the Report acquitting Mr. Sheil of the charge of inconsistency in his vote on the Irish Coercion Bill. The business had been concluded by the declaration of Mr. Hill to the Committee of Inquiry:

“That he had come to the conviction that his charge against Mr. Sheil of having directly or indirectly communicated, or intended to communicate, to the Government any private opinions in opposition to those which he expressed in the House of Commons, had no foundation in fact;—that such charge was not merely incapable of formal proof, but was, in his present sincere belief, totally and absolutely unfounded; that he had originally been induced to make mention of it in a hasty and unpremeditated speech, under a firm persuasion that he had received it on undeniable evidence; but that, being now satisfied of the mistake into which he had fallen, and convinced that the charge was wholly untrue, he came forward to express his deep and unfeigned sorrow for having ever contributed to give it circulation.” Mr. Hill added, “that if there were any way consistent with honour by which he could make reparation to Mr. Sheil, he should deem no sacrifice too great to heal the wound which his erroneous statement had inflicted.” The Report of the Committee concluded as follows:—

“The Committee felt bound, at the same time, to express their full confidence in Mr. Hill's declaration, that the statement, impeaching Mr. Sheil's character, was made by him at Hull under a sincere, though mistaken, persuasion of its accuracy. They derived this confidence as well from the tone of generous regret which characterised his communication at the close of their proceeding, as from the candid admissions and the evident anxiety to avoid all exaggeration and misstatements which they had observed throughout his testimony, as delivered in their presence.”

Feb. 17.—Sir James Graham brought forward his resolutions on the Navy Estimates, in a Committee of Supply, when the following, after some discussion, were agreed to: 27,500 men, including 9000 marines, and 1000 boys, for the naval service of his Majesty during the year ending March, 1835; 958,761*l.* for wages to seamen and marines, and to the ordinary and yard craft; 396,561*l.* for the supply of salt beef for vessels in ordinary; 104,551*l.* for the salaries and contingent expenses of the Admiralty; 21,720*l.* for the officers of the Navy Pay-office; 20,895*l.* for salaries of officers and contingent expenses of the scientific departments of the Navy; 119,168*l.* for salaries of officers and naval establishments at home; 22,630*l.* to defray the salaries of the officers and contingent expenses of his Majesty's naval establishments abroad; 348,012*l.* for defraying the wages of artificers, labourers, and others employed in his Majesty's naval establishments at home; 25,512*l.* for the wages of labourers and others employed in his Majesty's naval establishments abroad; 421,990*l.* for the purchase of naval stores, the building and repairing of ships, the purchase of timber and steam machinery, and the repairing of docks and wharfs; 74,980*l.* to defray the charges of the new works and improvements in the several dock-yards; 25,641*l.* to defray the charge for medical officers and stores; 36,154*l.* for the miscellaneous services; 147,360*l.* for the half-pay of officers in the Navy and royal Marines; 530,348*l.* for military pensions and allowances; 230,258*l.* for civil pensions and allowances; 180,115*l.* for conveyance of troops, &c., on account of the army and ordnance department; and 113,860*l.* for the conveyance of convicts.

Feb. 18.—Mr. O'Connell made his motion for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of libel. He declared the basis of his plan to be the securing of free discussion. The object of the libel law was the protection of character, an object which he by no means wished to undervalue, though he held it secondary to the great power of public opinion, the efficacy of which, in controlling vice and protecting virtue, was superior to every other human tribunal. It would be his endeavour to combine the two objects of authorizing discussion and protecting character; and if he should be so fortunate as to succeed, he might claim the honour of having conferred a real benefit on the country. After further details, the honourable gentleman concluded by moving for leave to bring in the Bill, which was agreed to.—Mr. Harvey brought forward a motion for a select committee to inquire into the consideration of each grant on the pension-list, and report the same to the House.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted the motion, on the ground that they were precluded from such course by the compact that had been come to between the Parliament and the Crown. He moved, as an amendment, a series of resolutions declaratory of the progress made in reducing the sums allotted for civil list pensions, and recording that it was the bounden duty of the ministers to guard against misappropriation of the fund, and to secure the granting of its means to such persons only as were meritorious claimants on the ground of services or attainments.—The motion led to a long and animated discussion. It was strongly supported by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Harvey, &c., &c., and opposed by Mr. S. Rice, Lord Ebrington, Sir R. Peel, Mr. Secretary Stanley, &c., who maintained that to touch the pensions would be a violation of all faith and honour.—The house eventually divided, when there appeared for the motion, 182; for Lord Althorp's amendment, 190; majority against the motion, 8.

SHERIFFS FOR 1834.

Bedfordshire—Joseph Morris, Ampthill, Esq.
 Berkshire—Charles Eyre, Welford Park, Esq.
 Buckinghamshire—G. S. Harcourt, Ankerwyke-house, Esq.
 Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—R. Huddleston, of Sawston, Esq.
 Cheshire—William Astley, Duckenfield, Esq.
 Cornwall—C. P. Brune, Padstowe, Esq.
 Cumberland—H. Howard, Greystoke Castle, Esq.
 Derbyshire—W. P. Morewood, Alfreton-hall, Esq.
 Devonshire—E. P. Bastard, Kitley, Esq.
 Dorsetshire—E. Doughty, Upton, Esq.
 Essex—J. Round, Danbury-park, Esq.
 Gloucestershire—J. Gist, Wormington Grange, Esq.
 Herefordshire—Sir S. R. Meyrick, Goodrich-court.
 Hertfordshire—W. R. Phillimore, Newberries, Esq.
 Kent—G. Stone, Chislehurst, Esq.
 Leicestershire—H. Greene, Rolleston, Esq.
 Lincolnshire—C. Turnor, Stoke Rochford, Esq.
 Monmouthshire—J. Buckle, Mathern, Esq.
 Norfolk—R. Marsham, Stratton Strawless, Esq.
 Northamptonshire—W. Wood, Brixworth, Esq.
 Northumberland—W. Roddam, Roddam, Esq.
 Nottinghamshire—S. Duncombe, Langford, Esq.
 Oxfordshire—W. F. L. Stone, Esq.
 Rutlandshire—E. W. Smyth, Gunthorpe, Esq.
 Shropshire—Hon. H. W. Powis, Berwick-house.

Somersetshire—F. Popham, West Bagborough, Esq.
 Staffordshire—H. H. Williamson, Greenway-bank, Esq.
 Southampton—S. R. Jarvis, Fair Oak-park, Esq.
 Suffolk—J. Garden, Redisham, Esq.
 Surrey—G. T. Nicholson, Waverley-abbey, Esq.
 Sussex—Hon. R. Curzon, Parham.
 Warwickshire—F. L. H. Goodricke, Studley Castle, Esq.
 Wiltshire—T. Bolton, Brinkworth, Esq.
 Worcestershire—J. H. Galton, Hadsor-house, Esq.
 Yorkshire—H. Preston, Moreby, Esq.

WALES.

Anglesey—J. King, Presaddfedd, Esq.
 Breconshire—W. R. Stretton, Dany-park, Esq.
 Cardiganshire—C. R. Longcroft, Llanma, Esq.
 Carmarthenshire—T. Morris, Llanstephan Castle, Esq.
 Carnarvonshire—R. L. Edwards, Nanhoron, Esq.
 Denbighshire—F. R. Price, Bryn-pys, Esq.
 Flintshire—F. C. Phillips, Rhual, Esq.
 Glamorganshire—H. J. Grant, Gnoll Castle, Esq.
 Merionethshire—C. G. Hartford, Bryntririon, Esq.
 Montgomeryshire—W. Morris, Pentre Nant, Esq.
 Pembrokeshire—J. Barham, Trecoon, Esq.
 Radnorshire—G. Parson, Bettws Dissarth, Esq.
 Duchy of Lancaster—J. J. Trafford, Trafford-park, Esq.

THE COLONIES.

EAST INDIES.

We learn by the Calcutta papers that the subscriptions for a communication with England by steam navigation were going on successfully, and among other contributors are to be found the names of several of the native princes, who seem to take great interest in the project—a circumstance which suggests a rather humiliating comparison, when we call to mind how coldly the proposition was received here by those to whom it was a matter of infinitely greater importance. The Rajah of Nagpore had subscribed 10,000 rupees, and other princes sums varying from 500 to 5,000 rupees.

Swan River.—The accounts from the Swan River settlements continue to be exceedingly satisfactory to the friends of the emigrants. A prosperous trade has been opened with several parts of the East, and land and houses were rapidly rising in value. The only drawback on the prosperity of the settlement is a want of ready money, the greater part of the coin of the original settlers having been paid to the traders who carried out supplies before there was native produce to repay them. Some hopes are, however, entertained that this evil will be remedied by an advance, by way of loan, from the mother country.

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The delay which has taken place with regard to the presentation of the Custom-house law project is said to have arisen from a schism amongst Ministers with regard to the greater or less degree of latitude which it is expedient to give to the law under present circumstances. It is said that the Doctrinaires have declared for a liberal revision of the tariffs which are the most complained of, and for a diminution that may satisfy the pressing demands of the working classes. In the same manner these gentlemen espoused the cause of economy, and opposed the prodigalities of Marshal Soult, hoping by this manœuvre to appease the country, and to obtain an easy victory over political liberty, by granting a little commercial freedom. The Doctrinaires, however, have another object in thus declaring for a diminution of the tariffs; they wish to consolidate the alliance between England and France, which is the basis of their foreign policy, and to which they have already often sacrificed the supreme influence of France in the management of foreign affairs. The Minister of Commerce is said to be at the head of the antagonists of the Doctrinaires. M. Thiers advocates the restrictive system, and alleges the necessity of respecting acquired interests, if it be thought desirable to preserve a majority in the Chamber. He will not therefore propose a too liberal reduction of the tariffs. He has obtained a victory over the Doctrinaires. The restrictive system has prevailed; we are to have a Custom-house law, which will benefit only one branch of industry—the woollen trade, and which will merely repair slight errors, leaving untouched the crying acts of injustice which sully our economical *regime*.

SWEDEN.

Stockholm, Jan. 22.—The following speech of his Majesty the King, on the opening of the Diet, was read by the Crown Prince:—

“ Noble, Well-born, &c.—Since your last meeting violent political convulsions have shaken Europe. Providence maintained the tranquillity of the United Kingdom under the protection of the laws, which secure public order and the rights of all.” After alluding to the failure of the harvest, and stating that remedies must be adopted, and mentioning the abatement

of the cholera, his Royal Highness proceeded to say, "Every proposed improvement in our social order must, in order to be truly useful, be subjected to mature deliberation, and be founded on the lessons of experience; the fundamental laws prescribe the forms that are to be observed; those must serve as a guide to the two legislative powers of the state. These fundamental principles themselves remind us that Sweden is bound in the estates of the kingdom to the maintenance of its existence and the preservation of its name. The Swedes have their national peculiarities and customs, but it would be unjust to consider them as indifferent to other nations, even though they did not adopt all their doctrines. The Swedes have already gained a degree of general cultivation in which few nations can pretend to excel them. The advantages of this civilization are diffused among all classes of society. Swedish liberty is as old as the monarchy. Our glorious recollections go back into the night of antiquity; but this glory, the support of freedom, cannot be maintained without independence. This, again, is intimately connected with the use of the power which makes independence respected. The experience of all ages shows that nations the most used to war are wearied by war; but states which have been founded by arms cannot subsist unless the inhabitants, remembering their origin, are always ready again to take up arms. Our army, which is drawn from the people, and will have five kinds of arms, consists of 100,000 men, and can inspire only confidence, for it lives amidst its fellow-citizens, who rely as well on the sentiments of the army as on its sense of its own interest. The first duty of the Governments and of the representatives is to secure to every citizen the peaceable enjoyment of his rights and the unmolested use of his property. Nothing can prosper when the representative coin has not a fixed value. Let us, therefore, hasten to give those who possess anything security for the preservation of what they have acquired. Let us open new prospects to diligence, activity, and frugality. Let us prepare encouragement and support to all allowed professions. Let us acknowledge the truth, that a good system of finance is one of the main foundations of the existence of the state. Let us improve and encourage agriculture and manufactures. Thus we shall obtain in exchange for our own productions those which are produced beyond sea. Private and public interest must here be blended together. Necessity commands that political views and the system of finance should tend to one subject. The law of the 1st of March, 1830, regulating the coinage, is our guide; it determines our reciprocal obligations. Projects of laws on the bank and its directors will be laid before you: let us not forget that the bank belongs to the state, that the people are entitled to have the full extent of the right granted to the managers of a capital of a loan of the value of the circulating medium; and, lastly, that the laws and regulations for the bank must be clear, simple, easy of execution, and therefore inviolable. When, almost a quarter of a century ago, I took the oath to your fundamental laws, I observed to the estates of the kingdom that it was not the extent of a state alone that constitutes its strength and independence, but also its laws, its commerce, its industry, and, above all, its national spirit. I now repeat to you these truths. The agreement between your views and mine has prepared for the country the tranquillity and undisturbed order, the fruits of which it has reaped for more than twenty-two years. Independence, peace, friendly connexions with foreign countries, tranquillity, and obedience to the laws at home—such is the posture that the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway now offers to Europe. I invoke upon our labours the blessing of the Almighty, and assure you all together, and each in particular, of the continuance of my royal favour and affection."

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH died on the 14th instant, at his residence in Portman-square, at the advanced age of 83. His Lordship succeeded the first Marquis of Cornwallis, in 1792, as Governor-General of India; which high situation he continued to fill until March, 1798; having been previously appointed, in 1786, a member of the Supreme Council at Fort William, in Bengal. He was created a Baronet of England in 1792 by the title of Sir John Shore, and elevated to the peerage of Ireland, Oct. 24, 1797, by the title of Baron Teignmouth; appointed a Commissioner for the affairs of India, April 4, 1807, and sworn of the Privy Council the 8th of the same month. His Lordship married, Feb. 14, 1786, Charlotte, only daughter of James Cornish, Esq., by whom he has left the Hon. Charles John Shore, (now Lord Teignmouth,) Hon. Frederick John Shore, assistant to the Secretary to the Commissioners in the ceded province in Bengal; and four daughters, of whom the second is the relict of the gallant Col. Sir Thomas Noel Hill, brother to Lord Hill.

ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

At Mainsforth, after a short illness, Robert Surtees, Esq., whose high literary acquirements were only equalled by his suavity of manner and gentlemanly deportment. Mr. Surtees was not merely distinguished as a writer of topography—though in that department he had few equals—but his poetical attainments, comparatively known to his select friends only, were of the very highest order. The “History of the County of Durham,” Mr. Surtees’ largest work, has been universally admired, especially for the variety, the interest, and the piquancy of the notes. Mr. Surtees was a frequent contributor to different literary works, and Sir Walter Scott was largely indebted to him in the “Border Minstrelsy,” particularly for that beautiful ballad, “Bartram’s Dirge.” The kindness and hospitality of the “Squire of Mainsforth” were ever displayed to his numerous friends, and in private society he was always welcome. The immense fund of literary information which he imperceptibly threw into his conversation, rendered him at all times a pleasant and amusing companion. The loss of such a man is indeed a loss to the country at large, but more especially to his native county; for, with an absolute certainty of a great pecuniary sacrifice, he unflinchingly and perseveringly applied his splendid natural parts and extensive antiquarian knowledge to a production which will never lose the reputation it has attained.

CAPTAIN HOPPNER, R.N.

We regret to record the death of Captain Hoppner, of the royal navy. This excellent officer and worthy man commenced his career on board his Majesty’s ship *Endymion*, which he had scarcely joined when she was ordered to Corunna, to assist in embarking the troops after Sir J. Moore’s disastrous retreat. During the rest of the war he was constantly on active service, either on the enemy’s coast in the Channel or in North America, where his excellent conduct on all occasions acquired for him the love of his shipmates, and the approbation of his superiors. Captain Hoppner’s name has been frequently before the public. His intimacy with Madeira, one of the principal personages at Loo Choo, forms an agreeable and interesting episode in the account of those islands; and the skill with which he conveyed Lord Amherst and his suite to Batavia, in the boats of the *Alceste*, after the loss of that vessel, and his opportune return on board of the *Lion*, Indiaman, to the assistance of his comrades, must be remembered by every one acquainted with the particulars of their perilous situation. He was employed in all the recent expeditions fitted out by the Government to explore the Polar Seas, in the last of

which he commanded his Majesty's ship *Fury*, which it unfortunately became necessary to abandon among the ice. His health, which had suffered considerably on these occasions, was still further impaired by an excursion to the South of Europe immediately on his return from the last Polar expedition. After considerable and repeated sufferings, during the last five years, he terminated his mortal career on the 22d ult. in the 39th year of his age, carrying with him to the grave the esteem and regret of all who were personally acquainted with him, and had an opportunity of appreciating his many amiable qualities.

MR. HUGH RONALDS.

Mr. Hugh Ronalds, to whom British Horticulture is greatly indebted for that advancement by which it has been of late years distinguished, died recently at his house at Brentford: in this town he was also born, in 1759. He spent his long and useful life in a religious adherence to certain maxims and rules, which he seems to have imbibed from his father, who was a nurseryman, and carried on business at the same place. At the early age of fourteen, he was entrusted with considerable management of his father's business, and imbibed a strong attachment to the profession and occupation of a nurseryman and botanist, in which happy employment he spent his long life. During his early botanical studies, he formed an extensive herbarium, collected chiefly from the Botanic Garden and Arboretum at Kew, with the assistance of the late and the present Mr. Aiton. This herbarium is not now in existence; but some of the specimens have been rescued from decay, and preserved in a *hortus siccus* in the possession of his family. Mr. Ronalds wrote an excellent treatise on the different varieties of broccoli in the "Transactions of the Horticultural Society," of which he was one of the earliest members. He was the author of a splendid and useful work on apples; but still more valuable as a type of the author's good and valuable character. It seems that, more than fifty years ago, many of the subjects illustrated in this work were under his own care and cultivation; and that, since that period, he had uninterruptedly pursued the study, and added to his collection the most choice and valuable fruits which this or any other country could produce. This work is embellished with numerous drawings by his daughter Elizabeth, in a style of taste and beauty which several of the criticisms of the period stated to be unequalled even of the most eminent fruit and flower painters of the day*. It is dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland, and states, in the preface, that the author had, for more than half a century, been in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the patronage of the present Duke and his noble ancestors. In alluding in this work, to Mr. Knight's theory respecting the decay of species of fruits, the author observes, "that species, as well as individuals, of fruits have their periods of infancy, maturity, and old age; but the period at which they tend again to extinction is very difficult to determine."

Up to the last week of his life, Mr. Ronalds was engaged, with the assistance of his sons, in planting the grounds of the New General Cemetery at Kensal Green. He took a lively interest in this undertaking; and was honoured with the confidence of the Directors of the Company in selecting and furnishing, from his nurseries at Brentford, more than 14,000 trees and shrubs to ornament and grace this last abode of mortality.

PROFESSOR MUKEL.

We have to announce the death of the celebrated Professor Dr. Mukel, of Halle, on the 31st of October. He was the author of several very elaborate works on anatomy. His great work on comparative anatomy was nearly completed; and it is to be hoped that the remaining part was so far advanced that it may yet be published.

* This beautiful and valuable work was reviewed in the "New Monthly Magazine."

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Keith Alexander Jackson, Bart., to Amelia, only daughter of the late G. Waddell, Esq.

At St. George's church, Fred. Barne, Esq., son of Colonel Barne, of Sotterly Hall, Suffolk, to Mary Anne Elizabeth, sister to Sir John Honeywood, Bart., of Evington, Kent.

At Washington Church, A. W. Beauchier, Esq., M.P., to Ida, youngest daughter of Sir C. F. Goring, Bart., of Highden, Sussex.

At Exeter, Sir H. M. Farrington, Bart. to Susanna, daughter of the late R. Kakewich, Esq. of Heavitree.

A. Baxter, Esq., 50th regiment, to Anna, daughter of the late Captain W. F. Hadden, Enniskillen Dragoons.

At St. Mary's Bryanstone-square, George Lowth, Esq., grandson to Bishop Lowth, to Emma, daughter of the late T. Watkins, Brecknockshire.

At Edinburgh, S. B. Hare, Esq. of Calder Hall, to Mary Anne, daughter of Lord Meadownbank.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Lee Lee, Esq., M.P., of Dillington, in the county of Somerset, to Jessy, daughter of the late John Edwards Vaughan, Esq., of Rheola, in the county of Glamorgan, member in the last Parliament for the city of Wells, and formerly for Glamorganshire.

At St. Pancras church, Duncan Forbes Mitchell, Esq. of Thainston, Aberdeenshire, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Major Robert Anthony Bromley, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

Died.—Suddenly, at Serlby Hall, Nottinghamshire, Viscount Galway, aged 52.

At Honfleur, in Normandy, Lord Glamis, eldest son of the Earl of Strathmore, aged 33.

At Byfleet, Surrey, in his 78th year, the Rev. Wm. Haggitt, A.M., Senior Chaplain of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and Rector of Byfleet.

At Hyderabad, in the East Indies, Sir Wm. Rumbold, Bart., aged 46.

At East Sheen, Henrietta Sarah Molesworth, granddaughter of Viscount Ranelagh.

At Peniarth, Merionethshire, W. Wynne, Esq., Deputy-Lieutenant for Carnarvon and Merioneth.

Deputy-Assist. Commissary-Gen. T. Lane.

In Edinburgh, General Hamilton of Dalzell, in his 92d year.

At Roydon Hall, Kent, Sir W. J. Twysden, Bart., aged 74. The baronetcy in this family was created in 1611.

At Patna, East Indies, Louisa, wife of the Rev. W. Start, and daughter of Baron Gurney.

At Sandgate, Capt. G. L. Renne, R.N., late of his Majesty's ship *Isis*.

Near Eye, Suffolk, Rear-Admiral Cunningham, aged 78.

At Chesham, Bucks, the Rev. Edward Sexton, aged 78, Baptist minister there for more than half a century.

At Mill Hill, Billericay, Rev. C. R. Landon, Rector of Vange, Essex.

At the Rectory, Winterbourne, near Bristol, the Rev. Thomas Whitfield, B.D., rector of that parish, late of St. John's College, Oxford, aged 68.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Installation of the Duke of Wellington.
—On the 7th ult. the installation or admission of his Grace the Duke of Wellington to the office of Chancellor of the University of Oxford took place at Apsley House.

KENT.

The Committee of the Tunbridge Wells Horticultural Society have just issued to the subscribers the "By-Laws and regulations for 1834," by which it appears there will be four shows or exhibitions for the current year, the first to take place on the 2d of May. At each exhibition prizes will be awarded to productions of superior excellence, which shall be exhibited by competitors, members of the Society. A second class of prizes will be awarded to labourers and

mechanics (not being subscribers) for horticultural productions of their own growth. The Committee are also empowered to award prizes for any description of garden produce, not specified in the schedule, according to the means of the Society. The cottagers residing in the parishes of Speldhurst, Frant, or the Southborough and Tunbridge Wells districts of Tunbridge parish, will, for the third exhibition, have much in anticipation; since, in addition to the extra prize or reward of 5*l.* of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Society have determined on giving 2*l.* as an extra prize to the second best, and 1*l.* to the third best, whose garden and premises, on being visited, shall be pronounced to be most worthy of commendation. We have been informed by an eye-witness of the already

very visible difference in the management of several cottage gardens in this neighbourhood, which is a gratifying proof that the main object of the Society will be fully answered—that of stimulating the labouring classes to industrious habits.

A self-supporting dispensary has just been established in Lynn, Norfolk, entitled, "The Lynn Self-Supporting Institution," of which every poor man, or woman, or family not exceeding two persons, may have the benefit by the payment of a penny per week; families exceeding two, pay three halfpence, twopence, and twopence-halfpenny according to their numbers, and the highest subscription is threepence per week, which will secure medical and surgical aid to a family of six people or upwards. For this small contribution every individual who cannot afford to pay for medical attendance in the regular way will be entitled to the best advice the town can produce. No person will have to encounter any delay or trouble in going about the town begging for a recommendation; the members of the Institution will only have to call upon the bookkeeper for a card, which may be taken to the surgeon most agreeable to the patient; and if the case should become serious, or the surgeon be desirous of another opinion, or the patient express a wish to see a physician, then the bookkeeper will issue a physician's card, and a consultation will take place accordingly.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

At a meeting of the Common Council of Bristol, on Saturday last, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort was unanimously elected Lord High Steward of Bristol, in the place of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, deceased. His Grace, at the request of the Committee, has also added to his many illustrious titles that of President of the British Institution, also vacant by the death of Lord Grenville.

WESTMORELAND.

Aurora Borealis.—This beautiful phenomenon is not often seen in this part of the world during the day, but at mid-day on Thursday we had something very like it. About 1 o'clock three stripes of pale light emanated from a cluster of fleecy clouds resting a few degrees above the horizon, and about a point to the eastward of north, shooting up beyond the zenith till they came in contact with other clouds, when they melted away;

one stream was about mid heaven, the other more eastward. About half-past 1, there shot from the same clouds the most beautiful stream of pale light we ever beheld—broad at the base, but extending in width as it shot upwards, not unlike a noble plume of feathers; its progress to the zenith was rapid, but as it passed this point it melted away in ether."—*Westmoreland Gazette.*

Post-office Reform.—The Postmaster-general has determined on abolishing the whole of the privileges enjoyed by the clerks of the post-office as regards the transmission of or dealing in newspapers, whether English or foreign. The privileges will cease, so far as English newspapers and the circulation of them within the United Kingdom are concerned, on the 5th of April next. A compensation is proposed to be made to the clerks of the Post-office only in those cases wherein their privileges, as in the instance of foreign newspapers, are established by act of Parliament.

The Lord Chancellor's Secretary has addressed a letter to the trustees of various public charities, in which he states his Lordship's desire to be informed whether they will be disposed to further, so far as lies in their power, a plan for the consolidation of the funds of all public charities throughout the kingdom, and the appropriation of them for the purpose of "national education."

Turnpike Roads.—The Second Report of the Committee of the House of Lords on Turnpike Roads, printed a few weeks ago, presents some details of considerable interest. There was an elaborate report on the subject in 1821, which contained tables of the income, debt, &c.; these have been revised for the present report, and the following is a summary of the results for the year 1829, for England and Wales:—Number of trusts, 1,119; length of roads, 19,978 miles; Acts of Parliament, 3,783; debts, 7,785*l.*; income, 1,455,000*l.*; expenditure, 1,678,000*l.*; debts per mile, 392*l.*; income per mile, 73*l.*; expenditure per mile, 85*l.* Hence it appears that there is a trust in England for every eighteen miles, and an Act of Parliament for every five miles and a half. From Mr. Bicknell's evidence it appears that a Turnpike Act costs on an average 4000*l.*, though the officers' fees are paid out of the national revenue; the 3,783 Acts have therefore cost a million and a half, and thus one-fifth

part of the debt has been caused by the expense of legislation. The number of officers employed is 3,620, or one for every five and a half miles of road. The aggregate debts are equal to the revenue of five and a half years, and the average revenue raised from each trust about 1300*l*. Of the gross expenditure in 1829, amounting to 1,673,000*l*.; manual labour, 303,000*l*.; team labour, small improvements, materials and contracts, 578,000*l*.; land purchased, 56,300*l*.; repairs of toll-houses, &c., 64,000*l*.; salaries and law expenses, 196,000*l*.; payments, &c., and larger improvements, 243,700*l*. The salaries and law expenses amount to nearly one-eighth of the whole, and to two-thirds of the sum paid for manual labour.

Hops.—The growth and consumption of hops being a subject of some interest to the public, the following statement of the amount of old duty paid in hops in each year for the last sixteen years, from 1817 to 1832, both years inclusive, is submitted to their notice, dividing the sixteen years into four parts, in order to show more plainly the gross and average amount of each of the four years:—

Years	£.	s.	d.	Years	£.	s.	d.
1817 .	6,532	2	5½	1825 .	24,317	0	11½
1818 .	199,465	13	6½	1826 .	269,331	0	9½
1819 .	252,076	2	2	1827 .	140,848	5	2½
1820 .	138,339	9	6½	1828 .	172,027	10	11½
Total,	646,394	7	8½	Total,	606,523	10	11½
Average	161,598	11	11	Average	151,630	19	8½
1821 .	154,609	10	8½	1829 .	33,398	10	7½
1822 .	203,724	14	0½	1830 .	89,047	8	1½
1823 .	26,057	11	9½	1831 .	174,880	1	2
1824 .	148,832	0	0½	1832 .	139,018	4	3½
Total,	533,233	17	3½	Total,	440,344	4	2½
Average	133,305	19	3½	Average	110,086	1	0½

Number of acres under cultivation in hops in England in 1832, 47,101.

The Poor Laws.—It is understood that the Poor Law Commissioners intend to propose the repeal of all modes of acquiring a settlement otherwise than by birth or by residence for a term of years, (probably three,) the enactments to take effect from a period to be fixed, and to have no retrospective effect. Small parishes to be incorporated, with a view

to a better system of workhouse management; the incorporated districts to be thenceforth considered as one parish, a measure which will diminish litigation as between parishes by two-thirds. The separation and control of the details of the new system are to be entrusted to a central board of management. The jurisdiction of magistrates will remain, with some modifications; for instance, one magistrate is to be empowered to transact parochial business instead of two. All magistrates are to be *ex officio* members of any boards (which will be elective) established for the management of incorporated districts. Important alterations in the law of bastardy are also contemplated, *e. g.*, the mother is to be deprived of all statutory remedy against the father. The mother of a bastard child in England will thus be placed upon pretty nearly the same footing as the mother of a bastard child in Scotland or Ireland.—*Law Magazine.*

It is generally supposed that some good will arise out of that clause in the new Stamp Act which has directed that bill and receipt stamps shall have the dates upon which they are issued engraved upon the stamp. All persons connected with trade and commerce know it has been a very common practice for fraudulent bankrupts and others to issue fictitious bills, that is, bills for which they have not received any value, in order that such bills might be proved under their estates, to give the persons proving them a right to sign their certificates. The date upon the stamp will be a great check to this practice; it is very rare that the insolvent has time to issue his bills and get them in circulation before his bankruptcy—in most cases, indeed, that is deferred to the latest possible moment; so that there is little doubt that an examination of the date of the stamp on bills of this description will cause great numbers of them to be rejected when tendered for proof before the Commissioners. But this regulation will produce much inconvenience to the fair trader, because if he does not secure stamps under the correct date when he receives orders, it will have the effect of lengthening the term of credit, for in many instances the trader cannot draw for goods sold until the lapse of several days.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CALENDAR OF THE LONDON SEASONS.

JANUARY.—Philosophers are moral, and poets are picturesque about the country. Sheridan Knowles, as the climax to the merits of his charming Julia, makes her declare to her lover, "Who weds with me must lead a country life." From the first shop in Piccadilly to the last on Ludgate-hill, "the farther-looking hope" that hovers over the counter is a dream of some rural retirement. I never heard a naval or military man speak of the future but as to be passed in some dwelling which held out the delights of growing their own vegetables and killing their own mutton. It has never been my fortune to meet with any individual who deliberately planned an existence to be passed actually in London. "The vision and the faculty divine" of imagining how your fortune is to be spent when acquired, always goes off the stones. It is an unpleasant thing to differ in opinion with the rest of one's species—it is making a sort of North Pole of one's own, and then setting out in search of it. Still I own that I indulge not in these rural anticipations; I look upon London as the very type of injured innocence and unappreciated excellence. I never wish to go farther than a hackney-coach can take me; I desire nothing better than pavement beneath my feet. When I wish

"Oh that some home like this for me would smile!"

I am looking at a good house with a street before and a street behind, and these streets very decidedly in London. I am a cockney, heart and soul, in every thing but "that bitter boon my birth." I trust, however, in this enlightened age, I shall not be reproached for the fault of my parents; at least I can say to our Metropolis,

"With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine."

I only know one gentleman with whom town is as it is with myself—at once a principle and a passion; but, alas! there is little integrity in this world; he not only avowed a predilection for Paris, but once said something about liking a villa at Harrow. I felt at once he was not capable of my intense, unalterable, and undivided attachment. I never in my life looked over with any interest any map but the map of London. It has always been

"The only place I coveted
In all the world so wide."

At the same time I beg leave to state that I have a taste for the poetical, and an eye for the picturesque; but I contend that both are to be found in their perfection in London. Indeed, I hold that people in town

alone appreciate the country; or rather, that London is the only place where the beauties of the country are really enjoyed.

A calendar of the London months comprises every variety of human pleasure—if we can but get at them. I forewarn my readers, however, that mine is a moderate scale. I shall not venture from the commonplace of the possible into the cloudland of the desirable. Wordsworth says,

“Pleasures newly found are sweet,
When they lie about our feet.”

The moral of which I deduce to be, the charm of easy attainment. I shall only take a little from each season. I own the month, at the beginning, has as little, or rather less, to be said in its favour than any of the twelve. I like to be candid in my admissions—it is so very disarming; you forestall the objection which you admit—at least your adversary has scarcely the heart to push to its utmost the advantage which you so meekly confess. Still January has its good points. The weather is cold, I allow, but it is cold everywhere; and have we not a comfortable thick fog to keep us warm? Sancho said, “Blessed be the man who invented sleep; it covers all over as with a mantle.” May not the same encomium be passed on fog? First, among the pleasures to which it is my agreeable task to draw attention, is that of not getting up in the morning. In the country, early rising is a duty; in town, it is a fault. Ah! I appeal to all who have any sensibility—for themselves—how delightful it is to be called in the morning, yet not to obey that call. It combines two of the greatest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible—obstinacy and indolence. “Your early risers know not what they lose.” A London day requires to be well aired before it is ventured into. If an east wind and a frost, I recommend the fireside; you can stir it by way of exercise. I hate one of those clear bright mornings, when the sun looks out coldly and mockingly, like wit sharpening at your expense; when you feel your very heart shrivelled within you, and think with respect of your ancestors, who rode and walked in black velvet masks. Then your feelings are so often hurt. Some friend, with a constitution like that of China, which has lasted from the time of Confucius to the present dynasty, catches you just as you are hastily turning some exposed corner, and stops you with the wind in your face to remark, “What beautiful weather for the time of year!” This is, as the author of *Crotchet Castle* remarks of giving you sandwiches when you expect supper, adding insult to injury. No,—on such a day stay at home, and you cannot do better than read the just mentioned little volume, whose wit is as cutting as the east wind which you will escape, and a great deal more agreeable. But there are some “Eolian influences” even on this month—soft, mild mornings, with just damp enough to release the hair from its first stiff curl into a glossy drooping, infinitely more becoming. Talk of flower-gardens, views from the tops of hills—which, remember, you have first to walk up—just look at the shops now, like the clan of Lochiel,

“All plaided and plumed in their winter array!”

What taste in the arrangement of the floating gauzes and the draped silks! What an eye to colour! A painter might envy the bold and rich contrast between that scarlet cashmere and that emerald-green velvet. But it is in the pastry-cook’s that we must look just now for the

triumph of art. There the twelfth-cakes extend "their white expanse of mimic snow," fit trophies for winter. I admire the national feeling that inspired their decorations; a little crowd are growing patriotic about yonder window. In the centre is a huge cake iced *couteau de rose*; all the devices are nautical, and it is surrounded with a border of shells which might puzzle a conchologist, but serve to show what a prodigality of invention there is in the most ordinary productions. In the centre is a cannon, and against it there is leaning a youth in a blue jacket and black handkerchief—the beau ideale of our nation's beau ideale—"a true British sailor." A little beyond is a fruiterer's shop. I prefer a fruiterer's in winter to any other time; it most excites my imagination. There are the oranges and the Lisbon grapes, associate with "summer soft skies." Spanish chestnuts, which bring to mind the stately trees where they grew, and all the wild tales of muleteers, guitars, and moonlight, which last seems made on purpose for Spain; but, of all, commend me to those Eastern treasures—dates. I never see one of those slender straw baskets filled with "the desert fruit" without losing myself in a delicious remembrance of those "Arabian Nights" which made so many a former day too short. I am no great believer in the superior happiness of childhood—it has its troubles. I remember a little Indian girl of some three years old, who was already forced to look back with

"That regret which haunts our riper years,"

on some occasion of juvenile delinquency, when she was condemned to the ordinary punishment of "being put in the corner." "Ah!" exclaimed the poor little thing, her large black eyes—larger even than usual with the big tears swelling in them; there only being a little pride to be gulped down before they fell—"Ah! there were no corners in Calcutta." If, even at three years old, we turn to the pleasures of memory, the less that is asserted about the felicity of childhood; the less there will be to dispute. Still it is the period when the Arabian Nights were first read, and that is enough to make up for a horde of catechisms of history, mythology, botany, &c., almost for the multiplication-table itself. Another attraction—one, too, whose

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

in the shape of large black and red letters, gigantic in themselves, and gigantic in their promises—I mean play-bills. I am passionately fond of the theatre; and in spite of the present adoption of "Jeremiah's lamentations" on the "decline of the drama," there are a great multitude, to use an established phrase, "who will enter into my feelings." I am afraid that this said drama, like every thing else in the present time, must lay aside something of its former kingly pomp. The crown and sceptre in real life are consigned to the Tower, and I fear in the theatre they must be consigned to the treasury, kept by the sword with which Kean acted Richard III., "glorious memorials of the royal past." No more will

"Gorgeous tragedy, in sceptred pall, come sweeping by."

But I believe that the sphere of action will be made more intense by its wider range; there will always be passion, crime, and sorrow enough in the human heart for tragic materials. But I was going to speak of the pantomimes—those visions of fairy-land—those legacies left us by

the genii of old. Talk of travelling, who needs to travel while Stanfield and Grieve are greater than Mahomet, for they bring the mountain to us. I have seen the Falls of Niagara—I have looked on the Pyramids of Egypt—I am acquainted with old London Bridge. Take your children to the play by all means; they will go through a whole course of geography, and useful knowledge is the mania of to-day. "What a delicious life," I heard the greatest author that we have remark, "is the existence of Harlequin and Columbine; it is the ideal of youth, liberty and love—dancing over the earth with those buoyant spirits only known to the young—their gaiety breaking out in a thousand fantastic pranks—perpetually changing the scene—beautiful and beloved—

'Fate could not weave more silken web.'

He spoke only in badinage; they are far too well off to be comfortable. It is an old belief of mine, and one which all my experience confirms, that we enjoy no pleasure so much as we do tormenting ourselves. I believe this to be the secret of half the monastic penances.

As I sat out with being candid, I must now confess to the only want at the close of the London winter; snow-drops cannot be enjoyed in their full perfection. That we dwellers in town have the most beautiful as well as the greatest delight in flowers, I intend proving during the next season. But snow-drops I must give up; they are the only flowers that will not bear being gathered, and as to those in pots, I have a bad opinion of any one's principles who could consign them to those "earthy dungeons." No, there is but one place in the world for snow-drops—an old avenue—whose leafless boughs show the nests of the rooks above, and above them again the grey sky. Let the ground below be covered with those white and fragile heads, which droop so fair and so cold. Holier steps than yours have, ages ago, pressed down those delicate stalks; for it is well known that snow-drops were planted in profusion in the gardens of the old monasteries—*Les extrêmes touchent*; and from

"The vestal flower which grew
Beneath the vestal's eye,"

I must go on to "annals writ upon the crimson rose;" and here is debateable ground. Does St. Valentine belong to this season or the next? Poetry connects the "gentle saint" with spring. The Almanac decides that his anniversary belongs to winter. I, out of compliment to Shakspeare, who avers, that "all is well that ends well," shall close my winter manifesto with St. Valentine. I fear, however, little remains of his ancient honours, save a laugh. Heavens! the huge hearts, stuck through with arrows, spitted ready for roasting; the red and round cupids, the over-fed doves, with which the windows now abound; and then the verses, *dieu merci*!—fires are not yet left off, so they can be burnt with all possible dispatch. Is there anything in Bath paper adverse to the expression of the tender passion? Every now and then the newspapers give us specimens of love-letters, almost too good to be true; and yet they are equally genuine and general. Every one has some pet project—mine is to publish "A Complete Love-letter Writer," suited to ninety-nine occasions—the hundredth people may manage for themselves. In the meantime, I beg to submit a specimen. I have taken up the French writer's assertion, that love is an "*égoïsme*

en deux personnes." Pattern love-letter—"I—I—I—you—you—you; you—you—you—I—I—I," garnished with loves and doves *ad libitum*.

SPRING—"When conscious beauty puts on all her charms." I really do not understand what people can want who do not find all they wish in London just now. Do you like music?—the *prima donna* of all Europe is engaged after Easter. I always consider it an event in my life having seen Pasta, with her inspired eyes and classic brow; she gives the idea of a Grecian statue, stepped from its pedestal and animated with the fire of genius. A clever writer in a contemporary reproaches her as only personifying the "haggard queen." Now, I feel, from the different sensations I experience, how different are the characters that she embodies. Look at the superb defiance of Fate itself with which she approaches the tomb of Ninus, as the hitherto all-triumphant Semiramide. In Anna Boleyn how exquisite are the transitions from, first, the blank look of idiotcy, so terribly true; then the innocent and engaging expression of childhood, so confident in its own happiness; and at last, the flash of reason which brings frenzy with it. Who that has heard it, but has thrilled at that most touching reproach wrung from the stricken soul of love, the "io" of her Medea;—but the working up of the scene is equal to the great effect. There is true knowledge of woman's heart in the timidity with which she approaches the beloved Greek. No one ever deeply loved without thinking themselves unworthy of their idol; and Medea, the royal, the beautiful, and the gifted, is meek and subdued in the presence of Jason. Gradually, the recollection of her sacrifices and her wrongs rouse her to a juster sense of her own claims; she knows the vast wealth of her love, and feels that such a heart might well be the world to that recreant lover. I confess, I speak of her only as an actress; I am incompetent to judge of her as a singer; I only like the most simple melody, and require to hear an air often; I ask association from music; I confess a partiality to barrel organs, and clarionets, and ballads, and other "street harmonies." That composer felt as well as knew his science, who always asked of any new air, "If it would grind well?"

Moore says, that, in the Malay language, the same word expresses woman and flowers; if so, it is the prettiest compliment ever paid the sex, not that any one of them will be grateful for it, for who cares for a general compliment more than a general lover. Just, however, at this season, the Malay tongue might be used in London. How many sweet, bright, and lovely faces pass us by! Most women look well in their bonnets; and as for the other sort of flowers, we have them in profusion and perfection—such exquisite violets, such delicate lilies of the valley, such a rainbow world of hyacinths as now fill the rooms with perfume. How often at the end of morning with the fashionable world—afternoon with the more quiet part of the community—and evening with the very respectable indeed—a young cavalier may be seen curbing a horse "impatient of the rein," at the nursery-grounds of the King's Road, till a bouquet of the most fragrant exotics is brought out. It does not ask much imagination to read a history of sighs, smiles, and blushes on every leaf. But I have less to say for the spring than for any other season; it has a name, which is tantamount to everything in this world—all know the pretensions of a London spring.

SUMMER.—Nothing can be so pleasant as London in the summer. It

is so cool, putting Piccadilly, from two till five, out of the question : there is always shade on one side or other of the street, a shade which you doubly enjoy, on the principle of contrast. It is satisfactory to think how hot the people must be opposite : then, though I do not eat ice myself, I can suppose other people doing it. If they do, an eastern poet might gain new ideas about coolness and fragrance, while enjoying the coloured coldnesses at Grange's. Towards the close, flowers begin to pass away ; you are not met at every second step in Regent's Street by a bunch of moss-roses—a little faded, it is true, allegories by the way of our pleasures, but sweet notwithstanding. Dark-eyed pinks no longer heap the stands in such profusion ; but then fruit is come in, such fruit as London only can furnish. I confess that I have no simple and natural tastes about gathering it myself. My experiences in that way have been unfortunate. I once picked some strawberries, and disturbed a whole colony of frogs ; I once gathered a plum, and was stung by a wasp ; and my latest experience regarded a peach, which hung—

“With rosy cheek turn'd to the sun
Upon a southern wall.”

There is an old proverb which says, “Tell me your company, and I will tell you yourself.” By this rule the peach would be severely judged, for its associates were earwigs. I can't say, for I made no trial of its merits : the sight of its friends were enough for me. I pass over a horde of other miseries, such as stooping in the sun, thorns, dirt, &c., and will only observe, that fruit never looks to such an advantage as it does on china, whether Dresden, Sevres, or even Worcester. There are two seasons when Covent-garden will more especially reward a visit,—at the beginning of summer and at the close. Flora holds her court in the first instance, and Pomona in the second. Pass along the centre arcade, and it is lined with trophies of the parterre or of the orchard, and you may look upon the early roses, and grow sentimental about

“The blush that ever haunted early love,”

or become unsophisticated, and go back to the innocent enjoyments of your childhood while gazing on the crimson-sided apples. I like, too, Hungerford Market ; it gives one the idea of a Dutch picture. People wear mere bargaining faces ; fruit and flowers have their price, but fish were sent into the world, at least, into the market, to be cheapened. Everybody beats down the price of a fresh pair of soles, or a fine turbot. It is just the sort of place for a new edition of the old anecdote of a well-known legal peer, who, feeling the necessity of reform among fishmongers, and retrenchment in their bills, determined on “shaming the rogues.” He took his station at the dinner-table in all the triumph of a good bargain, that ovation of daily life, when “there was a place where the turbot was not.” Instead of that, he met his lady's eyes, triumphant in her turn, with a consciousness of a good bargain also.—“My dear, fish was excessively dear to-day, and poor Mrs. So-and-so called in great distress, her fishmonger having disappointed her ; so I let her have the turbot for—” exactly one-half what her unfortunate husband had paid for it.

The moral of this story is,—we English people delight in a moral—not a moral to be deduced or inferred, but a nice, rounded, little moral,

in all the starch of set sentences, and placed just at the end,—the moral of this is, let no man think of buying bargains. Alas for the unfortunate woman whose husband delights in surprises and presents! If she has red hair, he brings her home pink ribbons: he buys a cap at the Bazaar or a bonnet in the Arcade,—not that I mean the least disrespect to those two very pretty places;—but certainly the crimsons and yellows, the blues and greens, which ornament the fabrics there exhibited, meant to decorate “the human face divine,”—to say nothing of size or shape,—do require a considerable degree of moral courage in the wearer. No, let a man venture on nothing but shawls and jewellery: in a Cashmere or a diamond necklace he cannot go far wrong.—By the by, Kensington Gardens are just now singularly beautiful: I do not mean the walk *par distinction*; for I am writing of the picturesque, not the social pleasures of London:—no; go among the old trees, whose depths of shade are as little known as the depths of the Black Forest. The fine old branches will close over your head; the caw of the rooks is heard in melancholy but musical monotony; while their flight ever and anon disturbs the quiet leaves, and lets in fantastic streaks of sunshine on the soft grass. From afar off comes the perpetual and deep voice of the huge city,—that human ocean, whose waves know not rest. After wandering through many a shadowy walk,—all darkly green, for there are no flowers,—you arrive at the square old palace—associate with William and Mary;—formal, staid, suiting the town portion of a period when “the tangles of Nemra’s hair” were powdered, and “the silver-footed Thetises” wore high-heeled slippers. I like William. Placed all his life in the most difficult circumstances, he yet made the best of them; and he, at least, owed no gratitude to his father-in-law. But Mary;—it is treason to all her sex’s most kindly affections not to entertain an aversion to the most cold and thankless of children. Female patriotism is a thing utterly beyond my comprehension. Her father had been a kind father to her; and the claims even of a nation are, to a woman, little in comparison with those of home. The reader may or may not think so; he can turn the subject over in his mind while he pursues the dim and chestnut-shaded walk which brings him again to the Park. During this time the sun has been setting; the fine old trees stand still and solemn in the crimson air; the Park is empty; the smoke has rolled away, and rests, like a thunder-storm, over the distant buildings. A clear and softened atmosphere is immediately above you; a few light clouds are flushed with lights of fugitive red; a deep purple hue is upon the Serpentine, along which are floating, still as shadows, snowy as spirits, two or three white swans. They alone share with you the silence and the solitude to be found even in London.

AUTUMN.—London now must rely on its own resources. It is such a thing to have resources in yourself, as people say when they waste a little fortune in having their daughters taught music and drawing, though all experience shows,—in vain though, of course, as experience always does,—that the chances are that the piano will never be opened, nor the pencil touched, when the young lady has once passed the age of exhibition. Who does not remember Mrs. Elton and “her resources?” If they do not, we congratulate them: life has yet a pleasure in store; they have “Emma” to read. Now is the period for really seeing the streets; at other times, one’s own personal safety has to be

consulted. I confess there are two or three crossings that justify desperation; one rushes across, shut's one's eyes, and trusts in Providence—a method of proceeding I cannot recommend, it being more Mahometan than Christian. Of all vehicles, dread a cabriolet. Common people and carts have consciences; cabriolets have none. But now the lovers of the picturesque may indulge their tastes without risking their lives, as if they were ascending Mont Blanc, or traversing the desert, surrounded by Bedouin Arabs. First comes the early walk along Piccadilly. The week before has been wet; and through those light and graceful arches which open on the Park is seen a wide expanse of glittering green. On the other side is another arch, which I shall pass over with the slightest possible mention, it being much too heavy for these pages. The eye being glad to get away as soon as possible, wanders into the distance, and rests on the old towers of Westminster Abbey, shining through a golden haze, which hangs around it like the glory of past ages. There rises the most historical of cathedrals. Show us, in all Europe, a sanctuary keeping sacred so much noble dust.

Westminster Abbey is the architectural epic of England. It is beautiful now with the early sunshine of morning: it is as beautiful when the sky is pale and clear, just after sunset—a line of amber stretched across the west; and then, tall and shadowy, stands forth still more distinct the dark outline of those antique turrets. But they are most beautiful of all in the moonlight, when the blue and transparent sky has not a cloud, and the vast building looks as if the shadow of tradition rested on its large and stately proportions. The foreground, too, is full of poetry—an open sweep, silvered by the moonlight; while the lamps afar off—pale and spiritual—fires fed invisibly—are repeated on the water with a wavering and subdued light. The streets around so quiet, so solemn,—for the rest of life is, indeed, a solemn thing,—time itself seems to stand still in such a midnight.

But with the glad morning I began, and to that I return. Yet it was on such a one as I have been describing,—a soft, bright, autumnal morn, when the last glow of that rich season seems upon the air,—that I witnessed one of those affecting scenes which rise upon the memory oftener than its own more immediate regrets. Perhaps it is a benevolent provision of Nature that we remember more what touches than what pains us. We were loitering down the sunny side of the street, when suddenly the sound of bugles came upon the air, and a party of soldiers crossed our path, carrying the coffin of one of their comrades. The air played was that mournful Scotch melody, "The Land of the Leal." Both my companion and myself were young enough to follow the impulse of the moment, and it led us as far as Paddington Church, pursuing the small, sad procession, and the wail of that sorrowful music. We heard the service read, and waited till the volley was fired over the grave. I never saw that churchyard again till the other day. It is the most rural-looking one in all the metropolis. You approach it by a little green, and the gate is sheltered by one or two old trees. It is thickly peopled, if such an expression may be used to a city of the dead. "Ah, dear!" exclaimed the lady I was with to her husband; "do let me be buried here, it seems so comfortable—plenty of company; and it will be such a nice morning walk for you to come and weep over my grave!"

Hitherto my London sketches have been its Claude Lorraine views ; there are darker shades. A walk in November towards the more densely populated districts is like winding through a German story. Nothing can well be more gloomy than a November evening in the city ; and yet it has a strange, though saddening excitement. The air is heavy, as if that fine and subtle element were, by some strange process, becoming palpable. The shop-windows are dim, and the most familiar objects take unknown and strange shapes ; the lights have a red and sullen glare ; a hurrying multitude passes along ; vehicles and passengers jostle together ; there is neither rest nor quiet ; you speak, and hear not your own voice. There seems no such thing as sympathy or relaxation in the world ; it is given up wholly to business. The hardships and the labour of life oppress you with their visible presence. Pleasure changes into self-reproach. The atmosphere is weighed down by toiling days and anxious nights. The crowd jostle on ; they reck not of each other ;—the careworn are always the careless. The great current of life flows through those restless streets, turbulent and unresting. There are no flowers on its troubled waters,—no sunshine on its banks ;—or to drop metaphor, there seems no place for the gentler affections, graces, and sentiments of existence. Fear is upon you, and around you. You turn to some side-street ; you seek to escape the tumult and the throng. You find yourself on one of the bridges. The scattered rays on each side, and the vapoury lamps, fling a faint and unnatural light on the dark arches which seem hung in air. Below is the river, gloomy, sepulchral,—a river of smoke. No purer element ever rolled in such “ darkness visible.” The dense mass of buildings lifts its shadowy outline on either side, crowded, confused, and heavy. Crime and misery rise uppermost on the mind. You feel what a weary wilderness is that whose moaning thunder comes perpetual on the ear. The black river is as Avernus, with hell upon its banks. I know not how it may affect others, such was the impression upon myself. I felt afraid, overwhelmed, and oppressed to the last degree of sadness. So much for fog, night, and November.

When I have been through those very streets of a morning, I have been full of interest, and curiosity, and historic association. Fashion has had to make the best of a bad bargain. She has retreated before the commercial interests. The Thames is wanted for the world : not for what is called the “ great world.” Wharfs have taken the place of the gardens. Still I must regret the noble dwellings of Henry and Elizabeth’s times ; the days of terraces and barges, when the court went by water to Greenwich, and the fine old houses in the Strand had pleasure-grounds sloping down to the river.

“ Mais il faut finir enfin,” as the Maréchal d’Albret’s porter said when he ate up the last lark of the dinner which his master had had for sixteen, and of which the said master, in a fit of ennui, had desired him to eat as much as he could by way of experiment. I know that I have not done justice to my subject. I feel it too strongly. Last, best test of attachment, I hope the blame will fall upon me, and comfort myself by thinking this tribute to the perfection of London will appear at the most fitting season. Month of conservatories in full beauty ; of milliners in full fashion ; month of the latest oysters and earliest roses, who but must appreciate London in April !

L. E. L.

THE EARLY DAYS OF EDMUND KEAN.

MEMS. FOR A MEMOIR.

THOUGH the English are proverbially curious to a fault respecting the private transactions of public characters, yet so little are they habituated to accurate investigation, that the ages and birth-places of some of the most celebrated persons of the last century are matters of disputation and doubt. A strong elucidation of this propensity to pry was afforded in the instance of Lord Byron: a hundred anecdotes of his deformity were currently narrated by those who were more or less connected with him, and yet, says his biographer, scarcely two persons agreed, on his (Moore's) making the inquiry, whether that deformity was in his *right* or *left foot*! Actors, for obvious reasons, have ever been desirous to conceal their ages, and this could seldom be done without a concealment of their birth-places also. It still remains a matter of doubt whether Macklin died at the age of 97 or 107; and even living actors have so mystified their origin, that the *name* and *country* of one favourite comedian of the present day are often matter of controversy. Where human vanity has a motive for misrepresentation, truth can seldom be elicited: towards the close of his career, Macklin was as anxious to be thought *very old* as any sexagenarian representative of juvenility could be to be deemed *very young*.

Kean had the weakness common to the members of his precarious profession: the writer of this article has often heard him declare that he was born on St. Patrick's day, (i. e. 17th March, 1787.) Yet latterly he has positively affirmed that his birth took place in *November, 1790*! His *parentage* was also continually questioned *by himself*; and he frequently, to many persons, who were not particularly in his confidence, affirmed his belief to be, that Mrs. Carey was not his mother, but that he owed his existence to a lady who through life assumed the title of his aunt; that lady was, nearly sixty years since, under the protection of the Duke of Norfolk, and was introduced by him to Garrick, who gave her an introduction to the then managers of Drury, where she appeared soon after the death of the British Roscius. It is not my intention *now* to pursue this question, nor to enter upon the other much-mooted point of Kean's being or not being for a short period at Eton; my object *at present* is to throw together a few facts, the vouchers for which are at hand, as aids to a biography of that extraordinary actor: these details have been taken at various periods, and are here given almost literally from the lips of the narrators, the only alteration being that, for convenience, the first person has been used; the breaks in each case, thus—

denoting the commencement and conclusion of intelligence given by different persons. Where the parties to whom I was indebted for information are dead, I have mentioned their names, and also the names of *living* individuals who could *corroborate* the statements; and in *ALL* cases have given dates and the names of those who were contemporaneous with Kean in the events described.

I saw young Edmund Carey (Kean) first in April, 1796. I am par-

ticularly positive both to month and year, because I met Mrs. Carey and the boys—(*Darnley* was the other reputed son by another father; this actor was for many years at Astley's Amphitheatre, and is now living)—on the morning of the day on which Ireland's pretended Shakspearian drama was performed. Edmund was always little, slight, but not young-looking; I should say he was then *ten years of age*! The following September he played Tom Thumb at Bartholomew fair at a public-house; his mother played Queen Dollalolla; he had a good voice, and was a pretty boy, but unquestionably more like a *Jew* than a Christian child. Old Richardson, the showman, engaged him then and subsequently, and is living to vouch for the fact, as far as eye-sight goes, that in 1796 Kean looked more like a child of *ten or twelve* than of *six* years. This of course puts an end to the *possibility* of his having been born in the year 1790. I cannot vouch as to the truth of the oft-repeated story of the dance of devils in *Macbeth*, and his rejoinder to John Kemble, who found fault with him, that "he (Kean) had never appeared in tragedy before;" but if it did occur, it must have been in 1794; for Garrick's Drury was pulled down to be rebuilt in 1791, and the new theatre commenced dramatic performances with *Macbeth*. Many novelties of arrangement were attempted, the dance in question among the rest. Charles Kemble made his first appearance as Malcolm that very night, and the audience laughed very heartily when he exclaimed, "*Oh! by whom?*" on hearing the account of his father's murder. Charles Kemble was then said to be eighteen, I think he was more. If Kean was one of the dancing devils, he could have been only *three years and five months old*; that is, taking his own account of being born in November, 1790.

Kean broke his leg when a boy, riding an act of horsemanship at Bartholomew fair; and he was often, about the years 1802, 3, 4, and 5, about different parts of the country spouting, riding, or rope-dancing. The last time I saw him, previous to his "great hit," was at Sadler's Wells; he was in front to see Belzoni, (afterwards known as the great traveller,) who gave a pantomimic performance (such as Ducrow has since attempted) illustrative of the passions of Lebrun: Belzoni was superior to anything I ever beheld, and I am not solitary in that opinion. Ellar, the harlequin, and Belzoni were together at the old Royalty theatre; and Belzoni's brother was also there—the great and enterprising traveller was retained as a *posturer* at 2*l.* per week!

* * * * *

In London, the amusements of one class are frequently unknown, even by name, to another. Fifty years since, forums and debating societies abounded; they have disappeared, for each man now thinks for himself (or *thinks* he does, which is the same thing). Public amusements generally take their tone from public feeling; when they do not, they are unsuccessful; and the many-headed monster, like a wilful boy, will not suffer the *play-ground* to be converted into a school. In 1780, therefore, *spouting* clubs, where the sucking Thespians of the day murdered Massinger and soliloquised from Shakspeare, were the lighter order of amusements sought by the speech-loving many: songs at length crept in, and lessened the monotony of these meetings; and about 1795, and from thence until 1802, subscription-rooms for readings, *soi-disant* concerts, &c. became common: the last that remained of these were Mitchell's Rooms, near Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the society

held at the Crown and Anchor*. One of these establishments was opened about 1800 at the Rolls Rooms, Chancery-lane: there young Kean, then described as "the infant prodigy, Master Carey," gave readings; amid other things he actually read the whole of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice." Many of the persons who were then stage-struck were attracted by the singularity of a child making such an attempt; amid others, one Edwards,† whom the amateurs of the drama may remember as appearing at various benefits in the metropolis, reciting "Satan's Address to the Sun," and occasionally acting Shylock, &c. &c. but who concluded his efforts by a failure in Richard the Third, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in September, 1815. Edwards was only five or six years older than Kean, and the "boy" was so much "elder than his looks" that they became constant companions. Edwards to his death affirmed "that he had taught Kean all he knew:" this was but the idle expression of a clever but disappointed man;—however, it is worthy of remark that Edwards, in common with all others who knew Kean intimately as a *boy*, always declared that he was then "a splendid actor, and that many of his effects (at the age of fourteen‡) were quite as startling as any of his more matured performances." Byron, who mingled at the time of Kean's *débüt* much in all ranks of theatrical society, says, "Kean began by acting Richard the Third when quite a boy, and gave all the promise of what he afterwards became" (see Moore's Life); that such was the case there is abundant evidence: Cobham, an actor long known at the minor theatres, who was a playmate of Kean's, remembers hearing all the amateur or private actors of the time (1802) say that "Carey was the best amateur then extant." He had little means of bearing part in the expenses, yet the *leading characters* were assigned to him at a private theatre then existing in Lamb's Conduit-street: this is an extraordinary fact, when the reader is told that in these places he who pays the highest price (*maugre* his incapability) has the right of playing first-rate parts. Mr. Roach, an old theatrical bookseller, who lived many years in the court running from Brydges-street to Drury-lane, often spoke of Kean's acting Richard in his (Roach's) garret with a Scotch lassie§ for his Lady Anne: her *patois* was a terrible grievance to little Kean, who was teaching her English, and mimicking her Scotch, from morning till night. In requital for his initiating her into the mysteries of the vulgar tongue, he made her teach him the dialect of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant—a part in which he appeared for a few nights at Drury towards the close of his career; I think it was considered to be a failure by his best friends. According to Mr. Roach, Kean acted *this* and various other characters when a child, in his (Roach's) loft or garret, about the year 1798 or 1799, when, at the utmost, Kean could have been but in his 13th year.¶

* In Leicester-square, and one or two other parts of the metropolis, something of the same nature has been lately attempted.

† This Edwards was what is called a writing painter, in which art he was said to excel. He lived many years in Harp-lane (or alley), Fleet-market, and I believe died there.

‡ This is presuming him to have been born in 1787.

§ This lassie is now a Mrs. Robinson or Robertson, and playing the characters sustained lately in London by Mrs. Davenport in various provincial theatres in Scotland.

¶ On reference to some notes taken in 1816, I find a similar statement from other

* * * * *

Kean, Charles Molloy Westmacott, poor Huntley (of whom more anon), late of many London theatres, Pierce Egan, and Oxberry, were all boys together. With the latter Kean was very intimate, up to the day of the comedian's death*; and Westmacott was a frequent visitor at Kean's last retreat, Richmond.

* * * * *

With a sort of prescience as to his future glory, Kean was always his dramatic—Carey his pantomimic appellation. He was exceedingly fond of all the gymnastic portion of the drama: often at rehearsal I have known him go through the long scene of Othello and Iago, with a pathos that riveted us, even then (1809), and at the conclusion fling a somerset or handspring off the stage. From the year 1800, he was alternately at shows and at theatres; he always sang prettily, played the harpsichord by ear very fairly, danced gracefully, not skilfully—and in equestrian and *shew* companies was a great favourite with the females. His dissipation kept him continually poor, and from the hard pressure of circumstances, he applied for a situation at the Haymarket Theatre; he was engaged by Colman, Winston, and Morris, at a salary of 2*l.* per week for little business (1806):—(it is a lesson to the “poor creatures of the earth,” not easily to be forgotten, that the same man, twenty years afterwards, when wrung in heart and frame—physically and mentally weak—received 50*l.* per night at the same theatre; but his name was a good trading commodity then.) Dibdin has in his *Reminiscences* spoken of the promise given by the embryo Roscius, in a trifling part in the comedy of “Five Miles Off;” it may appear something like Dennis Brulgrudery's prediction, which was “prophesying after the fact,” to say that others also saw gleams of talent—they affirm it, “and they are all honourable men;” but of the general tone of the theatre towards him let me record one instance:—Kean played Carney (a part now omitted) in “Ways and Means;” that drama, being one of Colman's, was, as all that dramatist's works were *then*, frequently and carefully played at the Haymarket Theatre: Kean threw a strong peculiarity into the part of Carney, making his manner an echo of the name;—those who, having seen him in Sir Giles, can recall his tone in the word “nephew,” when he recognized Wellborn (“A New Way to Pay Old Debts”), and his “Marrall,” after his discomfiture on finding the deed blank, may imagine the style in which he would have played a part containing such passages as the following. The character of whom he is the toady, eulogizes the climate of France: he replies—

“Ah! happy days indeed, Mr. Random; the walks, too, that I enjoyed—in *imagination*—looking out at your window” (*i. e.* the sick man's bed-chamber.)

Again, Random says that Carney is the only man he can agree with, and asks the reason. He answers—

quarters. Roach was himself a Scotchman; if living, he must be very old. His daughter married a gentleman named Grove, who once managed the Brighton theatre, and lately made himself conspicuous by advertising himself for *Hamlet*, at the Surrey theatre, and enumerating upwards of one hundred lines, at each of which he (Mr. G.) had received a round of applause in his tour through the provinces!

* Oxberry appeared in London in 1807; Kean applied to Trotter (the Hythe manager) to succeed him “in *tragedy and comedy*.” His services were declined.

"The similarity of our *dispositions*, no doubt; for I eat, drink, and think exactly as you do."

Random, suddenly surprised with intelligence, says, in a rage—

"Carney, what do you think of all this?"

Carney rejoins—

"Think! why, I—*what do you think?*"*

Now, what did the actors say of this performance? Some exclaimed, "He's trying to act: the little fellow's making a part of Carney!"—(in *ridicule*, mark ye!)—One actor only declared it good, and he said it wanted fun—it was too real; but the majority agreed it was "not so good as Minton's."—The person alluded to will be remembered by playgoers as having for many years performed subordinate parts at Drury-lane Theatre, where he either still is, or very lately was, retained; to his merits or demerits I of course make no allusion; but he, it appeared, had made his *débüt* at the Haymarket in this identical part of Carney the previous season; and by general consent Mr. Kean, in 1806, did not act this part as well as Mr. Minton; why? Mr. Minton played the part as his predecessors had played it, Mr. Kean dared to be original—a great crime in inferior performers, and one seldom forgiven in any art. It is hard, indeed, to make the upholders of conventional rules remember Bentham's axiom—

"All that is custom now, was innovation once."

Another circumstance hitherto unalluded to by those who have written of Kean, was, that the season that he devoted his powers to "messages and little business," was that in which Rae made his metropolitan bow. My readers doubtless remember Rae—a handsome man, a bustling actor, tolerably equable in tragedy and comedy—who played many parts well, some few excellently, none greatly—whose engagement took place in consequence of Mrs. Siddons having casually said that "out of London there was nothing equal to the young fellow at Liverpool;"—the young fellow was accordingly sent for, and on the 9th of June, 1806, (the opening night that season,) Rae appeared as Octavian, and Edmund Kean as the Goatherd.—If your memory does not serve you, reader, it may did it to say that the part in question was played by Atkins at Covent-garden Theatre, and by Hughes at Drury-lane. Those who knew Kean may conceive the sort of feeling with which he left the theatre that night; he,

———"who yet, alas! had known
Of conscious merit but the pangs alone."

Rae had been eminently successful, and deservedly so, as tragedians went—for in those days Elliston was a great man in buskins: Kean who, it may be believed, spoke the part beautifully, did not receive a hand. Octavian was one of Kean's pet parts; it was Kemble's *chef d'œuvre*; and at that time, to all young tragedians the frantic lover was the touchstone; as, after 1814, Richard the Third became. A periodical writer, speaking of Kean's Octavian, (1830,) says—"There is a gran-

* Mine is a single opinion, and liable to the suspicion of being formed *post facto*; but I think I then appreciated—I know I now remember—his tone, and it was perfection.

dear in silence, awful and unapproachable; this is Kean's. It may be truly said of him, his speechlessness speaks for him; the whole of Kean's Octavian is of this soul-subduing character—it is a performance to be witnessed in silence, and applauded but by tears."

Kean, in 1806, I firmly believe, was a better actor than by possibility he could have been in 1830, when sickness had enervated his frame, and when his defects had become habits by the flattery of ill-judging friends, and the applause of name-lauding auditors.

Disappointment, arising from the non-appreciation by the world of a quality a man knows himself to possess, will make a cynic or a profligate in nine cases out of ten—in the tenth it *may* make a philosopher. Kean had too much energy to brood over his sorrows, but too much weakness to avoid the temporary antidote—drink. It is strange, that with an instinctive fear of being deemed intrusive, which was for years a serious impediment to Kean's progress, he avoided the best theatrical houses: he was seldom even at Finch's—but sought out some such place as the Harp or the Antelope,* White-Hart-yard; not, as I sincerely believe, from any love of low society, for he was then remarkably unassuming and quiet, but because he, in common with persons unused to company, feared to meet a few well-educated men, from a dread of committing himself. This dread, by the by, caused him, as it has caused others, to drink rapidly, as if to employ his mind by the energy of action; and when excited by liquor, his pudency vanished, and he became too frequently as disagreeably arrogant as he had previously been painfully diffident.

His "season at the Haymarket" made an impression on him that was never to be eradicated: it came in his joy and his triumph with a painful pleasure; and it came, I believe, often with that sort of sensation that most men know, who, in recalling some scene of folly or humiliation, find the blood involuntarily mantle to their brows, so that even in solitude they clench their hands over their foreheads, as though that motion could shut out memory and sensation. Kean could not forget that season, nor could Rae; in the course of it, the latter played Sir Edward Mortimer: and be it remembered, that the "Iron Chest," with a new Sir Edward Mortimer, was a very serious affair at the Haymarket Theatre then—there was the usual tomfoolery of bepraising Elliston at the expense of John Kemble; the repetition of the thrice-told tale; the usual mystery of the *suppressed* Preface, of which every body in the theatre had a copy: the usual assertion by the author's friends that "all was forgotten and forgiven;" and then to work they went, and rehearsed and released again the aforesaid drama, with a care now unhappily unknown to that or any other Metropolitan theatre. Poor Rae was, of course, on the *qui vivè*; and, in one or two instances, altered, what is technically called, the business of the last scene, in order to give some novelty to the effect; Kean played the Servant, a part which, as the dramatist has not thought proper to waste a name upon it may be deemed very trifling, but he has one speech of great import to the plot, as by it Wilford's guilt is partially corroborated. In the early part of the play this servant has entered whilst Mortimer was reproaching Wilford; in the last scene, Sir Edward, who takes advantage of Wil-

* The reason for the latter preference was creditable; it was kept by one Clark, who had been kind to Kean when he (Kean) was in poverty at Sheerness.

ford's agitation to draw from it an inference of guilt, asks the servant if "at that moment he saw aught to challenge his attention ;" the servant replies—

"Sir, I did—

Wilford was pale and trembling; and our master
Gave him a look as if 'twould pierce him through,
And cried 'Remember!'—then he trembled more,
And we both quitted him."

What change, either of place or tone, Rae wanted Kean to make, I know not; but Kean (not from doggedness, but feeling embarrassed perhaps by the number of persons who were looking at the rehearsal, attracted as they were by the novelty of Rae's arrangement of the last scene, and, moreover, such attention being tacit flattery to the manager and author) did not immediately comprehend what Rae wished to imply, and in consequence the passage was repeated three or four times: at last Rae said, "Never mind, Sir, we'll try it at night;" unintentionally, I believe, Rae said it in that hopeless tone which men use when they despair of making another understand what they mean. Kean's brow changed; a look, which I have since marked often, came over his pale face, and a peculiar motion of his lips, as if he was chewing or swallowing, which in Kean was a certain sign of hurt feeling or suppressed rage. I do not believe that Kean ever forgot that circumstance; mark, I say *forgot*, there was nothing to *forgive*, for Rae did not intend offence, Rae, it has been said, insulted Kean when he (Kean) made his *début* at Drury—of this hereafter; let me at present proceed to show why I believe Kean's memory recurred to this particular circumstance in after years. About 1817, Rae speculated in the East London Theatre, and there announced himself as Sir Edward Mortimer, the night before that on which Kean was to appear in it at Drury-lane Theatre; Kean, with a party, occupied a *front* box—(not his usual habit when visiting theatres :) he sat through the performance of the play, conspicuously applauding Rae and O. Smith, who played Orson*; and once or twice, or "it might be fancy," I thought his eye seemed to say, "I don't play the servant, now."

In answer to the theorists that say genius will show itself in anything, I may be allowed to ask whether the Fidler in "Speed the Plough," or Dubbs in "The Review," were likely to afford opportunities for the display of histrionic skill?—he played these, and the Waiter in the farce of "Mrs. Wiggins;" and the most important part assigned him was Rosencrantz in "Hamlet!" Now, mark the peculiarity of this man's character: he, who had in London played the servants and messengers, quitted a provincial engagement a few months afterwards, rather than submit to play Laertes to the Hamlet of Master Betty. I cannot recall the name of the town where this occurred, but Mr. Beverley was the manager of the company, and has himself related the story frequently.

The Haymarket closed on the 12th September, 1806. On the 22d

* Mrs. Wilkinson (now of the Surrey Theatre, then Miss Price) was the Barbara. Mr. Farrell (manager of the Pavilion) Wilford. And, what in connexion with the foregoing anecdote is odd enough, the actor who played this identical servant palpably bungled in the before-quoted speech. I have mentioned the names of individuals now in the metropolis, who will easily recall the circumstances detailed.

of that month, Kean appeared at Tunbridge Wells, then under the management of Mrs. Baker, thus announced :—" Lord Hastings and Peeping Tom by Mr. Kean, from the Theatre Royal Haymarket." On the 24th, he played *Tyke* and *Jerry Sneak*; and, on subsequent occasions, Douglas, Sir George Airy, Harlequin, Delaval, Frederick (*Lovers' Vows*), Caleb Quotem, *Snake* (*School for Scandal*), *Lenox* (*Macbeth*), and *Coxswain* (*Blackbeard*). By this, it appears, he could have been engaged for no distinct line, as he *occasionally* figured as first tragedian, *frequently* as light comedian, *generally* sang comic songs between, was often the hero of farces, and not unfrequently delivered messages! He remained in this company until September, 1807. His cast of characters during his second season were equally miscellaneous, including Grumio (*Taming the Shrew*), Mungo, Shacabac (*Bluebeard*), *Gratiano* (*Merchant of Venice*), Dr. Lenitive (*Prize*), *Harlequin*, *Scaramouch*, *Ataliba* (*Pizarro*), and the Lieutenant of the Tower in *Richard the Third*!

* * * * *

There is this singularity respecting Kean, Mrs. Siddons, and G. F. Cooke, that they each of them, though under very different circumstances, appeared in London and created no sensation—in Kean's case it was clearly impossible for want of opportunity)—each, after a lapse of years returned, and for a time held all the dramatic world in chains. Mrs. Siddons was (season 1775, during Garrick's management) in London and failed; in 1782 (after Garrick's death) she made her great hit. Cooke (and this fact is less known) appeared in either 1777 or 1778 at the Haymarket, as Castalio in "*The Orphan*"—he failed entirely. Cooke was then just of age, and Henderson had made, a little while before him, a strong impression, and was getting up his name as the legitimate successor of Garrick. "What could induce Cooke to attempt a part for which his figure, face, and manner were so peculiarly unfitted, it is impossible to imagine?" I remember hearing this remark made by Quick, who first told me of Cooke's having made this unsuccessful essay; and it is odd enough that Quick, in his boyish dramatic mania, had appeared as Altamont in the "*Fair Penitent*" (1767) at the Haymarket, and failed most egregiously, which those who remember *his* face, *voice*, and *figure*, may easily imagine.

Mrs. Siddons had a lapse of seven years between her failure and success. Kean passed eight years after leaving the Haymarket ere he appeared at Drury. But poor Cooke, after his Haymarket effort, was provincializing twenty-two years before he took the town by storm, being, when *he again appeared*, the same age that Kean was when he *died*. Cooke was thirty-one years older than Kean,* and used to say that he recollected Quin: of course, he meant merely having seen him off the stage, for Quin had ceased to act before Cooke was born.

* * * * *

It has been generally supposed that Kean was unappreciated in the provinces, and many stories were circulated, at the time of his metropo-

* It is often difficult to convince ourselves of the actual ages of bygone public characters. Bannister, who is yet living, and I trust will yet live many years, made his *début* fifty-seven years since; he, Mrs. Siddons, and Cooke, were born within a year of each other; each made their first appearances within about the same space, and yet Jack Bannister had been for twenty-three years the darling of the town when Cooke made his hit!!

litan *débüt*, of his being hissed off at Birmingham, Guernsey, and Cheltenham: there are plenty of persons in this world who never think any wonder wonderful enough, and cannot be contented with the Munchausen feat of driving a nail through the moon, but must have it clenched on the other side: the marvel-makers propagated these tales of Kean's failure, which are difficult of refutation, inasmuch as they put an adversary in the dilemma of proving a negative: it should be remembered that the provinces fostered and matured the talent that London overlooked, in the case of Mrs. Siddons, and many other instances might be cited. But if Kean was, anterior to the year 1814, the *rejected of all theatres*—if he was pelted in Perth and "goosed" at Guernsey—how comes it that Beverley, (the intimate friend and associate of G. F. Cooke,) himself an actor and manager, sought him out and engaged him as his leading tragedian, when actors, ay, and good actors too, were decidedly more plentiful than at present; and when his figure was certainly a bar that nothing but considerable talent could have surmounted? How comes it also that Cherry* (author, actor, and manager) gave him an engagement to *lead generally*; and that, not from the necessities of the theatre, for the company was, for South Wales and the provinces of Ireland, where they were, an excellent one; but because Kean was evidently of sufficient importance to do what he pleased. In Cherry's company he played Hamlet, Richard, Prince Orlando, (in the Opera of the "Cabinet,") Rugantino, Harlequin, &c. &c. His fellow performers were several established provincial actors, whose acquiescence in Kean's playing such a diversity of characters was a tacit admission of his superiority. Amid the performers were Cherry and his daughter, Woulds, (now, and for the last quarter of a century, a favourite at Bath,) and last, certainly not least, Sheridan Knowles and his wife. There was an Irish drama (written by an actor of the Dublin Theatre, named Mara†) entitled "Brian Boroihme," (Anglicè, Boru:) this piece was very frequently played at Clonmel, Mrs. Knowles as the heroine, Kean the hero, and the author of the "Hunchback" (who was the first singer) as the High Priest. Mrs. Edwin had a play-bill of this company's performance, in which Rugantino was the afterpiece, Kean playing Rugantino, and Knowles Contarino: this bill is now in the possession of Mr. Tiernay, theatrical bookseller, Drury-lane.

At Waterford, Clonmel, or Swansea, Knowles produced his first drama, and there Kean also made his attempts at authorship, particularly as a producer of ballets of action. One of his, entitled "Koa and Zoa," was very popular in the provinces; Kean's combat in that was admirable.‡ As to what education he then displayed, I cannot speak;

* Andrew Cherry, (author of the "Soldier's Daughter," "Two Strings to your Bow," &c.) a comedian of great talent, but of *peculiar* humour. He made his *débüt* as Sir Benjamin Dove, in Cumberland's neglected comedy of "The Brothers;" but Munden, Quick, Downton, Suett, Bannister, Fawcett, T. Knight, Emery, were all established favourites, and the next season brought Collins (who died early, but who was a very powerful actor) and Mathews into the field: against such a phalanx of comic performers, poor little Cherry could not hope for *great* success; under the circumstances, his success was really extraordinary, but it did not satisfy his ambition. He died at Monmouth in 1812.

† Mara appeared as Dennis Brulgruddery at Covent-garden Theatre in 1806. He was a great favourite in Dublin, and I believe a man of considerable talent. He has been dead some years.

‡ When Newton, a celebrated country comedian, heard of Kean's success in

When his former associates in Cherry's company heard that he was about to appear at Drury, either as Richard or Shylock, two of them, Messrs. Bengough† and Santer, (the former since deceased,) actually wrote to him not to attempt such a thing; but that if he came out in Daram (a melo-dramatic, showy part) in "The Exile," or Rolla, he would succeed.

† Bengough appeared at Drury-lane in 1816, as the Baron in "**Lover's Vows.**" He was afterwards stage-manager of the Cobourg, and died in 1827.

PATRIOTIC LAYS OF ITALY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

[AMONGST the minor poems of Italy, the tone of which is in general plaintive and languishing, there are found occasional breathings of patriotic sorrow or indignation, which strike upon the spirit like the thrilling summons of a trumpet piercing through the melodies of flute and guitar. The celebrated "*Italia, Italia!*" of Filicaja will be remembered by every student; but there are other effusions of similar character, scarcely inferior in awakening energy, and penetrated with the deepest feelings of the "*Servi ancor frementi.*" A few of these are here presented to the reader.]

I.

CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

Io grido, e griderò finche mi senta, &c.

I CRY aloud and ye shall hear my call—
Arno, Tesino, Tiber!—Adrian deep,
And blue Tyrrhene! Let him, first roused from sleep,
Startle the next—one peril broods o'er all!

It nought avails that Italy should plead,
Forgetting valour, sinking in despair,
At strangers' feet!—our land is all too fair,
Nor tears nor prayers can check ambition's speed.

In vain her faded cheek—her humbled eye,
For pardon sue; 'tis not her agony,
Her death alone may now appease her foes.
Be theirs to suffer who to combat shun!
But oh! weak pride, thus feeble and undone—
Nor to wage battle, nor endure repose!

II.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

Quando già dai gran monti bruna bruna, &c.

When from the mountain's brow the gathering shades
Of twilight fall, on one deep thought I dwell;
Day beams o'er other lands, if here she fades,
Nor bids the universe at once farewell.

But *thou*, I cry, my country!—what a night
Spreads o'er thy glories one dark sleeping pall!
Thy thousand triumphs won by valour's might,
And wisdom's voice—what now remains of all?

And seest thou not the ascending flame of war,
Burst through thy darkness reddening from afar?
Is not thy misery's evidence complete?
But, if endurance can thy fall delay,
Still—still endure, devoted one! and say,
If it be victory thus but to retard defeat?

III.

ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI.

Italia ! Italia !—ah ! non più Italia ! appena, &c.

Italia !—oh ! no more Italia now !

Scarce of her form a vestige dost thou wear ;
She, a bright queen with glory mantled ! *Thou*,
 A slave, degraded and compelled to bear !

Chains gird thy hands and feet ; deep clouds of care
 Darken thy brow, once radiant as thy skies ;
 And shadows, born of terror and despair—
 Shadows of death have dimmed thy glorious eyes.

Italia !—oh ! Italia now no more !

For thee my tears of shame and anguish flow,
 And the glad strains my lyre was wont to pour
 Are changed to dirge-notes ; but my deepest woe
 Is, that base herds of thine own sons the while
 Behold thy miseries with insulting smile.

IV.

ALESSANDRO PEGOLOTTI.

Quella, ch' ambi le mani entro la chioma, &c.

She that cast down the empires of the world,
 And, in her proud triumphal course through Rome,
 Dragged them, from freedom and dominion hurled,
 Bound by the hair—pale, humbled, and o'ercome !

I see her now, dismantled of her state,—
 Spoiled of her sceptre,—crouching to the ground,
 Beneath a hostile car ; and lo ! the weight
 Of fetters her imperial neck around !

Oh ! that a stranger's envious hand had wrought
 This desolation ! for I then would say,
 “ *Vengeance, Italia !* ”—in the burning thought
 Losing my grief ;—but 'tis the ignoble sway
 Of vice hath bowed thee ! Discord, slothful ease,—
Theirs is that victor-car !—thy tyrant lords are these !

V.

FRANCESCO MARIA DE CONTI.

O Peregrin, che muovi errante il passo, &c.

The Shore of Africa.

Pilgrim ! whose steps these desert sands explore,
 Where verdure never spread its bright array,
 Know 'twas on this inhospitable shore
 From Pompey's heart the life-blood ebbed away.

'Twas here, betrayed, *he* fell, neglected lay,
 Nor found his relics a sepulchral stone,
 Whose life, so long a bright, triumphal day,
 O'er Tiber's wave supreme in glory shone !

Patriotic Lays of Italy.

Thou, stranger! if from barbarous climes thy birth,
 Look round exultingly, and bless the earth
 Where Rome, with him, saw Power and Virtue die!
 But if 'tis Roman blood that fills thy veins,
 Then, son of heroes! think upon thy chains,
 And bathe with tears the grave of Liberty!

VI.

GAETANA PASSERINI.

Genova mia, se con asciutto ciglio, &c.

To Genoa.

My native Genoa! though I thus behold
 Thy beauty, dimmed and changed, with tearless eye,
 Think not thy son's ungrateful heart is cold;
 But know I deem rebellious every sigh!
 Hallowed to patriot faith, to counsel high,
 Glory is on thy ruins!—and my feet,
 Where'er I turn, majestic traces meet,
 In thy past perils, of thy constancy!
 Doth not brave suffering more than triumph shine?
 Yes! and bright vengeance on the foe is thine,
 While thy strong spirit thus unbound remains!
 And lo! I see fair Freedom, wandering by,
 Kiss all thy relics, and exulting cry,
 “Welcome be ruins!—never, never chains!”

VII.

PIETRO BEME.

All Italia.

O pria sì cara al ciel del monde parte, &c.

Oh! blessed once, and loveliest land of all!
 Thou whom the rocks gird in, the waves enshrine!
 Bright region! mantled as for festival,
 And proudly belted by the Apennine!
 What now avails that sons of mighty line
 Left thee the crown of Sea and Earth to wear?
 They that were once thy slaves now rudely twine
 Their hostile hands in thy dishevelled hair.
 Alas! nor want there of thy children's band
 Those that call in the stranger to the land,
 And with unfilial sword thy charms deface!
 Are *these*, like deeds of olden time, thy pride?
 Thus, *this* is God now served and glorified?—
 Oh, bitter age! and oh, degenerate race!

CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICAL ADVENTURER.

LONG before the following narrative can be glanced at by human eye, or listened to by human ear, the sufferings of him who is the subject of it will, in this world at least, be at an end. May I hope that, though in life I have little benefited my species, my example may serve as "a negative instruction to my successors for ever."

I am a younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small estate, in one of the midland counties of England. It is not my purpose to enter into further details than are necessary to illustrate the main object of my narrative. At an early age I was sent to Eton, where I soon began to distinguish myself, particularly by the elegance of my Latin verses, and the facility with which I composed them. Nor did I stop there. I learned, in process of time, to excel in Greek verse also; and, what was perhaps of more importance than either, I discovered that I had a peculiar aptitude for English versification. In short, by the time I was ready to leave Eton, and go to the University, I had acquired the reputation of being, if not a very profound, an elegant scholar, and a very clever fellow.

I repaired to the University of Oxford with my school honours budding thick upon me; and there I found a new career open to my ambition. There were the University honours, as well as the honours and emoluments of my College, to be tried for; and there was, besides, the palm of eloquence to be won at the Oxford Spouting Club. Everybody who knows anything of Oxford must have heard of its Spouting Club—that arena of eloquence in which the young Oxonian, as he declaims in all the majesty of would-be manhood, and real verse-out-of-place and prose-run-mad, feels, or fancies, that "the eyes of Europe are upon him."

I soon became so enamoured of the "*eloquium et famam*" of the orators of this club, that I devoted no small degree of exertion, and no inconsiderable portion of my time, to enable myself to assume a respectable station amongst them. In due time, and after one or two failures, I succeeded in the object of my ambition, and, by so doing, led the way to my misery and ruin in after life. But I will not refer to that at present; the sequel of my story will be dark enough, without the introduction of gloomy reflections out of place.

In process of time I became (I believe I may venture to say) the second speaker there. It is in the hour of my humiliation that I write this, when the pride of that spirit which I once believed invincible has, indeed, received a fall; but had I been asked then, or had, perhaps, any of my friends been asked, the answer would most probably have been that I was the first. But, be that as it may, another man and myself were certainly the two leading orators of the Oxford Debating Society, at the time of which my narrative leads me to treat: that other man was an Etonian, and was my intimate friend—indeed, by far the most intimate friend, save one, I ever had. We were united by the "*idem nolle atque nolle*,"—by a similarity of tastes in literature,—by a similarity of principle, at least of sentiment, in politics. The side we had chosen in

politics was the liberal one, perhaps I might say the ultra-liberal; and we defended it with a constancy, a skill, and a resolution that obtained for us almost uninterrupted victory on the narrow field on which we then fought. Though my friend's taste in literature was nearly similar, his application was greater, and his character less mercurial than mine. But I must proceed; for I write for a far other end than to give a critique either upon his eloquence or my own.

The time for taking my degree of Bachelor now approached, and I found, to my no small dissatisfaction, that my oratorical occupations had encroached so far upon my time, that I was not prepared to take nearly so high a place in the examination as my friends expected me to take, and as, perhaps, I myself felt that I ought to have taken. My fears were too well-grounded; I failed in my degree,—that is to say, I took a much lower degree than I ought, or, at least, than I wished, to have done. And this was scene the first of the advantages of being a spouting-club orator. I remained at Oxford, and read for an Oriel Fellowship. Failed in that, too;—once—twice. Scene the second of the young orator's tragedy.

I now went down to my father's seat, in ———shire. I cannot say exactly that I met with a cold reception: but I saw that they were disappointed; for they had expected to see me return crowned with Oxford honours, and, what was of more importance to a younger son of a not over-wealthy family, in possession of a fellowship. I soon found that I was a mere cypher in the family, and, perhaps what was worse, in the neighbouring families. There was my eldest brother, who was to have the estate, and my second brother, who was to have the family living,—both very important persons in their way, whose talk was of horses and dogs, guns and fishing-rods. In “such branches of learning” their acquirements were considerable; and their contempt was proportionably great for most of the other human arts and sciences. I who, though not altogether unskilled in the exercises in which they excelled, yet, from having had my attention constantly directed to pursuits of a different character, was a neophyte compared to them, came in for my full share of that contempt; but what annoyed me rather more (for, to own the truth, the estimation in which I might be held by such judges as my dearly-beloved brothers never much troubled my repose) was, that I found myself, in the circles in which my family mingled, particularly among the young ladies of those circles, a person of marvellously small importance. The young jades, while they treated my brothers with due consideration, appeared to regard me as a disappointed, a ruined man—in a word, as a failure; they had not the discrimination to find out the germ of an orator and a statesman in the landless and livingless younger brother. I perceived this—and the discovery, I promise you, was far from an agreeable one—on the contrary, it was gall and worm-wood to my haughty and aspiring spirit. Yes, the thought that I was despised, even by them, cut me to the very soul. “What,” thought I, “are all the once fair prospects to the haughty and aspiring—blighted for ever? Are his hopes dead within him? His visions of fame, and power, and glory—are those for ever fled? Is the fabric of his towering ambition crumbled into dust? No, truly, they shall find not. I have failed in my degrees and in my fellowship, where many a dull,

plodding pedant succeeds; but, for that, surely I have not failed as the architect of my fortunes. The energies I had within me were not, and they *shall not* have been, bestowed in vain."

My resolution was taken. I sought an interview with my father, and explained to him my desire of immediately commencing in real earnest the study of the law, with a view of being called to the bar as soon as possible. He consented, but told me that, as the expenses of my education had already been very considerable, he must limit my allowance in London to the smallest sum that I could possibly subsist on as a gentleman; and that, as he could undertake to continue that only for a very few years, I must make up my mind, if I did not succeed at the bar within that space of time, to give up my profession of the law, and live on a curacy. I readily agreed, feeling confident, as most young men under similar circumstances do, that I should make my fortune long before the expiration of the time prescribed.

Accordingly I left — shire, determined never to return to it, or, at least, not till I was a great man. Alas! I never returned—I will never return. Let that pass. I commenced my legal studies and began to keep terms at Lincoln's-Inn. The life of a young lawyer, who means to live by his profession, is often, I might say is almost necessarily a hard and, what is worse, a cheerless one. In the middle of a large and luxurious capital, he sees himself surrounded by gaieties in which he cannot mingle, and tempted by pleasures in which he dares not to partake. And thus, in that gloom of solitude, he wastes his youth, and, perhaps, the best years of his early manhood, enjoying neither the cup of pleasure nor the smile of beauty, and as yet without a share of those honours which, to hoary ambition, are sometimes more than a recompense for the loss of all the pleasures of youth. Vain thought! As if anything which human life or vulgar ambition could bestow was a recompense for those pleasures. But this, at least, was not my fate, however hard it might be, it was not this. Not so was I doomed to waste my golden youth,—and for the maturity of manhood, *that* I shall never behold.

My friend and rival in eloquence, I think I should rather say fellow-labourer, in the Debating Society at Oxford, had not disappointed the expectations of his boyhood. He had written one or two clever pamphlets, and, in short, had gained so much reputation for ability both as a speaker and writer, that the Whigs thought it worth their while to bring him into Parliament. He did not disappoint their expectations of him, and soon proved himself a powerful accession to their forces.

Shortly after I had been called to the bar, and had already begun to feel the influence of that "Hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," the portion of so many a young lawyer, I was sitting one morning expecting briefs, but expecting them in vain, when a somewhat sharp double knock at my outer door aroused my attention (not very deeply fixed) from the law-book I was perusing. I have an ear for knocks though not for music—and it seemed to me that there was something peculiar in the knock in question—something that bespoke decision and a degree of impatience. I listened attentively, and, heard my clerk (poor devil! his steps, no doubt, quickened by a regard to the main chance, *videlicet*, in this case, his jackall share of the spoil) move with alacrity to open the door.

"Is Mr. — at home?"—a gentleman certainly, by his voice.

"Yes, Sir."

"Take my card in."

"Will you walk in, Sir?"

"Take in my card, I say."

The clerk entered and presented a card—"Lord ——; tell his lordship to walk in."

"Will your Lordship walk in?" said the obsequious clerk, throwing wide open the door of the chamber, bowing very low, and as he did so, placing himself exactly in his Lordship's way. His Lordship made his way into the room with some difficulty, without falling over my bowing clerk; and I too bowed low in return for the graceful salute of one of the most celebrated men in Europe. When his Lordship, at my request, was seated, he began—"Mr. ——, I have taken the liberty to call on you on some very particular business"—(I bowed)—"though not strictly professional, and on that account my intruding on you may require some apology."

"None in the world, my Lord."

"Well, Sir—hem—the purport of my visit, Mr. ——, though not professional, is of an important character." I assumed an attitude of the utmost attention. "In one word, Mr. ——, for I hate circumlocution, the object of my visit is to submit to your consideration the following proposal. If we bring you into Parliament, will you, heart and soul, support us? I see my abruptness has somewhat startled you. But you may take time to consider the matter, and give us your answer in a day or two, or say a week. Of course I speak to a man of honour?"—I bowed.

"My Lord," I then said, "I confess that the suddenness of your proposal has thrown me into some difficulty. The temptation is certainly great to a young man like myself, as you probably know, without fortune or powerful connexions. At the same time, your Lordship may probably have heard, if any thing connected with a person so obscure and unimportant as I am may have been deemed worthy of a moment of your Lordship's attention, that the principles in politics which I have hitherto professed are not those of your Lordship's party."

"Mr. ——, I have heard as much; but, my dear Sir, you were so young—all young men, Mr. ——, of spirit and talent take that side; but they generally—as imagination grows less, and reason more powerful—they generally see reason to change their opinion. Is not that the case, Mr. ——? I am confident your candour will allow that I am right. Come, Mr. ——, you are no bigot to republicanism, or even to whiggism?"

I smiled.

"But, my Lord, I have no fortune to support the rank of a Member of Parliament."

"Be under no uneasiness on that account, Mr. ——; the nation has no right to be served for nothing."

I smiled again, but it was inwardly, and remained silent.

Lord —— fixed upon me his eagle eye, as if he would read what was passing in my inmost soul. I fancied I could see him watch his time, as the falcon does his to pounce upon his prey; and even when he appeared to act with a generous disinterestedness, he adopted the best means to secure his victim. He saw there was some struggle. There

was;—and had I been imperatively called upon to return a definitive answer upon the moment, that answer, from the very suddenness of the resolution I was called upon to take, would have been in the negative.

"Well, Mr. —," he said, "it would be wrong to ask you to give a definitive answer to a question of such moment, upon the spot. This day week, will you do me the honour to call upon me? Let me see—shall we say about this hour—will that suit you?"

"Perfectly, my Lord—that is, if it is perfectly convenient to your Lordship—for my time, you know, is of no importance, compared to yours."

"Very well, Mr. —, on that day I shall expect to see you.—Good morning." And so ended an interview that sealed the fortune of my future life.

The temptation was great certainly. It would be such a triumph over those who had set me down as a failure—who considered me as a broken man, to have M. P. placed after my name, and be of importance with a great political party—aye, and that party in power, too. But, then, would not some of my kind friends say, with a commiserating smile, that I had made a shipwreck of my principles—I, who used to be so violent in my liberalism? What?—Has not a man a right to change his opinion, when, for so doing, he sees—a convincing reason? Not to possess—aye, or not to exercise this right—is always to be a child. What!—always retain the same opinions upon compulsion? The very idea is absurd, and the position not tenable for a moment. My resolution was fixed; and, on the appointed day, and precisely two minutes after the appointed hour had struck on the clock of a neighbouring church, I knocked at Lord —'s door.

"Well, Mr. —," said Lord —, with a gracious smile, as I was ushered into his presence; "I hope I may be allowed to regard your punctuality as a favourable augury?"

After we were seated, he appeared to expect me to speak.

"My Lord," said I, coming to the point at once, "I have made up my mind to accept your proposal."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. —; and I am also glad to see that, like myself, you are no great admirer of circumlocution."

"I certainly am not," I replied, "though there are cases in which I think it may be used, without the charge of imbecility against him who uses it."

"Rarely."

"Cromwell was not a weak man."

He nodded assent; but at the same time gave a smile which I did not exactly understand. However, thought I, it does not matter; I don't think your Lordship, or any of your friends, will overreach me. I know as well the conditions, I think, of the sale as you do those of the purchase. And if they are infringed—What? We shall see.

The necessary preliminaries were soon arranged; and in no long time I took the oaths and my seat in the Commons House of Parliament, as representative of the rotten borough of —; for though I did not possess an acre of landed property, that objection was easily eluded. And this, by the by, is one of the most glaring acts of injustice inflicted by the English aristocracy on their fellow-countrymen.

It is a contrivance by which they have now, for about a century, effectually prevented any of the people from coming into parliament, *save and except* such as are brought in in the capacity of their tools.

Now commenced my career—alas! not of pleasure and of glory—but of misery and shame. The press opened the attack. There were no doubt persons connected with it who had known me as a speaker at Oxford; and sketches of my history were given, accompanied by severe and sarcastic remarks. They pretended, however, to treat me rather with contempt than severity, as an object unworthy, from my insignificance, of much consideration.

But I had severer trials than that to endure. I attempted the sort of oratory which had succeeded at Oxford;—I heaped antithesis upon antithesis, and pun upon pun; I brought out smart sayings by the dozen, and quoted humorous verses in abundance, after my most approved fashion. My puns and verses were treated with neglect—my antitheses with indifference—and my smart sayings against reforming principles produced coughing, and other signs of impatience from the opposite party; while I was not yet of sufficient importance with my own to receive the support and encouragement of their cheers. All this was very discouraging, particularly to a person of my proud and sensitive character; and I confess, as David Hume says, speaking of the ill success of some of his literary productions, I was discouraged.

This, I repeat, was discouraging; but yet even this was not all. One night I had made some pretty sharp, and what I intended to be severe remarks upon a speech of one of the opposite party. When I sat down, my old friend—of whom, by the by, I had seen very little since we had taken opposite sides in politics, and with whom my acquaintance had dwindled into a passing bow—rose up to answer me. He seemed to labour under a degree of excitement which I had never before beheld in him. He began, and he was at first scarcely audible from the violence of his emotions; but by and by he began to recover some degree of self-command, and his eloquence burst forth, like the sun from behind a cloud, with a vehemence and a brilliancy that I had never before witnessed in him. All the time, too, he regarded me with a haughty, indignant, yet melancholy glance, that, bringing with it the full recollection of our early friendships, communicated to me a portion of his own agitation, which, however, by a strong effort, I prevented from becoming visible. Although to mention it may seem comparing great things with small, the attack made by Pym upon Strafford on his trial, as described by Baillie and others, involuntarily rushed upon my memory; it appeared to have occurred to the speaker also. I heard him thunder out the words “apostate from the principles and affections of his youth,”—“betrayed and insulted friendship;” and he said that “if the valour and capacity of Strafford were unable to redeem from imperishable infamy even that great bad man’s name and memory—what must it be with meaner spirits, with less illustrious apostates?”

I need not say that my seat was not a bed of roses, while my former friend was thundering out his eloquent invectives. I sat it out, however; and one triumph, that would have gladdened the hearts of those who hated me, I deprived them of—I sat it out, I say, with an unblanching cheek, a firm and unquivering lip, and an undaunted brow; and my deadliest enemy dare not affirm that I bore the thunderer’s torture with less than a Promethean endurance.

This speech, added to the other sources of annoyance,—some of which I have alluded to,—opened up a fountain of bitterness in my heart, the waters of which were to be my drink for ever after. And yet, what may seem strange, my antipathies did not take the direction that they would have been supposed likely to take. Instead of being violently directed against my ancient friend for his terrible attack upon me, they were directed against those who had tempted me to become an apostate—against Lord —— and some of his friends. It would seem, in fact, that my nature was too proud, self-willed, and intractable ever, perhaps, to acquire those “interest-begotten prejudices” that were to be substituted in the place of that earnest and early-imbibed love of freedom and independence that had been the guide, the pole-star of my boyhood and of my youth. The nature, too, of some of the work I was called upon to perform was marvellously little to my taste;—to defend every species of abuse by plausible pretences—to discover good reasons for bad conduct—to keep out of sight the real circumstances of the case—to misrepresent or gloss over such as could not be kept out of sight. My reward for all this, withal, was somewhat analogous to that of a doer of dirty work. I was evidently considered as a tool—as a tool that was to be ready for constant and indiscriminate use; and as such, of course, I was to have no will of my own.

Moreover, what, I will confess, galled me sorely, I was evidently considered by the aristocrats around me as a plebeian—though my Norman name was as old in England as the first Plantagenet, and my family had been barons by tenure when the ancestors of most of those high and mighty peers were serfs. Some aristocrat, whose talents and acquirements I held in utter contempt, was constantly kept above me, partly to keep me ever sensible of my subordinate condition, and partly from the ever-waking jealousy entertained by the aristocracy of those whom they consider plebeians. Those very talents, for which they had purchased my services, and the power of which they could not deny, were only respected as far as they were employed in defending bigotry and despotism, folly and vice; in fostering prejudice and extinguishing the light of reason.

Such among those aristocrats was the insolence of the men; the impertinences of the women, if possible, exceeded it. There is at present in England a dynasty of women of fashion, who make it their proud boast to enact deeds of arrogance, impudence, and folly, such as eye hath not seen, nor imagination conceived. With these *Aspasias* the patrician political adventurer is all in all; the plebeian is nobody. With them no professional man can be a “gentleman:” scarcely a member of the lower House of Parliament can be such, unless he must necessarily come, in time, to the upper. For example, I once heard Lady —— say, in reference to Lord ——’s removal to the upper House on the death of his father, “*There*, you know, he will be among gentlemen.” Their idea of “gentleman” is similar to that which *Madame de Genlis*, and her class, entertained of “*gentilhomme*,” at least before the revolution. And what qualities, think ye, does that idea comprehend? Does it suppose a man of humane and affable demeanour; of the strictest honour in all his dealings; of firm, yet gentle temper, and enlightened understanding; a man who requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement? Good God, Sir, do you rave? You

are on your death-bed. Are you about to die in a state of delirium? No, Sir. Hear me once more. *Their* gentleman is an ignorant, idle, dissolute, selfish, unfeeling, remorseless, insolent human brute, got by a patrician sire out of a patrician, equestrian, or semiplebeian dam; who—I beg Mr. Cobbett's pardon, I should say which—dresses, rides, drives, votes, games, and wenchings, after the most approved fashion of the day; and who, when he has defrauded you of your money, your time, and labour, or your good name, will shoot you by way of giving you satisfaction. *This* he calls the satisfaction of a "gentleman." Well, are you not satisfied? Yes. I have received such satisfaction, and I die "perfectly satisfied."

Well, Sir; thus was I situated. And did I like my situation? Like? No, Sir. I felt as if I had sold myself to the devil, and my reward was that vulgarly ascribed to those who thus render themselves the devil's victims. But if I am doomed, said I, to go down to hell, one at least of my betrayers I will drag there with me. A man perhaps of a more tractable spirit might have been able to forget the degradation he had suffered, to overlook the disagreeables of his situation; but with a temper and a memory like mine this was utterly impossible. They would not suffer delusion to take possession of my soul;—they would not let me fancy for a moment that my interests and theirs were identical;—they appeared not to seek to engage my affections on their side;—they deprived me of the aid even of party morality, and in that, my state of degradation, they denied me even the poor boon of oblivion.

I know not how long this state of things might have continued before it became absolutely insupportable, if an accident had not put a termination to it. The Marquis ——— was one of the most aristocratic men even of his most aristocratic set. Though upon the whole considered among that set as a well-bred man, there was, at times, an insolent *nonchalance* in his manner, that to me was specially offensive. On one occasion it was so bad that my impetuous temper burst forth—

"What do you mean, Lord ———?"

"Mean, Sir!" with a look of mingled surprise and haughty *nonchalance*.

"Ay, mean, my Lord?"

"What do *you* mean, Sir?"

"I mean, Lord ———, that I hold myself as much a gentleman as any man in the realm; and I will suffer no man on the face of the earth, however high his rank or office, either by deed, word, or look, to treat me otherwise."

Another stare of astonishment and arrogance.

"Sir," he said, "you would not have the second minister of the crown go out with an under-secretary? Sir, you know I cannot meet you as a gentleman."

The effect produced by his words seemed to dispel even the fashionable apathy of Lord ———. It was as if all the blood of my fierce ancestor, who, in his wrath, once struck a prince of the house of Plantagenet with his gauntleted hand, were transferred to my body, and as if all that blood rushed to my brow. I made a spring towards him, like that of a tiger; and my hand was within an inch of his throat.

"Stop, Mr. ———," he exclaimed. "You shall have the satisfaction of a gentleman, since you desire it."

I stopped dead short. "You said I was not a gentleman, Lord —," I said. "I was only going to place us on an equality. But your Lordship's politeness renders it unnecessary. I shall expect to have the honour of hearing soon from your Lordship." I left him.

The public are sick of duels; and so am I. Every lacquey-school novel has two or three. I received his shot in my side, and missed him. He lives to mock at his plebeian victim. But, though I die like the Roman gladiator, I shall yet be avenged.

I write these lines from a bed, from which I shall never rise, with a hand that will soon be cold in death, and a mind whose already decayed energies will soon, in this world at least, cease to exist. I know not what may be the death-bed of a patriot; mine assuredly is no bed of roses. I look on what I am, and compare it with what I might have been had I followed an honest calling, or even stuck to my profession, instead of becoming the tool of an oligarchical faction and a political adventurer.

A SONG IN EXILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Yes, with groans my lyre is strung;
Tears, from Poland's ruin wrung,
Flow in music from my tongue,—

Poland's tears and Liberty's.
England saw our setting sun!
Britons, was it wisely done?
You gave Warsaw to the Hun!
Why not London, Englishmen?

Lo, while Russia's iron tread,
Where we died, or whence we fled,
Shakes the dust of Poland's dead,
Nations tremble guiltily!
Poland fell, and they may fall,
Crushed on Freedom's funeral pall!
But the Lord is Lord of all.

Thou, oh Father, tremblest not!

Russia! twice we overthrew
Hordes of thine to tyrants true!
Twice we smote, and twice we slew,
Reccrant France, thy conquerors.

Yet with us was Europe sold!
Frighted France, and England cold,
Gaul's delay, and Britain's gold
Bribed the Goth to purchase her.

Hopeless, homeless do we roam!
Be revenge our hope and home!
Thoughts that quench in bloody foam
Moscow's fiery funeral!

By Polonia's gory sod,
Dig thou wide,—Polonia's God!
Dig thou deep, where freemen trod,
Russia's grave and Tyranny's!

THE NECESSITY AND THE POWER OF GIVING AN OPERA TO THE ENGLISH.

No. III.

WE trust we have established three points in our position :—First, that the legitimate opera surpasses any modification of dialogue and music in the nature and degree of pleasurable sensations it excites ; secondly, that both with respect to the poetry and music, this construction is susceptible of the utmost regularity, yet not incapable of any extension of the ornamental parts ; and, thirdly, that the finest models exist in Metastasio, and in the composers of the last and present century. It remains, then, only to treat of the encouragement given to the foreign exemplars and to our own, and of the talents of our poets, composers, and artists.

Two distinct courses mark the progress of the foreign and the English musical drama.

The performance of operas had scarcely been tried in England, before the highest classes determined to put an end to the struggle made by the original introducers, and a subscription amounting to 50,000*l.* was raised in 1720, under the auspices of a chartered institution called “The Royal Academy of Music,” and a board consisting of a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty directors, elected from amongst persons of the highest rank and best taste, the King himself subscribing 1000*l.* to establish a complete performance, instead of the mutilated dramas which we have already described. They went to work judiciously, commencing their task by engaging a poet to write the libretti ; the three finest composers then known—Bouoncini, Attilio, and Handel ; and to the last they entrusted the engagement of the singers for whom he was to write. This at once gave a local habitation and a name to the Italian theatre—a supremacy which has never since been compensated. The highest patronage was secured ; nor has the exclusive principle thus begun been ever relaxed. The plan of private boxes, which extends to so large a portion of the house that it may be justly termed universal, and is indeed made entirely so by letting the spare boxes for the night, the high price of admission, both to pit and gallery, and the rule of full dress which, till the last few years, was observed, and, to a great extent, still prevails, though by custom and acquiescence rather than positive institution ;—these adjuncts, we say, give to the King’s Theatre (even this title does something) a superiority in every respect unknown to the other houses ; and without intending to detract from the exalted excellence of the performance, we may be permitted to point out, that this very excellence is ensured by the rank and taste of the subscribers, and of the audience generally, by the power and extent of the funds thus raised, and, last not least, by the comparative infrequency (two nights in the week) of the performance, and the long-continued repetition of the same pieces*.

* The usual period for running an opera is a month at the first ; but in some later seasons, when it has been thought expedient to try every sort of stimulus, this allowance has been doubled. In 1828, the house opened in the second week in January. The operas given were, “*Marguerite d’Anjou*,” “*Zelmira*,” “*Tancredi*,” “*Otello*,” “*La Rosa Rossa e la Rosa Bianca*,” “*La Clemenza di Tito*,” “*Il Crociato*,” “*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*,” “*Semiramide*,” “*Il Don Giovanni*,” “*La Donna del Lago*,” “*Medea*,” “*La Cenerentola*,” “*Nina*,” and “*La Gazza Ladra*.” In these fifteen operas there was little novelty, but much diversity.

Here we have the three greatest requisites and incitements to perfection, though not in the same order—power to remunerate the greatest talent, leisure to improve it to the utmost, and judgment to award the due measure of praise or censure. Such is the fair representation of the stimulus, the reward, and the direction which have for the last century awaited the exercise of foreign musical and dramatic talent in England. But this is by no means all the advantage the foreigner enjoys above the national theatres. The elites of the whole continental world are engaged at enormous salaries—Italy, Germany, France, contribute their finest and best performers; and it forms no unimportant part of the subject to observe how this excellence is reared and nurtured abroad. Every town of the least note in Italy has its Opera*, for which musical

* The arrangements of these companies is thus amusingly described by the author quoted subsequently in the text. It serves to show the interest that national and dramatic music especially excites throughout all Italy. "The mechanism of an Italian theatre is as follows:—the impresario is frequently one of the most wealthy and considerable persons of the little town he inhabits. It most commonly proves a ruinous undertaking. He forms a company, consisting of a prima donna, tenore, basso cantante, basso buffo, a second female singer, and a basso. He engages a maestro (composer) to write a new opera, who has to adapt his airs to the voices and capacities of the company. The poem (libretto) is purchased at the rate of from sixty to eighty francs from some unlucky son of the Muses, who is generally a poor hungry abbe, the hanger-on to some rich family of the neighbourhood. The character of the parasite, so admirably painted by Terence, is still found in all its glory in Lombardy, where the smallest town can boast of five or six families, with an income of five thousand livres. The impresario, who, as we before observed, is generally the head of one of these families, intrusts the care of the financial department of the concern to a registrario, who is commonly some pettifoggling lawyer, who holds the situation of his steward. The next thing that usually happens is that the impresario falls in love with the prima donna; and one of the great objects of curiosity among the gossips of the little town, is to know if he will give her his arm in public.

"The troop, thus organised, at length gives its first representation, after a month of cabal and intrigues, that form subjects of conversation for the whole period. This *prima recita* forms an era of the utmost importance in the simple annals of this little town, and of which larger towns can form no idea. During a whole month, eight or ten thousand persons do nothing but discuss the merits and defects both of the music and singers, with all the stormy vivacity which is native to the Italian clime. This first representation, if no unforeseen disaster occur, is generally followed by twenty or thirty others, after which the company breaks up. This is what is generally called a *stagione* (season.) The last and best is that of the carnival. The singers who are not *scriturati* (engaged) in any of these companies, are usually to be found at Milan or Bologna: there they have agents, whose business it is to find them engagements, or to manoeuvre them into better situations when an opportunity offers. At length the most important of evenings arrives. The *maestro* takes his place at the piano; the theatre overflows; people have flocked from ten leagues distance; the curious form an encampment around the theatre in their calashes; all the inns are filled to excess, where insolence reigns at its height. All occupations have ceased; at the moment of the performance the town has the aspect of a desert. All the passions—all the solitudes—all the life of a whole population is concentrated in the theatre. The overture commences; so intense is the attention that the buzzing of a fly could be heard. On its conclusion, the most tremendous uproar ensues. It is either applauded to the clouds or hissed or rather howled at without mercy. It is not in Italy as in other countries, where the first representation is seldom decisive, and where either vanity or timidity prevents each man from intruding his individual opinion, lest it should be found in discordance with the opinions of the majority. In an Italian theatre, they shout, they scream, they stamp, they belabour the backs of the seats with their canes, with all the violence of persons possessed. It is thus that they force upon others the judgment which they have formed, and strive to prove that it is the only sound

dramas are expressly composed. "After his success at Bologna," says the biographer of Rossini, "which is considered as the head-quarters of Italian music, Rossini received offers from every town in Italy. Every *impresario* (director) was required, as a *sine quâ non*, to furnish his theatre with an opera from the pen of Rossini." Thus, Italy presents a series of hot-beds in which talent is stimulated to the utmost. We presume there is scarcely an instance to be found in England of an original composition brought out at a provincial theatre. Such works must have the impress of metropolitan approbation before they can be listened to or endured in the country, to say nothing of the impossibility the provincial manager would encounter of paying the labours of the composer. These are the circumstances which, together with the daily intermixture of music with religion in Italy, tend, perhaps, as much as climate and constitution, to exalt the excellence of Italian singers*, over and above the stimulus applied by the eternal repetition of music in their churches and streets, and the excellent foundation given to no small numbers in their conservatorios. From all these causes, music becomes almost a part of their nature, and certainly an article of the first necessity.

In England, the music of the drama is in every sense made secondary. We have shown how subordinate a part it holds in the structure of opera—how its effects are interrupted and dissipated by dialogue. But even this is scarcely the worst. By the station assumed by, and allowed to the foreign drama, it is at once depressed to a lower—an indefinitely lower place. Opinion is enlisted against English opera at the very outset. It is demitted to the *English* theatres, a term, in this sense, of reproach. Will any body living, after seeing an opera at the King's Theatre, venture to compare the music, the house, the band, the singers, or the company of Covent-garden or Drury-lane, with what they witness, enjoy, and admire at the Haymarket? Unquestionably not. Let any person attend one Italian opera, and the English theatre is degraded for ever in his estimation†. It is very questionable whether this sense of

one; for, strange to say, there is no intolerance equal to that of the eminently sensitive. At the close of each air, the same terrific uproar ensues; the bellowsings of an angry sea could give but a faint idea of its fury.

"Such, at the same time, is the taste of an Italian audience, that they at once distinguish whether the merit of an air belongs to the singer or the composer. The cry is 'Bravo David! bravo Maestro!' Rossini then rises from his seat at the piano, his countenance wearing an air of gravity, a thing very unusual with him; he makes three obeisances, which are followed by salvos of applause, mingled with a variety of short and panegyric phrases. This done, they proceed to the next piece.

"Rossini presides at the piano during the first three representations, after which he receives his 800 or 1000 francs, is invited to a grand parting dinner, given by his friends, that is to say, by the whole town, and he then starts in his *veturino*, with his portmanteau much fuller of music paper than of other effects, to commence a similar course in some other town forty miles distant."

* When Torri first appeared in England, the writer was sitting next a professor of admirable taste and science, who had passed much of his time in Italy. After Torri's first air, he said, "Almost every house in Italy, I assure you, would produce as good a singer as this man. I do not wish to disparage his ability, but merely to shew how much better the art is there cultivated."

† Three or four seasons ago, Laporte, at his benefit, gave "Tancredi," supported by Malibran, Sontag, &c. and the English farce of "The Lottery Ticket," in order to display his own ability in *Formwood*—a most disgusting part. Nothing

national degradation is not increased by the adaptation of Italian operas through which it has been found imperative to amuse the public, instead of the original productions of native composers. It was indeed supposed that the general taste would be raised and improved by a nearer acquaintance with the finest Italian pieces, when Storace first incorporated their music with our operas and our language. But if that supposition form any ground at present for transmuting Mozart, and Rossini, and Bellini, it also serves to prove the assertion, that Englishmen can produce nothing so well worthy the approbation of their countrymen—an admission of the most fatal tendency.

When we continue the parallel, the same injurious inferiority will be found throughout. The band are lower in talent. Why? Because the funds of the King's Theatre are sufficient to pay the superiors of the profession—because an engagement in the one is more honourable than in the other—because the service of the one is devoted wholly to accompaniment—because the nights of performance are fewer, the rehearsals more, and the correcting judgment of the audience far more certain and more awful. The singers at the English theatres feel the same depression. What ruins their style?—the knowledge that, to gain an engagement, they must gain popularity. Now, the majority of audiences are those who pay from four shillings to sixpence for their admittance. If it be not thought too contemptuous, they may fairly be said to be the vulgar. To their level, then, must the artist lower his style, if he desires to be encored three times, and, upon the strength of those plaudits, enabled to fix his own enormous nightly salary*.

It need scarcely be added, his notions of refinement are obliterated, his manner becomes essentially violent and vulgar, to suit the capacities of his audience; and, thus the art is debased and ruined, not so much to gratify the cupidity of the artist, as to suit the popular demand. The aristocracies of rank, wealth, and taste resort to the King's Theatre; they are seldom, if ever, seen at an English House; and can it be a matter of wonder when the two are compared?

The first postulate then to give a fair chance to English talent is, to place it upon a par with the foreign in respect to patronage, because it is demonstrated that this, if it be not employed absolutely to depress native ability, is at least diverted from its support. The King's Theatre, we are persuaded, is the place, and the only place, where the English can

could be more finely executed than Rossini's beautiful, inspiring, and affecting music. The principal actors in the broad English farce were Laporte, Mr. W. Bennett, Mrs. Humby, and, to the best of our recollection, Mrs. Orger. It so happened, that we dined next day in company with Matthews, and sat next him at dinner. The conversation turned on the opera of the previous evening. Matthews was there; and we shall not soon forget the vehemence of his anger at such a comparison of the merits of the two dramas. "Sir," said he, "it was done on purpose to disgrace us. There was the most splendid audience the metropolis could assemble. Nothing could be more excellent than the acting or the music of the opera; and to this was contrasted one of the most vulgar of our farces. I say nothing of the actors; but, Sir, I blushed for my country. I sat thus, Sir, (holding his head in an attitude of the most ludicrous depression) the whole night. I dare not look to the right or the left. I blushed, Sir, for my country." And he concluded by giving a most marvellous proof of his own faculty by an imitation of Laporte in his address, which he could have heard but once.

* The best singers—Braham, Phillips, Stephens, Paton, &c., have been of late years engaged, not for the season, but a given number of nights, at per night, and the sums may be well be called enormous.

meet the foreigner on level ground and have fair play. The difficulty is to effect it without the conversion of the Italian into an English theatre. It is not to be imagined that the patrons of the Opera could be induced to give up four evenings in the week to such an amusement. Two, divided between English and foreign, would remunerate neither the manager nor his troop. Some arrangement, however, which might lower the subscription and admission to both,—since, if the companies were doubled, a vast portion of the expense would be avoided,—appears to present the way out of this embarrassment. The deficit of the aristocracy might be compensated by the public at large; the subscription might be divided, first, at per annum for all the performances;—secondly, at per annum from the foreign *or* the English;—thirdly, for half of each. This expedient, with a diminution of the general price of admission, say the gallery to 3s., and the pit to 6s. or 7s., the boxes to 8s., would at once make the King's Theatre a profitable speculation, give to English opera and English ability a fair field, and afford to the public a better and cheaper accommodation.

The habit of going to the Haymarket is, as Falstaff says of instinct, "a great matter;" for it is become from habit a sort of second nature to its frequenters. They cannot endure the less private, less elegant, less easy (if you please, less aristocratic and exclusive) accommodations of the English playhouses. Nor is it matter of wonder, when the difference between the two in all respects is compared.

And now let us inquire into what have been the claims of our English artists; for we hope to be able to prove that, even under all disadvantages, they have, in other and relevant branches of art, proved their title to pre-eminence in this, had their talents been rightly directed.

We say the first desideratum is a poet; and it will hardly be disputed that this our age has produced men capable of the highest elevation. Byron was, and Moore (to descend no lower) remains eminently gifted with the power to produce a fine lyric-dramatic poem: indeed, the exquisite delicacy of Mr. Moore's feeling and tact in setting words to music declares him to be the person best qualified, perhaps, of all who have ever existed, to write words for music; while the peculiar vein of imagination displayed in his "Lalla Rookh," and his "Loves of the Angels," declare how exquisitely powerful he would be in the portraiture of passion on the lyric stage. Had the meed been offered, it would have been won. Perhaps a new, and scarcely less admirable writer, of opera may be found in Mr. Bulwer. But let the sun shine, and the bees will come forth;—let fame and reward be attached to this species of composition, and genius will be attracted to its production. We have elevated our views to supreme excellence; but in this respect, if the competition with Italy alone be regarded, we might have contented ourselves with a far lower estimate; for what can be more contemptible than the *libretti* upon which Rossini's best operas are erected?

The next point is the composition. Here, if English genius have failed, it is because it has taken a wrong impulse. First, can any foreign opera of its age be said to exceed, or perhaps equal, the "Artaxerxes" of Arne? We might, indeed, go farther back. Matthew Lock's music of "Macbeth," and Purcell's songs in Dryden's plays, may challenge rivalry, for originality and power, with any such works of any times. Shield had a purity and a nationality (always taking into the estimate the

misdirection of musical effort in our mixed pieces of dialogue and song) that place him very high; and, discarding all others, we may, without shame, bring forward the immense range and ability of Bishop's productions*. He has written in all styles, for he has imitated all styles; but if he were asked why, he would perhaps reply, because, in the variable and uncertain state of the knowledge and praise of the art in England, it was necessary to his popularity. Had this acquisition (the one thing needful to an artist's getting his bread) been founded on that noble estimation which is derived from such judgments as regulate and reward the composers for the King's Theatre†; had he been induced to write for the same end, there can be little doubt that his fire would have been more intense and brilliant, because it would have been more concentrated and better supplied with that vital ingredient of general approbation—the fiat of an audience, “few, though fit,” which is the real support of the flame of genius. That Mr. Bishop's name alone should be cited may appear somewhat invidious, when other composers have written much in a popular style, Mr. Braham‡ especially. But we do not mean to exercise any exclusive partiality: we take the most prominent name, both for quantity, industry, and talent; and it should seem that we can adduce no stronger argument for the support of our general principle—the *legitimate construction of opera*—than the fact that our stage has been usurped for the last few years by adaptations of foreign pieces approaching this construction; which, though it does not amount to positive proof that such construction is absolutely necessary to success, gives very strong grounds for the belief that the height of passion and expression at which foreign composers have arrived is chiefly attributable to that cause; and that English ability has failed in no small degree from the want of that concentration of the mind to musical effects alone which is generated by the continuous use of melody and harmony uninterrupted by dialogue.

We come next to consider the capacities of our artists. If we look at the list of the orchestra of the King's Theatre, we find it filled during its best period almost entirely by English professors. No one will doubt that the place of Sig. Spagnoletti, without derogating in the least from his acknowledged ability, would have been supplied to equal advantage by one English violinist, or by more than one. All the wind instru-

* In all cases due allowance must be granted for that predilection which is called national. Where can more beautiful things be found than Bishop's airs, “By the simplicity of Venus' Doves,” “Sweet Home,” “Bid me Discourse;” duets—“On a Day,” and “As it fell upon a Day;” concerted pieces—“Blow, gentle Gales,” “The Chough and Crow,” “When the Wind blows,” and “The Tramp Chorus” ? If they lack the intense passion of the Italian dramatic pieces of Rossini, it is probably because the English do not feel, and consequently do not embody their feelings in music, in the same manner as the Italians. There is more depth, though less force.

† It is a curious fact that, in this respect, the English houses have surpassed the Italian theatre. Bishop was for years engaged, at a regular salary, to compose operas expressly for Covent Garden, and he did compose more than sixty. No composer has been here, for very many years, engaged for the Haymarket, except Rossini, who undertook to write one opera, “Ugo Re d'Italia,” and came over to do it in the season of Benelli's management, but departed *æ infecto*. Rossini has not written above half the number of pieces produced by Bishop.

‡ He obtained the largest sum ever given for an English opera, probably six times as much as Rossini ever had for his highest—namely, 1250*l.* for “The English Fleet.”

ments are known to be pre-eminent—they may challenge all Europe. And where can be found the equal of the incomparable Lindley? Not a word more need be said upon this branch of the subject, except to point out that these, our first-rate talents, have invariably been employed at the foreign theatre, to support foreign vocalists and foreign composition. And why? Because the highest patronage of the country has enabled the impresario of the Italian Opera to pay better for less labour, whilst the *eclat* of a desk in that orchestra has been a not less seductive inducement to the artist.

But how do we stand in the comparison of vocal ability? Let us see. We will not go back beyond the memory of our own times; and then we may pronounce, unhesitatingly, that, under all disadvantages, England has exhibited talents which place her at least above dishonour in the contest. The whole continent has produced only three female artists of overshadowing powers since the beginning of the century—Catalani, Pasta, and Sontag. It is a question whether, all the attributes of a singer taken into the account, our Billington was exceeded by any of them. The surpassing compass, and the beauty and flexibility of her natural organ, was perhaps more than a match for the volume, richness, and force of Catalani, whilst in science the Italian was immeasurably below our countrywoman. Italia—bella Italia herself—acknowledged and worshipped at the shrine of the *Tramontane*. Pasta, it is true, combines extraordinary tragic power, and is thus elevated above any singer we can cite. Sontag was equalled by Mrs. Salmon in the exquisite delicacy of her tone; and in velocity the English stands as high as the German artiste. Mrs. Salmon was not, indeed, tasked in the same manner or degree, for she never tried her ability upon the stage. We speak, however, from a long and accurate knowledge of her powers, and we pronounce, without the least fear of contradiction, that she would execute any conceivable passage with a legerity and neatness, and, above all, with a beauty of tone and accuracy of intonation* that not even Sontag could equal in the first, or excel in the latter quality.

At the beginning of the century, we find even the Italian stage occupied by another native female, Storace. Like Billington, she had received the last polish in the true region of melody. We have, however, only to show that English genius is capable. Storace was a fine musician, with a coarse voice and limited organic endowments, but of strong sense. In the opera *buffa* of her time—for it has since assumed a decidedly different character—she was not exceeded.

We have before insisted on the necessary allowance for national style, and this given, we shall not omit amongst the vocalists, peculiarly and properly English, the name of Miss Stephens. With a voice of the *loveliest* kind—for that is the epithet that best describes the analogy between the visual sensation of beauty, of form, feature, and complexion, and the filling up of the sister sense of hearing by her full, round, pure, rich, and satiating tones, “a sacred and homefelt delight,” that belonged perhaps to her alone, and was in perfect accordance with Eng-

* We have heard, with much concern, that Mrs. Salmon has been reduced to undeserved penury, and is now residing near London, in such a state of nervous depression as to be incapable of resuming her place in a public orchestra, although she sings with powers almost unimpaired in her own room. Her old professional associates should do something for her relief; the public would aid them.

lish notions and English sensibilities, was experienced by the hearer. No one ever gratified the general public more than Miss Stephens, because she was natural, chaste, and faultless, though she aspired not to move the heart by those violences which constitute the excesses, and for that very reason, the fascinations of the voluptuousness of Italian art. It is not within the scope of our intention to go below the most exalted members of the profession; for if it be established that England can confront the continent in its superiorities, there needs no proof as to the inferior departments. We may, however, adduce the fact that Mrs. Dickons maintained a most respectable position in the same opera ("Le Nozze di Figaro") with Catalani; and who, in her walk, has adorned the Italian stage more than Madame Vestris?

We shall rest our demonstrations as to masculine ability upon the one great artist of our age and country, Mr. Braham*. Has Italy produced his equal, lowered, as we are persuaded he has been, by his connexion with the English theatre, and by the infinite diversity to which he has turned his versatile abilities? If in knowledge and facility Garcia and Rubini, if in power Donzelli, have approached or rivalled him, can any of the three boast that aggregate of science, volume, tone, flexibility, invention, dignity, and (as a general term) expression†, which he possesses? Well, then, in this department England has stood prominently out.

Our bass singers have been comparatively few and inferior compared with those of Italy. Bartleman is the only great exception. Experience will indeed, we fear, bear out the fact that foreign countries (Clementi named Russia in particular) produce nobler bass voices than our own. Sedgwick, who flourished at the close of the last century, is almost the only exception. But here we must take into consideration the superior employment given to this voice in the Italian lyric drama. For the last many years, owing to I know not what cause‡, the bass has had a predominant character in their operas; and it is not to be concealed that the style of the serious music written for this voice, and still more the comic, conduces to exalt its general excellence. Zuchelli, Lablache, and Tamburini, *par excellence*, are examples. Out of this, however, arises another strong incentive to raise our national opera by the legitimate construction. Here, then, we close our case. We trust we have established—

* The first time Weber heard Braham, he said to a friend, "This is the greatest singer in Europe!" It was in his scene from the "Freischütz." We have the anecdote from the person himself.

† The Italian maxim that "he who has a fine voice has ninety-nine out of the hundred requisites in singing," is a gross exaggeration; for mind has as much, or perhaps more, to do with the matter than organic power. Fine voices we have had in abundance; but where has the informing intellect, the directing sensibility, been found to employ them except in Braham? The more profound, the more difficult to move the affections, the more indispensable is the force of the understanding. It is this fact which renders English expression to an English audience so difficult. The few who really enjoy Italian singing are those who have learned to feel, and to think, and to express themselves like Italians,—the rest go with the herd; whereas every Englishman can judge of his own language and his own musical expression.

‡ Lord Mount Edgumbe, it will have been seen, assigns a scarcity of tenors as the reason.

1st. That the legitimate construction of the lyric drama is most avourable to musical effects and musical talent.

2d. That owing to the misdirection of English talent, and more especially to the positive and declared encouragement given by the aristocracy of rank, wealth, and taste to foreign opera, and to the disdain, nourished alike by the misconstruction and the inferiority of the means of the English, and concentrated by the exclusive patronage, the native ability has been chilled and repressed, while the stigma of contempt and vulgarity has been set upon English composition and English execution.

3d. That even under these discouragements there have arisen instances of English ability quite equal to any single examples the continent has given us.

We have, then the powers both by nature and art, if they are rightly applied and cherished. And although we are quite ready to admit that genius is commonly impulsive to work out its own ends, rather than that it can be swaddled and dandled into strength, we think it has been demonstrated that it is all but impossible for English opera to make head against the force which has kept and still keeps it down.

We regard the King's Theatre and its patrons as the only place, and the only sanction properly able to give it equal ground and fair play against its foreign competitor; and so long as two nights of the week are devoted to the Italian drama (there are often three) by the fashionable world, it is difficult to perceive how any diversion in favour of the English can be wrought; for, although it is not too much to desire, it is too much to expect from the patriotism of these, or indeed of any classes under the cosmopolite feelings of the present day, that they should relinquish an amusement which must now be admitted to enjoy a lofty supremacy, merely in the hope of elevating native talent to an equal height. It is, however, due to national honour that the experiment should be tried, and it might be tried at the King's Theatre, by the engagement of a poet such as Moore, a composer such as Bishop, and the singers we possess*, to bring out a legitimate opera, even were it done on an extra night. This plan is suggested because it can scarcely be imagined that a second Royal Academy can be established for the planting of an English opera; and, say what we will, it is as clear as practical demonstration can make it, that the fine arts can be reared only by the elegant in taste;—a distinction mainly (though not entirely) dependent upon rank, competency, leisure, and the consequent cultivation of the higher faculties.

Our conclusion is, then, that we possess all the requisite powers, if we had the patriotism, and the energy, and the judgment to employ them to so just and so natural an end as the nurture of native talent.

* The country never was so bare as at present in this respect. Braham is in his decline,—how should it be otherwise at the age of more than sixty?—and there is not another native of any decided superiority. Mrs. Wood (the best woman) is in America.

LONDON IDYLS.

No. I.

Scene—Pall-Mall and St. James's-street.

DAMON—SYLVIA.

DAMON and SYLVIA had, from earliest youth, been linked in friendship's bonds ; and as they grew in years that friendship ripened into a tenderer feeling. Their anxious parents watched the mutual flame, and cherished it—for they were equals in the world ; and Love and Fortune—blind as they are painted—seemed for once united in rewarding two fond hearts.

The day arrived to which they had so long looked forward, when Hymn was to sanctify their plighted vows. It was a lovely morning—the birds sang sweetly—and the gentle Sylvia, in her bridal robe, her fair hair intertwined with orange flowers, her mantling blushes hid beneath her flowing veil, knelt before the altar. Damon was by her side. The bishop breathed a blessing on their bowed-down heads, and prayers were offered for their future happiness. The bells rang merrily—the sparkling favours fluttered in the breeze—the jocund guests smiled on the happy pair—and Damon and Sylvia were the pride and envy of the gazing throng.

The early life of gentle Sylvia had been passed in rural scenes ; she never had tasted of the pleasures which the town affords ; nor was it until four short weeks of cloudless happiness had passed across her bridal brow that she had ever seen the mighty city where she now was dwelling. Every object was new to her ; all she saw or heard attracted her attention and awakened her curiosity. It was Damon's pleasing task to teach her where to rove amongst its mazy labyrinth—to show her the busy haunts of men, and fill her young mind with new ideas.

Behold them now, installed in lodgings near the corner of Pall-Mall. The Palace clock—long absent, now restored, hung high above Sir Charles Wade Thornton, Lady Westmeath, and the maids of honour—was striking three, when Damon, leading Sylvia down the steps next door but one to Sams's shop, thus whispered gently in her ear.

Damon. The sun is bright—the sky is clear—the south breeze gently blows, my love. Come forth, my Sylvia ; let us seek the higher ground of Piccadilly.

Sylvia. Too gladly will I go, my dear ; but what is Piccadilly ?

Damon. A street ; so named, my Sylvia, not, as perhaps you might suppose, from any peccadilloes there committed, but from a game so called, in which, in other days, the villagers delighted. Come, let me lead you.

Sylvia (turning the corner). Oh, Damon, what a lovely place ! Is this St. James's-street ?

Damon. It is, my dearest. That white house, at the corner, *was* a hotel, bought by Lord Middleton one day, and up for sale the next ; the man who dwells below, makes bugles ; and as he makes he tries them. Sweet is the hunter's horn in glades like those we used to haunt ;—under one's breakfast-parlour such a din is most discordant : his Lordship liked it not, and left it. That door is Graham's, where they play

at whist; and as in t'other case, whene'er they doubt about a trick they *trump it*. The next is Cary's map-shop;—but stay, we'll wander up this side, and view its charms, and so return along the shade of t'other.

Sylvia. E'en as you will; be you my guide.

Damon. This is the coffee-mill.

Sylvia. You speak in riddles: I can see no mill.

Damon. This grocer's shop, where Alvanley and Nugent, Sefton, Massy Dawson, Petre, Thornhill, and Lord Sligo go to be weighed. The scales with skill are poised; and each plump peer is poised in one, and many ponderous lumps in t'other. See, Sylvia, where the crimson cords denote the place of privilege!

Sylvia. Strange custom, sure, this way of weighing.

Damon. Just by the door you see that horizontal aperture; that is the box belonging to the Post-Office. In *that* are dropped the hopes of lovers and the fears of maidens; orders for candlesticks; letters to Lord Grey; prescriptions for the gout; proofs for the press; counsel for sons, and hints for daughters; answers to dunning tradesmen; twaddle from dark-blue women, and advice from deep-read men.

Sylvia. Oh, talk not so, my Damon! Where dwell these tribes of red and blue?

Damon. Sweet innocence, unparalleled! My gentle Sylvia, you shall know them all in time. This is the new bazaar of Crockford.

Sylvia. It is a goodly temple.

Damon. Its votaries are few. 'Tis pleasant, now and then, to roam along its paths, and steal beside the counters where the fair-haired damsels sit.

Sylvia. Steal! Do they?

Damon. At times, my Sylvia. Ladies there be who have a taking way with them. But say no more. This house is Farquhar's bank, whence see those busy people drawing gold, to keep all things alive. Healy, a skilful leech—Nicholls, the stock-maker—and Nugee, the tailor—cluster around its base; and Lewis, christened Kensington, displays rich store of silver plate, both "new and second-hand."

Sylvia. Oh, pleasing sight!

Damon. Here is poor Gilray's favourite shop, long kept by Mrs. Humphries; and here the *Athenæum*.

Sylvia. What! where the Judges, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors dwell?

Damon. No, dearest love; that is below, just down by Carlton-gardens, whither to-morrow we will roam. *This* bears the name, indeed; but else no likeness to those realms of soft repose and gentle dulness, over which Minerva, in her state, presides.

Sylvia. And what tall house is *this*?

Damon. 'Tis Boodle's.

Sylvia. Say, Damon, what are Boodles?

Damon. Men in uncouth great-coats—perhaps in spencers, with brown-topped boots or long cloth gaiters on their legs, with whips or sticks in hand, and broad-rimmed hats upon their heads, with now and then a small pig-tail behind protruding. They wear buff waistcoats, sometimes striped and sometimes plain; even scarlet may be seen in winter spread o'er their broad expansive fronts, with powder in their hair—elsewhere exploded.

Sylvia. Strange creatures!

Damon. Here is a shop for curiosities—full of temptation, *Sylvia*. See, four china vases and a porcelain dog, two Indian screens, a kris and half-a-score of fans, a crimson pan of fish and counters, a dozen unmatched cups and saucers, pierced ivory balls, and snakes preserved, three Sandwich Island spears, a mandarin and wife, two josses and a hookah, a stuffed macaw, a silver tankard, and a portrait of Lord Henry Petty, now Lord Lansdown.

Sylvia. I scarce can trust my eyes with such variety.

Damon. Triphook the bookseller lives here, once landlord to the Duke of Marlborough; and this is Evans's, late Cunningham and Evans, nearly related to the Cunningham of Harrow, who wrote the "Velvet Cushion." Look, *Sylvia*, this is White's; in yon bay-window stand the gallant Horace, and the handsome Forrester, the kind and witty Alvanley, the noble Worcester, pungent Sir Joseph, and the gay Glengall, the "King," the "Kang," the "Colonel," Archy Macdonald, and Sir Andrew Barnard.

Sylvia. A goodly group—what do they there?

Damon. Look out and watch, and

—————"tell their tales
Of every passing passenger."

Sylvia. In sooth, 'tis gentle pastime.

Damon. Come, *Sylvia*, come—we're now in Piccadilly; return we by the other side, and so, beneath the shade of Hoby's shop, retrace our steps to Pall-mall corner. The Guards rest here—to whom their countrymen stand largely bound in debts of gratitude. 'Tis here they "unfatigue" themselves from all the toils of war. And *this* is Crockford's.

Sylvia. 'Tis a palace.

Damon. This is the coffee-room, and that the morning-room. See, o'er the blind, the blooming Wombwell, William Lennox, Castlereagh, and Thynne, Tom Duncombe, Henry Fitzroy, Craven Berkeley, Maxse, Fane, and Sidney.

Sylvia. Do *they*, too, pass their days in gazing on the street?

Damon. Their days, my dearest—but at night they sometimes play at hazard.

Sylvia. Oh, tell me, what is hazard?

Damon. A simple game, played thus:—A smiling group of goodly swains sit round a table covered with a cloth, and padded, so that too much noise shall not assail the ear, and marked with *pour et contre*—for and against, or words to that effect. On one side is the banker, with great store of counters, representing money; to him opposed sits, as croupier, the man who calls the main and chance, and aids the banker in his drafts and payments.

Sylvia. What is a main, and what a chance?

Damon. The player holds a box, in which he puts two dice. He shakes it; and before he strikes it on the table, calls a number—that is the main. He throws; and if he nick it not, the number which he throws becomes his chance against the main he called.

Sylvia. Pr'ythee go on—I love to hear thee; I could listen all the day to such sweet prattle.

Damon. Eleven's the nick to seven—twelve to six or eight; but

calling seven, "twelve" is crabs, and so "eleven" is to six or eight; deuce, ace, and aces always are.¹

Sylvia. Say, Damon, might I join this pleasant sport?

Damon. Such things are done; but by the sacred vow that binds us to each other, I do adjure thee, touch not the box. Take a fond husband's anxious counsel, and when you *have* the opportunity, play not yourself, but bet, and back the caster out!

Sylvia. Oh! virtuous Damon, trust me.—What's here?

Damon. 'Tis Willis's, the Musical Saloon, where playing of a different sort goes on. These are hotels—this the Colonial Club, where broken merchants and much-injured planters mourn the march of cant and innovation—and this is Brookes's.

Sylvia. Oh! I have heard of this, even in Devon's clustering groves. I pray thee tarry not, but let us hasten on.

Damon. This is Park Place. Lord Suffield's is the house that faces you; that on the left Lord Worcester's; opposite is Horace Twiss's, once Under Secretary of State, and Member of the Commons House of Parliament, still a King's Counsel, learned in the law, and Bench of the Inner Temple. Next door lived Alvanley, the witty and kind-hearted; his house is now converted to the uses of a club; and nearer, by one door, lives Lord De Ros, the winner of all hearts, and premier baron of the realm; that white house is the Melton, where they copy Crockford's on a smaller scale. Regain we now the street—this is the Cocoa Tree, called by maligning knaves "Sots' Hole;" in it they drink a liquor called gin-punch, by Ragget made, who for no price will sell the secret of its composition—iced in a summer's evening, Sylvia, 'tis "fit for Juno when she banquets."

Sylvia. It will soon be summer, Damon, now.

Damon. See here, St. James's Place.

Sylvia. Whither leads this path?

Damon. Up to Lord Spencer's. Come thread its wilds.—That white bay-window is Colquhoun's, the Hanse Towns minister and agent for West India Islands; a worthy man. The corner house is Hodgson's, late member for the town of Barnstaple; and that is Burdett's. Next door lives Rogers, bard of Memory: that passage underneath his house is closely locked at his desire; the Muses of the park and Wood-nymphs wild so loved to haunt his magic cell, that he was forced to bar them out. That large house is Lord Spencer's, father of Lord Althorp. See here, my Sylvia; this is Cleveland Court,—“a shady, blest retreat.” That house was Villiers's, Commissioner of customs once, but now ambassador in Spain. The next is Frederick Byng's.

Sylvia. Is he a Boodle?

Damon. No; he is much too young, and too agreeable to be doomed to Boodleism yet. See, we have reached St. James's-street again, This house is Arthur's.

Sylvia. What! The Duke of Wellington's?

Damon. No, dear; a club so called, where, when they dine, they lock the door, lest prowling wolves should snatch away their food. That lengthened building is the Thatched House called.

Sylvia. I see no thatch.

Damon. The crust is off the pie, my Silvia ———

Sylvia. — made, as they say, like promises of lovers, to be broken,

Damon. You should not say so. Those spacious rooms hold companies at dinner. The Catch Club, Dilettanti, and Freemasons, who, though the house be thatched, there tile their lodges. It is by Willis kept, to whom belong the rooms called Almack's.

Sylvia. Shall I see those?

Damon. Please Fate and Lady Londonderry, yes. Next Wednesday. That lofty window is the Albion Club,—a welcome refuge for the destitute, and called by those who know its merits, the Asylum. The next is Cary's map-shop. And now we are back again at Graham's. But, lo! I see the carriage at the door, and Wilkins waiting our return. Haste we to taste the balmy air of Kensington. To-morrow we will stroll again, and I will show you more of this great town.

Sylvia. Oh, prithee do! The music of the spheres is not so sweet as thy dear voice when telling me its wonders.

Damon. Come, dearest, come.

Cheerfully did the fair-haired Sylvia obey the summons of her Damon. They reached the carriage-door; she leant upon his proffered arm, stepped in, and took her seat; he gazed upon her for a moment, then followed her. "To Kensington," he said, and in an instant they were on their way.

Oh, happy Damon! Sylvia, fairest of the fair!

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

VIII.

On certain printed "Conversations" between a Viscount and a Countess.

IN letters, these colloquies make us all see

That women are equal to men;

The titles of either begin with a B,
And each of them ends with an N.

What he says to her, the whole Town understand

As the impulse of spleen or of whim;

But the Bane has an Antidote ready at hand,
In the Sense of what she says to him.

IX

On the same Viscount.

"He flatter'd in youth, he lampoon'd in his prime,"

Quoth Memory's Bard of our poet;

But the fault was not his, 'twas a deed done by Time,
My very next stanza shall show it.

Whoever has sported on Tempe's green lawn,

Has found out the truth of the matter;

'Tis plain that, by law mythologic, a Faun
In process of time grows a Satyr.

GERMAN DUELLING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

THE most striking objects in the streets of the University towns of Germany are the numerous groups of young men, of a half-and-half appearance, between that of mechanics and of men of fashion. The great majority incline towards the former; and they would at once be set down as tradesmen's apprentices, or others of that wholesome class which is obliged to earn its bread, were it not for the lazy, independent air which is prominent both in individuals and in the mass. Some, however, show evidence of "blood," both in manner and mien, and in the distinctive shades of dress, from the velvet and silk-lined shooting-jacket to the frogged and embroidered frock, and compared with the coarse *coatees*, the clumsy *redingotes*, and the appurtenant articles of apparel, worn by the many.

Nothing can be in worse taste than the cut and pattern of the common costume of these youths; even when the greatest efforts are made at finery, the effect is villainous. A pair of brass spurs often stick out from torn and dirty boots; coarse and loose-hanging pantaloons are surmounted by gaudy and flaunting vests; and the body coats, even when daubed with silk lace, fringe, and tassels, are but more glaring proofs of atrocious taste. The little caps, of many different colours, are ungraceful and mean; and the everlasting and ever-evident pipe, full four feet long, sending out clouds from the mouth, or dangling from the coat pocket, reminds one of Porson's devil—

Whose coat was black and whose breeches were blue,
With a hole behind for his tail to come through—

and gives a notion (in many instances falsely) that vapoury vulgarity and smoke-dried intellect must be the distinguishing traits of a German student. The greater part of those youths wear mustachios; several allow their beards to grow on the chin, in the Charles the First fashion; and some have their faces covered with hair; while all wear the shirt collar turned down *à la Vandyke*, and dispense with the use of cravats.

Almost every second or third man you meet has one or more scars on his face. These display themselves in every phasis of recent or remote infliction. Sometimes as if the cheek had been scared by a sharp iron; at others, as though a narrow dash of red was daubed across; and often the inelegant applications of transversal stripes of common sticking-plaster tell the unhealed state of the cicatrize. All those wounded have a prize-fighting air. Some remind one of the grim and patched-up physiognomy (but that is only a *wood-cut*) that serves as a frontispiece to the memoirs of a celebrated German storyteller, the *Hochvelgeborner* Baron Munchausen. On one occasion, I observed a young gentleman with the point of his nose carefully wrapped up, and held by a sling which was fastened to his cap.

So much for the outward and visible signs of the German students.

Their general habits of life are unrefined and debasing. Tobacco smoke and beer form their atmosphere. Insignificant quarrels are allowed by mean scratching-matches, called by courtesy *duels*, but better designated by their own peculiar phrase *paukereien**. All this

* A cant phrase, compounded, it may be, from the English words *poke* and *awry*;

is very degrading. In those low drinking-bouts of malt liquor amidst stupefying fumes from bad tobacco, there is neither good taste nor cleanliness. Frequent squabbles on trifling causes engender an unsocial and quarrelsome spirit; and the mockery of fighting, by which they are followed, is not even terminated by a reconciliation. Resentment should be wiped away with our own or our enemy's blood. The quarrel should not be allowed to fester like the wound. But a University duel ends ungenerously, as it begins ignobly. It is the very antithesis of chivalry. Manliness blushes for, and civilization turns sick at it.

A *paukereî* is, notwithstanding, a thing to be seen—at least by the traveller who attaches importance to manners, and wishes to form a comparative table of national traits. I accordingly resolved to become a spectator of one, at least, of those affairs; and, after various efforts, I succeeded. But before I describe it, I must say, that during many months' residence in Heidelberg, I neither witnessed nor heard of a single outrage or offence against public propriety, on the part of the *Burschenschaft*, as the community of students is called. The only thing approaching to a frolic which came under my notice, (for I do not admit the discordant yells of their beer-drinking bouts, or their carriage-processions in and out of town as evidence of such,) was the pushing a bundle of grass off the head of an old woman, at which both she and the youths laughed. This was a very Germanized kind of joke. In fact, the people, young and old, are too much stupefied with tobacco to be at all up to fun. I defy any one to cite a dozen, much less

“A thousand, raw tricks of these bragging Jacks.”

Among the exceptions—the many exceptions, I should say, to the un-fascinating description I have given, I had the pleasure of being acquainted with one, who was neither drinker nor fighter, who never suffered under the laws of the *hiëb-comment*, the *stich-comment*, or the *knuppel-comment* (the cutting, the stabbing, or the cudgelling modes of duelling); nor ever experienced the *katzenjammer* (the cats'-misery) of growing sober after a debauch. This young man undertook to be my cicerone at a *paukereî*; and he was not long in giving me notice that one was to take place, at five o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day.

We accordingly set out for the scene of action,—a *wirtschaft*, or low drinking-house, about a quarter of a mile from the town, on the opposite side of the river. But when we reached the bridge, we learned that the police had got scent of the affair; and a signal being hoisted by a scout on the river's bank, the one in communication at the *wirtschaft* gave the alarm; and, in a few minutes, we saw the violators of university law* scrambling and scampering up the hills, flying along the road, or pushing across the stream in the small canoes which were ready for the occasion. The pursuit was not very fierce, for none of the offenders were taken, though a reward of three florins was promised for the seizure of each delinquent. But perhaps a counter-bribe had been given; so that I was, probably, the most disappointed person on the occasion.

for I know not a more rational or national derivation for it; though an ordinary etymologist might find one in the verb *pauken*, and the collective termination which is not, by the bye, indigenous to Germany.

* The law against duelling cannot be very strictly enforced, for no less than five hundred and forty of these *paukereien* took place during the *semester*, or college course, for the year.

Another time we arrived after the business was done, in consequence of a servant's mistake as to the hour. A third opportunity was lost by the doctor, who *must* attend on these occasions, being gone on *another* party of pleasure with some friends. Two or three more disappointments took place, but finally, one sultry day in August, everything favoured my wishes, and I reached the place, accompanied by my good-natured guide, at the same time with the combatants and the doctor, and we had the good luck to discover that the coast was clear, and no interruption likely to be offered to the sport.

These duels invariably take place in a large, lofty room, belonging to an isolated house of entertainment, which is situate on the side of a hill, in a by-path that stretches up from the road to Siegelhausen on the northern bank of the Neckar. As my companion and myself passed through the garden and entered a straggling court-yard behind, the first thing that caught my attention was a man holding to a grinding-stone, which was turned by a little boy, the blade of a long rapier, another lying beside him already sharpened. A young woman passed us, towards a long wing of the house which reposed on a vaulted terrace, a pewter basin in her hand filled with water, in which floated a large discoloured sponge. An old woman hobbled after, with a couple of long, coarse towels dangling over her arm.

All this looked like symptoms of fight, and attributions of surgery. They were so, in fact. And it is not easy to describe the unpleasant sensations excited by these cold-blooded preparations by attendants of both sexes, all—male and female, young and old—looking as wooden and unconcerned on their arrangements for execution as the posts of a gallows or a guillotine.

Groups of *amateurs* now straggled into the garden and yard. They were all students attracted to the spot, a few from regard to the champions, more from love of the sport, yet all with an air of abstract indifference, which only wanted an English atmosphere and English tailors to have made each man a breathing exemplar of the most exquisite dandyism. How, mused I as I looked on, would these Germans be affected by a riot or a battle? Could such a people ever consummate a *popular* revolution? As vassals of princedom, as tools of monarchs, they have often fought well, and would do so again and again. As enthusiasts in religion, spurred on by fanatic zeal, they shattered their ancient empire into fragments. But could any sentiment purely personal, or which merely embraces political rights, without the *prestige* of loyalty or religion, sufficiently rouse up the energies of the Germans of to-day to such a pitch as is required for effecting their own deliverance? Serious questions should not be answered hastily, even to one's-self. So I was determined to "pause for a reply."

Among the gathering spectators of the scene I was now about to witness there might have been two or three somewhat actively worked upon by the preparations for the combat. The affair itself soon commenced.

The two principal actors were as complete contrasts in personal appearance as it was possible to see pitted against one another. One was tall, handsome, and of a fine, bold bearing; the other short, plain-featured, and mean-looking. Alas for the instinctive injustice of human nature! It was impossible not to sympathise at once, to almost identify one's-self with him whose "outside man" looked so fair. No; a

whole life of experience could not resist the oft-deceiving prejudice of *appearance*; and I mentally espoused the quarrel of this lofty and good-looking swashbuckler, without knowing or caring at the moment whether he was in the right or the wrong, a brave man or a bully. But the self-adjusting principle soon began its action; the moral pendulum swung straight again. My eye caught the colours on the ribbon round the short man's cap. They were the tricolour! He was, then, a Frenchman, a son of liberty, perhaps a boy of the barricades? His opponent's band was black and white. He, therefore, was a Prussian; an educated, a civilised, a willing slave! How much less degraded is the Russian serf, or the black bondsman of America! Now, then, my sympathies have found the true course in which to run. There is no prejudice now to combat or give way to. I am enlisted under the true banner. Firm heart, quick eye, and steady arm, my brave lad! "Go it!" what a pity his name was not "Ned!"

And to work they soon went, and in a very exciting style. I have omitted to sketch the preparative strapping on of their *plastrons*. I blush to call them by their real English name of *armour*; for I was ashamed to see men make such a mockery of fighting. Nor have I said a word of their *casquettes*. Why must I tell the truth, and translate them *helmets*? And I skipped all mention of their *mufflers*—I do not quite like to write down the true word, *gauntlets*; and I rather wished to let my readers enter into all the spirit of the set-to *first*, before I told them, as truth forces me to tell, that the combatants had nothing to apprehend at the utmost from all their "notes of preparation," beyond a cut across the nose or cheek. Even such a consummation is not pleasant in expectancy to those who happen to have the forenamed feature either too long or too short; for, be it ever so long, no one, I suppose, would view its curtailment with complacency.

But admitting all the risk, still there was nothing to work very intensely on a mere observer—to make his nerves coil round his heart, or fix his teeth, or clench his hands, in the spectacle of a couple of youths slashing at each other's skull-caps and *plastrons*, the latter made of thick leather, and forming hauberks and cuirasses, so stoutly stuffed, that a pistol bullet could scarcely get through to the carcase behind. The "desperate fidelity" of poor Kean's battle-scene in *Richard* or *Macbeth* was almost as blood-stirring. But then he had not the pale cheek and the quivering lip, the frown of real anger, the glance of genuine hate. *These* tragedians had all that; and it was the truth of the picture that invested it with an interest which, compared to the mere assumption of truth, is what historical painting is to caricature.

Of all the sounds associated with destruction, there is none so keenly painful as that produced by blade against blade, either of small-swords or rapiers, in single combat. The booming of artillery, the bursting of shells, the rattle of musketry, the crash of sabres,—this chorus of the battle-field is wholesale music to a warlike mind. The singing twang of a cannon-bullet, or the sharp whistle of a musket-ball, is impressive rather than painful; but the thin *whisk* of steel against steel goes clean through the mind, and makes the blood of the brain run cold.

I positively forgot that my brave bully-boys could do each other no mortal harm; and I looked on and listened for full five minutes, (as they cut, and parried, and stamped, and flourished,) with as decided a

wound-up-edness as any spectacle of duelling ever caused me. At the end of five minutes the seconds pronounced the first heat over, and each man leant upon his friend's shoulder, (the friend exactly "accoutred as he was,") and panted, and wiped away "the plentiful moisture which encumbered" his brow, as Cowper (very nearly) says or sings.

A pause of a few minutes sufficed to rest the combatants, and again they went to work, performing, with great activity and ingenuity, all the evolutions of attack and defence according to the most approved method of the *lieb-comment*; their seconds following every movement by their side, with rapiers interposed, to protect the principals from anything like foul play, and the vulnerable parts of their bodies from any chance-medley touch of the villainous "cold iron."

Heat after heat went on to the number of five, until at last I was satisfied that the rivals were by far too clever. I was tired as much, at least, as they were. All excitement was worn out; and, in a most sanguinary yearning for the conclusion, I mentally exclaimed—

"Fee-faw-fum!

Oh, for the blood of a German man!"

I should not have cared much had it been that of a Frenchman—ay, or an Irishman even. Suspense, like the celebrated sauce in the "*Almanach des Gourmands*," would make one *manger son père*.

And at last the long-wished-for demonstration of a wound was made, by a very pretty stream trickling, like a narrow skein of crimson silk, from the tip of my tricolour hero's chin, right down upon his *plastron*. Down fell the rapiers in a trice; off flew the *casquettes*; up sprang the little doctor, with his sky-blue coat and nankeen pantaloons, from the bench on which he had been dozing for full twenty minutes; forward hobbled the old woman with the basin and sponge; backward ran the boy who attended to pick up the weapons; out straggled the spectators; off stalked the victor, as proud as Polyphemus; and away slunk the vanquished, leaning on his friend's arm in a manner so sneaking, as to lower full cent.-per-cent. my already exhausted sympathy in his favour. The pleasantest relief to my fatigued and disappointed spirit was to learn that my Frenchman was, after all, *not* a Frenchman, and that his tri-coloured hatband was only the badge of the particular section of the University league to which he belonged. No sign or token of courtesy followed this catastrophe,—no shake of the hand—no look of regret,—but a mutual scowl of sullen indifference. The men were probably bitter enemies for ever.

And so ended the *paukeriei*,—a poor affair—an abortion of base-born and ill-bred valour, begotten in a *bier brauvery*, and brought forth in a *wein-wirthschaft*, unsponsored by any high or noble sentiment, undignified by any trait of generosity or pride. The tilting-bouts of chivalry were bravely barbarous; but these scratching-matches of civilization are thoroughly base.

In giving this sketch of one of the leading traits of German life, and in stating, but by no means exaggerating, the impression it produced on me, I do not mean to imply that the youths of Germany are deficient in that animal courage which too often urges the young men of other nations into personal conflicts, and makes them affairs of life and death. They are, on the contrary, as ready as any others to fight à l'ou-

trance when there is ample cause for it. And perhaps the very habits of such ignoble encounters as I have described is a check to the frequent recurrence of deadly quarrels among them. That *such* quarrels do take place, I can myself vouch, for I once witnessed a sad proof of the fact, in the circumstance which I shall now record.

I was one dark January night occupied at my writing-desk, weaving a woof of historical events, crossed with a warp of fiction—or sketching some light profile of national portraiture—or endeavouring to rouse a spark of English feeling for the trampled-on country in which I could not live without being interested for it—but whether it was a volume, or a monthly, or a daily “article” at which I worked is of small matter to the event by which my labours were interrupted.

A low, moaning melody was borne on the gusts which swept down the valley of the Neckar, at the opening of which the town of Heidelberg is situated. Its one main street, running for a mile between the river and the mountains, formed a channel for the free passage of the dirge—for such I soon ascertained it to be. Looking from my window, I observed a lurid glow rising above the house-tops and throwing its red reflection upon the snow which covered them. A waving cloud of thick smoke marked the line of the procession, the leaders of which soon appeared coming round a slight curve in the long, narrow street.

I immediately knew it to be a student’s funeral which thus roused with lugubrious harmony the snow-enveloped dulness of the place, and sent out a crowd of youths to parade the town, many of them in costumes incongruous with the season, and not quite consistent with the scene; but the whole solemnity showing an arrangement of martial discipline which made it more than commonly impressive.

The six leaders were wrapped in dark cloaks, and stalked on some paces before the band, composed of horns, bugles, and bass instruments, whose wailing tones swelled out as the procession approached, in a strain of commingled depth and wildness. Next appeared a young man of almost gigantic height, dressed in a suit of black, with large military boots and spurs, a huge cocked hat, trimmed with white feathers, a coloured scarf across his shoulders, long white cavalry gauntlets reaching nearly to his elbows, and a drawn rapier in his hand. He was the director of the various manœuvres, and his motions of command were obeyed along the whole moving columns, whose double files, of some hundreds in number, stretched down the entire length of the main street.

All the men thus forming the living hedge at both sides carried torches, which were flourished in irregular movements, some dashing the blazing ends at times against the frozen snow on which they walked, producing by the mixture of flame and smoke a strangely solemn effect of brilliancy and gloom. There were a couple of dozen of the youths dressed in the same grotesque mixture of civil and military costume as the chief captain, and who followed his commands in regulating the march. But not a word was spoken aloud, no sound was heard throughout the peopled streets save the oppressive harmony of the dead march, in strains indescribably plaintive and original, the slow tramp of hundreds of feet, and the heavy tolling of the church bell, as the procession approached the burial-ground, which was a short distance from, but not in sight of, the house I occupied.

The coffin-bearers wore suitable cloaks, sombre and fitted to protect

the wearer from the frosty air and the drifting flakes of snow which were hurried on by the east wind. But at each side of the bier walked six or eight chief mourners, all bareheaded, dressed in full suits of black, with silk stockings, thin shoes, and *chapeaux bras* under the arm! How civilization and refinement lose themselves in burlesque, thought I; and what a chance there is of those foolish followers of an absurd fashion falling victims in their turn, but to a death less glorious even than that which has sent this one to his last account!

A concentrated blaze of light, rising far above the tall and leafless trees, soon marked the spot where the mortal remains of the young duellist were lowered into the earth, while his hundreds of former companions stood round in serried circles, doing honour to his obsequies. I could not withdraw from the contemplation of the scene, although it was only through the mind's eye it was evident. The whole procession had passed out of sight, with the straggling citizens of both sexes, young and old, by whom it was accompanied in solemn silence. The long street was quite abandoned, and the rays from the few lamps which swung at wide intervals across, fell heavily upon the snow and the dark buildings at either side. Suddenly a loud burst of song rose upon the air. The deep harmony of hundreds of male voices was joined in the requiem, and quite overpowered the instrumental accompaniment. It was sad and solemn beyond all description. No female notes lightened the full-throated harmony. Never did sorrow find a more fitting tone than in the chorus of that deep lament.

I could no longer resist the desire to mingle with the throng. An impulse of sadness hurried me resistlessly along, as the swell of the sea heaves a vessel on its silent course. I was soon at the door of the grave-yard. But all was once more still. The death-dirge had ceased, and the earth-heap was loosely piled over the body which had taken its dark berth below. The crowd quickly began to hurry forth. In a moment or two more the band appeared outside, and it struck up a new, a less solemn, but a not less impressive strain than before. It was one of those fine martial airs to which men move to battle, which thrill through the nerves, and call the dull or stagnant feelings to arms. Every one present seemed to feel the inspiration. The procession which was now formed had all the appearance of a military train. There was no coffin, no bier, and apparently no mourners. A tone of excited, of desperate ardour pervaded those whose measured steps so lately kept time with the melancholy music of the dirge. The horns echoed along the wood-covered hill, at the foot of which the procession now moved back towards the buildings of the university, and the majestic ruins of the castle above returned the bugle's tones in wild and half unearthly mimicry. The grotesque diversity of costumes worn by the students, their countenances varying from beardless animation to hair-covered ferocity, the gestures with which each man tossed his flaring torch above his head, the glittering of the sword-blades here and there, the wintry harshness of the scene, the wind-gusts heard at intervals in the skeleton branches of the trees, all formed a whole of combinations, each one in fierce keeping with the rest.

We,—for I had joined the crowd and felt myself identified with the ceremony,—arrived at the large square of the university. Here the leaders halted the torch-bearers in double ranks, at each of the four

sides ; and at a signal given, every one advanced towards the centre, and flung his flambeau on the earth. In a few minutes the accumulation of fiery brands formed a considerable pile ; and, while a thick volume of flame and smoke rose up, and was carried rapidly down the wind, the whole assembly once more shouted a chorus of almost stunning harmony. Every one knows how the German youths are trained to vocal music ; and the effect of several hundreds, on such an occasion as this, singing in parts and without a note of discord, one of their grandest national hymns, baffles imagination, and defies the pen.

It required but little stretch of fancy to believe that the spirit of patriotism rose on this union of incense and melody. It seemed emblematic of that holy desire for freedom which swells and glows in the German heart. A people imbued with a strong passion so developed cannot, I thought, be doomed to perpetual thralldom. There is a longing after liberty that must some time find a vent and secure a triumph. Then let not the youths of these fine European tracts be hastily judged, on isolated instances of bad taste or unworthy habits. Their eccentricities may arise from a vague longing for distinction ; their wayward doings be but ambition seeking the right road. A keen sense of political debasement may make them both restless and dull. But when the trumpet shall sound the hour of their regeneration, the despots may quiver in their core ! Such a scene as this speaks home to the heart. The men who look and feel as these men do must finally work out their political salvation. These universities, with all their besetting sins, are fine nurseries for noble thought. Here the prince and the peasant sit side by side, read the same lessons of wisdom, and breathe the same atmosphere of truth. Here are no badges of privilege ; no circles of exclusion ; no inordinate masses of wealth and pride, represented by the scions of an arrogant aristocracy. Here are princes—I have seen and known such—only distinguished by superior modesty ; and the sons of husbandmen working their way up to the loftiest seats of literature and science. Here individuals of all classes respect each other's station, because they value their own. Here, as in the country at large, there is no straining at distinction, beyond the easy reach of every one—no ruinous profusions, for appearance sake—no servile estimate of consequence—no idolatry of rank. Here, thank Heaven ! there are no tuft-hunters, for here there are no tufts. Every man walks the streets and paces the halls in a general equality ; and the memory of *Alma Mater* in after life is not stained with thoughts of insolent pretension on the one hand, and envious enmity on the other. The preventive system is really the wise one, where the common weaknesses of human nature are at risk.

With this plan of political education in full force, the country must and will be saved, in spite of the vehement oratory of cowards who dread the torrent of improvement. There is still an instinct of feudality, as well as of a love for the fatherland, lurking in the German mind. But they are widely distinct. Patriotism is the source of noble things. Veneration for power is a prostration of the mind. In proportion as the chief of the state acts as becoms the chosen of the people he should be honoured, and praised, and loved.

“ But loyalty fast held to fools doth make
Our faith mere folly.”

THE DEBTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

PART II.

READER, you have made your *entrée* into the *day-rooms* of Barrett's Hotel; but the honours of inauguration into the sleeping apartments yet await you.

Precisely at three-quarters past nine, P.M., a warning bell rings to notify the approach of "roosting time;" and as old Cripplegate tolls the hour of ten appear the turnkeys, who, rattling their keys against the grated windows, cry, "Come, gentlemen, gentlemen," and in a few short moments the knights are locked upon the respective landing-places adjoining their bed-wards; then commences a ceremony, in itself worthy "the order," imposing and awful to the new candidate for knighthood, in which the elder brethren of the cross all take part. Rugs and blankets from the straw-beds are put in requisition for the double purpose of adorning and concealing the wearers, under which each man carries a pillow, to be hereafter made use of as occasion may serve. The newly-made captive is ordered to bed; he obeys—but with something like instinctive horror, as he surveys the group of ruffianly-looking fellows around him. A procession is then formed of the rug and blanket men, each armed with a mop or broom, their craniums covered with washing-basins or other utensils; the steward of the bed-room, surrounded by his satellites, commences a march towards his victim, he, and his choir chanting as they go, in imitation of the Roman Catholics at mass, distributing water from pewter-pots to all persons within reach of their benediction; certain rules are read by the steward, which is a signal for the commencement of a regular battle—brooms, pillows, mops, bed-furniture are hurled on all sides, candles are extinguished, and in the general scuffle, the "sacred helmets" are not unfrequently reduced to atoms; one, however, being always in reserve, upon which the "new member" is expected to swear that he will be a true, faithful, and obedient knight; he is then ordered to pay the chamberlain sixpence, scream a song, and afterwards go to sleep. But woe! woe! thrice-told woe! be to the proud presumptuous mortal who dare resist! Such have been compelled to pass whole nights upon the staircase as they best could, deprived of, and shut out from, the mean comforts of Mr. Barrett's bed-chambers, no refractory member, who refuses to submit to these ceremonies, being permitted to profane the county straw. By the way, I cannot but remark that this society calls itself a republic, but in no government whatever do despotism and tyranny reign more absolutely.

A medical attendant is attached to this hotel, at a liberal salary; but as the knights are not unfrequently troubled with hypochondriasis and lowness of spirits upon their initiation, his visits are like those of Angels, "few and far between," kindly fearing that his presence may remind them of "ills they know not." I must, however, in justice to this gentleman declare, that upon the only occasion I was compelled to seek his assistance, I found him prompt, obliging, and polite. Considering, however, the large number of persons of both sexes that

are yearly placed under his care, a resident Galen is much to be desired, and highly requisite. In many cases of emergency, which occur frequently, and especially during the period that the epidemic called "influenza" raged in London, very serious consequences might have arisen, but for the obliging assistance of one or other of the knights-phlebotomizers, who happened at the moment (most luckily for the patients) to be, as canons and prebendaries would say, "in residence."

A room called the "sick ward" is appropriated to invalids, in which are two female nurses, who, from the account given by their patients, are not overstocked with tenderness; *their* hearts, made of "sterner stuff," sympathize not with suffering humanity. "Pity" is not their hand-maiden; with them the softness, peculiar to "the sex," dwells not; or at most, appears only in proportion to the weight of the sick man's purse. An old Irishman, reduced from a state of comfort as a respectable tradesman, to one of great misery, under the care of these matrons during some weeks, was a quizzical compound of wit, originality, and irascibility, and ever in a state of war with them. So long as a patient has money, these harridans will contrive to detain him as long as possible amongst them; that gone, the poor wretch, unless he be *extremely ill*, is reported convalescent, and they get rid of him.

Lawyers thrive abundantly upon the distresses of the White Cross knights, and though "it were treason to doubt the '*honourable profession*,'" a few strong cautions, as to whom amongst the tribe they may employ, are, notwithstanding, exhibited in the different wards, accompanied by a list of such as have been *known to plunder their clients*, in order that they may be avoided for the future. Many attornies practising in the Insolvent Court have an agent in each ward, who receives a *douceur* of 10s., sometimes more, for every client obtained through his influence; these agents are prisoners, and generally the stewards of the respective wards, who being the first persons to whom new captives are introduced, have the best opportunities of ferreting out their affairs, and recommending the patrons who best pay themselves. Amongst these *liberal lawyers* are some very *unprincipled fellows*, who prey upon the miseries and misfortunes of others as vultures upon carrion; these make their daily appearance in hopes of finding fresh victims, and they are, alas! seldom disappointed. One of this genus, doubtless possessing more expanded notions of charity than the general body, invariably cautions those persons whom he addresses, (and they include the whole "order") against the entire race, *excepting himself*, of whom he has the best opinion, and *with* whom he stands perfectly well; his disinterestedness excites the surprise of members, until they are informed, (*by himself*;) that he is "*the most, if not the only respectable man of the profession*." Small cards of address with which this benevolent quibble abounds, are tenderly thrust into the hand of his hearer, with a few words at parting, such as, "Shall be happy to serve you, Sir; am a respectable man, with lots of business, Sir."—"Good morning, but *pray be cautious*, Sir." From all, however, that I have been able to learn (*I believe*) Mr. A—— stands nearer the mark "integrity," than most of the fraternity hanging on at "Barrett's;" he will endeavour to make as much money of him as possible, (and, by the by, who amongst them will not?) but his attention *will* be given to his client, and *I am*

told by himself, that he has been known, in cases of poverty, to carry men through the Insolvent Court, "free, gratis, for nothing at all!"

This place is a little world in itself, an "*imperium in imperio*." The great diversity of characters, and the close association in which all are compelled, in a certain degree, to live with each other, their good or bad qualities display themselves involuntarily, and almost hourly, and afford continual sources of amusing and instructive reflection to the observer of human nature. Baronets, gentlemen, tradesmen, mechanics, black-legs, swell-mob gentry, and *rogues of all degrees*, form a more motley group than I should imagine can be found in any other part of the world. The advantages derivable to society from this sublime disdain of classification cannot but strike my readers.

Many a man enters this place with clean hands, and an honest heart, but departs a villain. It would be absurd to expect any other result. Men of mind, and men of industrious habits, are here condemned to pass months of their time in gross demoralizing idleness—cards, marbles, or any other occupation, no matter how degrading or how puerile, for the mere purpose of "killing time."

The "fraudulent debtor" stands precisely on the same footing as he who is honest and industrious, though unfortunate. Can any thinking man, then, be surprised that numbers become contaminated? If men of superior attainments can scarcely escape, and there are many of this class who, knowing the dread effects of this debasing atmosphere, exclaim bitterly against the pernicious system—what evils must not but result to the ignorant and uneducated?

Imprisonment for debt is absurd and cruel. It is a notorious fact, that creditors rarely obtain *even two shillings in the pound* from their incarcerated debtors. Who benefits, then, by the practice? Certainly neither creditors, debtors, nor society in general; on the contrary, *all* are materially *injured*—the first, by the loss of their money—the second, by the acquirement of idle and vicious habits—and the latter, by the bad example and practice of the preceding. Lawyers, sheriff's officers, governors, chaplains, and all the immediate attendants upon prisons, are the only persons who thrive upon the system. Hear what Dr. Johnson says:—"Although the misfortunes of an *individual*, do not extend their influence to *many*, yet if the relations and effects of consanguinity and friendship are taken into consideration, and the general reciprocation of wants and benefits, which make one man dear or necessary to another, it may reasonably be supposed, that every man languishing in prison gives trouble of some kind or other to two others, who either love or need him. By this multiplication of misery, distress is thus extended in a threefold ratio."

Some men there have been, who have preferred living years in prison to paying their just and perhaps impoverished creditors. Such men should be *made* to suffer; but is the fact so? Undoubtedly not. How many men of fortune in the "King's Bench, the Fleet, and within the Rules" of both, have lived, and are *now* living, in comfort and ease (some in absolute splendour) upon those means which ought, in common justice, to be devoted to the payment of their debts? Many men spend their hundreds (some few their thousands) per annum in these places, in the full enjoyment of every good—liberty excepted; whilst the unfortunate tradesman, ruined, perhaps, by these circumstances, and

the poor mechanic, depending upon his labour and industry, are suddenly torn from their homes, families, and occupations, and incarcerated within the walls of a prison, there to languish in indolence and misery. But the *misery* of jails is not half their evil; they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedness can engender between them, with all the shameless and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy and the malignity of despair.

I have known persons who, for *three whole weeks*, loathing with *disgust* the association into which they had fallen, have "*refused to be comforted*," yet have *ultimately become* joyous and reckless as the most abandoned. Men thrown into gaol, after a brief communion with their fellow-prisoners, feel that the public eye is lost, and that the power of the law is spent; here there are *no blushes, few fears*.

Every one fortifies himself as he best can against his own sensibility, endeavours to practise on others the arts practised on himself, and gains the kindness of his companions by similitude of manners.

Morality is sapped to its very foundation in such places. Chaplains may pray, preach, expound, and exhort, with all the eloquence of a "Paul," the fervour and devotion of a "David," or the religious zeal and love of the apostles and evangelists combined, and their efforts will be vain, so long as men are *condemned—compelled* to live in idleness, and in association with, not unfrequently, characters of the *very worst description*, who, from their very boldness in iniquity, awe their fellows, and acquire a fatal influence over minds less strong and less steeped in vice than their own.

Dr. Johnson's remarks are so well worthy attention, that I trust an apology will not be necessary for introducing them. "The monastic institutions," said the great lexicographer, "have been often blamed as tending to retard the increase of mankind; and perhaps *retirement ought rarely to be permitted*, except to those whose *employment is consistent with abstraction*, and who, *though solitary, will not be idle*; to those *whom infirmity makes useless to others*, or *who have paid their due proportion to society*; and to those *who, having lived for others, may be dismissed to live for themselves*."

"But whatever be the *evil or folly* of these retreats, those have no right to censure them *whose prisons contain greater numbers than the monasteries of other countries*."

"It is surely *less criminal and less foolish* to permit inaction than to *compel it*; to *comply with doubtful opinions of happiness*, than *condemn to certain and apparent misery*; to indulge the extravagances of erroneous piety, than to *multiply and enforce temptations to wickedness*."

Of all evils, that of imprisonment for *small debts* is surely the *most barbarous—the most senseless*, of which any nation pretending to a high state of civilization can possibly be guilty. In what is denominated the forty-shilling ward of this prison, there are not less than 1200 inmates during the year; these remain ten, twenty, thirty, and forty days, according to their respective debts; during which period they receive the county allowance of bread and beef—the parishes in which they may reside supporting their families during the imprisonment of their natural protectors: thus, an exceedingly heavy burden falls upon the public in the shape of county and poor-rates, not only *without an equivalent good*, but for a *positive and most extensive evil* in the destruction

of moral and industrious habits amongst that class of persons who are doomed to live by the "sweat of their brow."

An old man, sixty-three years of age, was brought from Enfield one morning, for a debt of *nine shillings*! This old fellow was lame, and otherwise so exceedingly infirm, that it became necessary to hire a cart for the purpose of conveying him to this place; he had a wife twenty years younger than himself, and two children, who were left to the care of the parish during the fifteen days he remained here to wipe off the debt. His infirmities had for a long period prevented him from doing any work of a laborious nature, and that only which he had been able to pursue of late was to scare birds from corn-fields, for which, when employed, he received one shilling per diem. The debt was for a score at a chandler's shop, incurred during a period when there were either no birds to frighten, or no corn for them to devour.

This man remained during the period prescribed by law,—or, in other words, he had "nine shillings' worth at Barrett's;" and then, in consequence of his inability to walk, he was provided with money to take himself home again.

The public and the creditor were great gainers by this man's incarceration! for which the former paid, in one shape or another, about *three times the amount of the original demand*!

Some six or seven years ago, during my stay in that part of his Majesty's dominions, an accident of rather an extraordinary nature occurred to a soldier of the 36th regiment, then in the West Indies. He was cleaning his accoutrements in the gallery or veranda of the barracks, in the island of Barbados, upon the first floor, when his ramrod accidentally fell over the balcony, which he requested a person below to throw up to him, leaning at the same time over the balustrade for the purpose of receiving it; it was thrown, and stuck fast in the corner of the poor fellow's right eye, close to the upper part of the nose, whither it had entered to the depth of an inch and a half, and required the greatest efforts to extract. He was taken to the hospital in great agony, and speechless, when it was discovered that a nerve had been punctured which paralyzed the tongue and the whole of the left side: at the end of six weeks he recovered his speech, but the perfect use of the left arm and leg has been denied him to the present hour. This man was sent home, and discharged with a pension of ninepence a-day: having only one serviceable arm, it may be readily imagined such a person cannot be much of a labourer; he is, however, enabled to earn a few pence by occasionally turning a mangle. This unfortunate being, with whose misfortunes I had been so well acquainted at the period of their occurrence, I accidentally found in this place, condemned to thirty days' imprisonment in total idleness, for a debt of twenty shillings and ninepence! Some persons will perhaps say he is rightly served for getting into debt; but I maintain not more rightly than is the creditor who trusted him by losing his money. This man is now a double burden upon the community—as a pensioner and prisoner.

Two Irish labourers, one for a debt of five shillings and threepence, the other eight and sixpence, were incarcerated about the same time, each having wives and young children—the latter five, the former eight; at the time of arrest the wife of one of them had fivepence in her possession, the other nothing; neither have any settlement in England, consequently *no claim*

upon any parish; the mercy of the overseers of that in which they lived has been invoked, and not in vain, but to a very small amount—viz., half a quartern loaf every other day! My readers will exclaim with me, as the apostles did of old, “What! is that amongst so many?”

These are only a few, out of numberless cases which might be cited, to prove the cruelty, iniquity, and folly of the practice. If we estimate at merely one shilling and sixpence per day, what is lost by the inaction and consumed in the support of each man, thus chained down to involuntary idleness, the public loss will amount in one year to 360,000*l.*! taking the average number of persons imprisoned for debt to be 16,000, according to a statement recently laid before Parliament. And I am afraid that those persons who are best acquainted with prisons will be constrained to acknowledge that my statement is by no means exaggerated, when I suppose that the heaviness of sorrow, the corrosion of resentment, the corruption of confined air, want of exercise, not unfrequently of food, and all the frightful complicated horrors of prisons generally, have the effect of shortening the life of, at least, one in every five of those that are shut up from the common comforts of human life: thus perish yearly three thousand two hundred men, overborne by sorrow, consumed by famine, or putrified by filth!—many in the most vigorous and useful part of life; for, as Dr. Johnson truly says, “the thoughtless and imprudent, the busy and the active, are rarely old.”

To the credit of the present Ministry, the abominable law of imprisonment for debt is about to be removed from our Statute-Book, by Sir John Campbell's bill, which has already been before the House for its abolition.

So great a change as this will effect cannot be viewed with indifference. “Gentlemen of the law,” regarding with disgust all legal reforms, spare no pains to impress the public mind with a belief, that this bill must necessarily destroy confidence, and open a door for swindling, upon an extended scale. Nothing can be more absurd than this assumption; that confidence must be of a most unsubstantial nature, that has no other foundation than the power afforded by law of seizing the debtor's body, in default of payment; and it would not require a Solomon to prove that man an idiot, of no common degree, who would credit another, to any amount whatever, upon the certainty of putting him into prison at a subsequent period. And as to increased opportunities of swindling, that will be utterly impossible, unless tradesmen, with the old law, take leave of their common senses.

The Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors was undoubtedly a humane emanation from the legislature, for the benefit of honest but unfortunate men; in some instances it operates thus; but, in very many cases, (and it is notorious that they are by far the greater number,) it is a cloak for fraud upon the part of debtors, and not unfrequently of revenge upon that of creditors.

It is almost as common for men to perjure themselves in their passage through this court as to breathe; and this circumstance is of such daily occurrence, that numbers not only make no secret of the matter, but pique themselves upon their ingenuity, which has enabled them thus to get whitewashed, and preserve means for themselves, by making over property to their friends. Doubtless, there are many highly honourable men who have been compelled, from misfortunes, to avail themselves of

this law ; I speak not of such, but "the many," who, having led, hitherto, perhaps, blameless lives, and, before arrest, would have *scorned dishonesty* in any shape, but, torn from their wives, their families, their occupations, and, consequently, from the means of maintaining them, they are no longer the men they were ; imprisonment, entailing ruin, makes them callous ; and they then readily fall into plans and schemes, that, but a few weeks previous, they would have spurned with sentiments of horror and disgust. These are not imaginary statements, but, alas ! too true, of the *vicious effects* of "imprisonment for debt," and which are not at all ameliorated by the practice and conduct of *very many* of the professional men who frequent this and other like places as attornies of the Insolvent Court : there are *some few* amongst them who are entitled to be classed under the head "respectable," but a very large proportion can lay no *claim whatever to the appellation*, and have no right, therefore, to quarrel with me for withholding it. Many of them are extremely needy men, who, by their specious manners and fair promises, impose upon the ignorant and credulous, induce such to sign a "retainer," obtain two, three, or more "sovereigns," according to the means of the client, and the influence they have acquired over him, file his petition, and then, *not unfrequently, neglect him altogether*. Many such cases have occurred within my own knowledge ; one of extreme cruelty I will relate.

A poor man fell into the hands of one of the numerous "agents" with which this place is infested, who contrived to get from the friends of his client various sums, to the amount of 10*l.* 4*s.*, for the purpose of carrying his business through the Insolvent Court ;—the petition was filed ; the schedule commenced, but not completed ; and the poor man was totally abandoned by this corrupt "agent." Ten weeks have passed since this circumstance took place—the client still a prisoner ; and ere he can obtain relief, he must commence *de novo* with another attorney.

Application was made to the attorney whom the agent professed to represent, when the former declared the latter had robbed him of various amounts, and this amongst others ; whilst the agent returned the compliment by pronouncing his "master," or "employer," or whatever he may choose to call him, a *scoundrel*.* What redress has the sufferer ? "An action," will be quickly answered by many persons. But where is such a man, as the one I have described, to find the sum of money—the *fortune* (to him) necessary to go into a court of law ? Our *HERE-DITARY* legislative assembly will not permit us to have *cheap law* ; poor persons, therefore, must go without it altogether, and submit to imposition, chicanery, and robbery, no matter how flagrant in their nature !

All attempts to check or reduce the iniquity of the system by which, under the *semblance of law*, men are pillaged of their property, are virulently opposed by my Lord Lyndhurst with all the "profession" at his heels ; as though the latter had a "*vested right*" in the goods and fortunes of others, *for them to appropriate*, in the shape of costs, as they may think proper.

Law in this "*happy country*," this "*free country*," is a *positive nuisance*, in which no man ever embarked *without great certain loss*. A case in point has just occurred so monstrous in degree, that it ought to be distinctly impressed upon the mind of every Englishman.

* Both attorney and agent have now totally disappeared.

A short time since a tradesman, arrested for "taxed costs," was cast into prison, and compelled to take the benefit of the "act for the relief of insolvent debtors." He had been defendant in an action for the recovery of a disputed account, amounting to 17*l.* 14*s.*; acknowledging a debt of 9*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, he paid that sum into court, and a verdict was given against him for an additional sum of 1*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* and costs, amounting to 82*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*! 20*l.* he had paid to his own attorney in the matter, thus making the law costs amount to the enormous sum of *one hundred and two pounds, fifteen shillings, and eleven pence* for the recovery of *one pound, fourteen shillings, and one penny!* This action was tried in the Court of Exchequer before my Lord Chief Baron Lyndhurst. Pursued by the lawyer for the taxed costs, the defendant was utterly ruined, and has now, with a family of children, after ten or twelve weeks' imprisonment, to commence the world again *without credit and without friends*, both having taken flight as he entered these gates.

A gentleman, upon whose veracity I can rely with the greatest confidence, declared to me, some time ago, that for an original disputed debt of *eighteen pounds*, he had already paid *sixty-two!* and that he was still indebted, in the same action, *seventy pounds more!*

Comment upon a system which upholds and sanctifies such *diabolical wickedness as I have here related* is unnecessary. The world is becoming daily more enlightened, and such *facts* (for mine are *no supposititious tales, no fictions, no exaggerations, but plain, well-authenticated, positive facts*) come home to every man's understanding.

Law is an incubus that is fast destroying all the energies of this *once great country*; the infatuation of such men as Lord Lyndhurst, with his strong, masterly mind, is dreadfully lamentable. How miserably wide asunder are his Lordship's words and actions, profession and practice; in his famous speech in opposition to the "Local Courts Bill," his Lordship said, "It was *monstrous* that a *poor man* should be *driven into an expensive court for the recovery of a small sum*;" and, with the same breath, directed all his power against, what the journals of the day aptly enough, styled "*the poor man's Bill.*" Why, his Lordship *knows perfectly well, there is nothing upon earth so expensive as law; nothing so ruinous* to the man who embarks in it; and, if indeed his Lordship *really* had been in ignorance upon the subject *before*, he can no longer make the same plea, whilst the appalling information given by Lord Brougham to his Lordship during the debate upon that Bill stands upon record.

We hear much of the boasted laws of Great Britain, that they "*extend equally to the poor as to the rich,*" "that the fountain of justice is *open to all*;" but every-day *facts* are in diametrical opposition to these assertions; and *one fact*, upon such a point, *outweighs a thousand arguments.* I maintain, and defy any person to contradict me with truth, that, in the administration of law, the *poor cannot partake of its benefits; they can be shared only by the wealthy!* And those persons who have not money to throw away amongst lawyers, *must of necessity* put up with loss and robbery!

Into what volumes are our law-books swollen? Who can read—who can understand and reconcile them one to another? Surely common law should be common sense—but *who will say* that that is always the case? Who will be bold enough to come forward and declare, that

either common sense or justice bore any part in the cases I have just cited? How often are things so perverted, as to make the law the means of the greatest oppression? I have met with a writer who declares, that "more property has been sunk by means of law than by any the most wholesale system of plunder known! Look at the frightful expense entailed upon the recovery of just debts; and as to greater matters, what with writs, agents at Westminster Hall, attornies in the country, the dreadful round from one court to another, the assizes and the bar, it is next to a miracle if debtor and creditor, plaintiff and defendant, be not irretrievably ruined."

It is really quite alarming to behold the swarms of attornies with which the three kingdoms abound; and to think of the vast sum that must be raised for their maintenance.

I would not be supposed to denounce the whole profession—far from such an intention, I must declare that I have known, and am still acquainted with many of its members who are highly honourable men and ornaments to society; but I attack the system (against which *no force of language can be sufficiently severe*) which enables so large a number of *disreputable persons* to plunder and thrive upon the distresses of the public.

When the statute-law is brought into shorter and more comprehensible compass; when judgment can be obtained with moderate attendance and expense, that men may not be ruined by the law from which they seek redress; and when gentlemen of the law are in earnest to obtain such for their clients, the legal institutions of the country will be revered, and professors of the law respected.

A sort of prison destiny appears to be the lot of some men. An individual now in this place has been a prisoner in "The King's Bench" eleven, and in "The Fleet" nine years. This man is now about five-and forty, having passed half his life in prison. Of what use is he to society? None—nay worse, he is a burden upon it, "a drone in the hive of humanity." The lower class of persons confined for small debts, from which stated periods of imprisonment clear them, having once entered these contaminating precincts, become hardened and careless hereafter, acquire dissolute and idle habits, lose all susceptibility of shame, and frequently return three and four times within as many years into this place of captivity and vice.

In close communion with a society so diversified and ever-varying as is this—with men different in their pursuits, principles, habits, tempers, and callings, as are their countenances, the philosopher *may* pass uncontaminated, and find abundant food for useful and interesting contemplation; but who will dare to say that the young, the gay, and the thoughtless can escape uncorrupted—unhardened? It is an undisputed fact, that no person is benefited by confinement in a gaol with a mixed multitude; and it is equally certain, that *many—very many*, acquire habits of iniquity there which they never again can shake off.

(To be Continued.)

THE MACHINERY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.

INTELLIGENT foreigners, who have visited our country with a view to study the minutæ of our institutions, and to witness their practical application, with their effects upon the morals and conditions of the people, have concurred in expressing their astonishment at the want of system, unison, and co-operation among our public functionaries, in all that relates to the prevention of crime, and to the moralization of the poor. If we put any machinery in work to check crime, and improve the morals of the lower orders, we are sure to let some part of the mechanism be out of order; or we allow some contiguous power to lie idle, though its exertions may be material to the main design; or we do much worse, in permitting some antagonist power to operate actively in neutralizing our efforts and destroying the effects of all our labours. We have no *préfets* or *sou-préfets* to our counties, no public prosecutors, nor public, responsible functionaries of any sort; and our local domestic administration goes far to establish the truth of the saying, that "what is every body's business is nobody's business." We have lords lieutenants of counties, whose functions, excepting militia and honorary patronage, are nominal; sheriffs, who are most awful and important officers, according to the black letter theory of our constitution, and who are mere vestiges of functions, pageants, or walking gentlemen in the social hospitality of county administration; and we have deputy sheriffs, whom the law declares shall not be attorneys or lawyers, and who shall not be in their office above one year, (23 Hen. VI. c. 8,) and yet they are almost invariably in office for life as a matter of routine, and not only are they lawyers, but it would be impossible for their functions to be exercised were they not lawyers. To this we must add, that we have an unpaid, honorary, and irresponsible magistracy, whose duties are exclusively, technically legal, and who are yet, on an average, not brought up to the law, and know little or nothing of the law, though our laws are of a character which require talents devoted through a life of arduous study to their bare comprehension.

The clergy may evince their zeal and discretion in moralizing the poor and in ameliorating their condition: they may "stoop to truth and moralize their song"—they may waive doctrines, and make religion the great sanction and incentive of morals; our lay-magistracy may descend on all the sources of vice and demoralization, they may digest schemes of general education, anathematize beer-shops, lament the reduction of the duties on ardent spirits, show a discreet and laudable zeal in licensing and supervising public-houses, and they may even give up, or at least modify the game laws, for the sake of moralizing the poor and checking crime; and yet, with all this self-devotion, zeal, study, and active exertion, they leave unscathed, or they even connive at or positively encourage, the great, and almost only remaining source of all crimes and petty offences. Distress and wayward natures will produce crimes and offences; but the source of distress, the school, almost the only remaining school in which wayward natures are fostered, encouraged, stimulated, and supplied with the means of crime, and with all the motives and facilities of minor offences, is either totally neglected, connived at, or, we are ashamed to say, in some cases encouraged, innocently and blindly encouraged, but still encouraged, by the magistracy.

A cotemporary publication, the "United Service Journal," in two

articles of considerable power*, has exposed the flagitious character of what is vulgarly called the "Prize Ring" or "Fancy" of pugilism. That publication has laid bare the nefarious crimes of pugilists, with their legal consequences, the gallows or the gaol; and it has as ably exposed, that what the gulled public imagine to be fights, are merely mock exhibitions, got up by the swell mob, black legs, and keepers of flash-houses, solely with three views,—to swindle one class of persons by false betting,—to rob another by picking pockets,—and to give a harvest out of the general result to those ex-pugilists who keep public-houses, as foci where all the schemes are originated and matured, and where the plunder is calculated and distributed. With this part of the subject we have nothing to do. With fighters, as fighters, we have no concern. The "United Service Journal" has exposed the excessive frauds of "the Ring," and the unmixed villany or *dupery* of all that are directly or indirectly connected with it under the name of the FANCY. Our sole object is to depict it as the great and principal remaining source of crime,—the great mocker, circumventor, and baffler of the police and magistracy. The fighters, the mock fighters, for there have been no real fighters for very many years, have found their level. Their occupation is gone—but the craft exists as a nursery, and solely as a nursery of every species of crime and offence, from the picking of a pocket, or the robbing of a hen-roost, to the burglary, the highway violence and the murder.

The United Service Journal has scrutinized and laid bare the concoction and machinery of a fight. Our subject has no relation to fighting, pugilism, the ring, or fancy—our sole object is police and moralization, and further than the ring or fancy is connected with domestic crime and offence—with the inefficacy of our magisterial system,—our article has no relation to the subject.

A fight, or what is called a fight,—for there has not been for very many years, and never can be again, a *bonâ fide* fight,—is got up by three classes of persons;—the low black legs, the swell mob, and those ex-pugilists, and others, who keep gambling-houses, brothels, and flash-houses. The game of the respective parties is manifest. The object of the black legs is to take in the *flats*, which they do superbly; to take in each other as far as they *can*, and this *can* involves immense ramifications of which the public is not aware. The object of the swell mob is, of course, merely the picking of pockets, with its collateralisms of highway robbery, violence, and swindling in all its grades and degrees. Of course the flash public-house keeper, almost always an ex-pugilist, makes the common harvest of all. All the schemes, from beginning to end, are concocted on his premises; whichever side may win or lose, he is sure to be the gainer, merely by keeping the den of accommodation, by supplying liquor, not to the fancy, for they, of course, are wary, but to the dupes of the fancy, who are plied plenteously. The one side must have cool heads and full stomachs, the other inflamed brains and eventually empty pockets. To these dens of infamy all persons of propense nature to crime resort, in order to find companions, friends, instructors, trainers, and capitalists or master thieves to direct their labours, to afford them the field of exertion, to employ their services in subordinate grades, or to advance them the capital or means of their trade. On this

* In the Numbers for January and February last.

point the conduct of the magistracy is extraordinary. Everything connected with the ring is so exclusively the germ, seminary, college, and hospital of crime, that even the sparring matches in the Fives Courts and Tennis Courts of London the magistrates were obliged to suppress. These muffled mockeries were turned to good account by the Knights of the Post. The tradesmen and respectable householders in the neighbourhood of these exhibitions were so injured by them, and exposed to depredations, that the police were implored to suppress them, by persons who wrote anonymously, and who candidly confessed that they dared not appear either individually or collectively, so dangerous was it to be obnoxious to these wretches. At one of the last of these exhibitions near the Haymarket, the new police lined the approaches to the place of offence. They thus protected passengers, defended the neighbouring shops, and they even entered the court, and took into custody several of the pickpockets who were at their vocations. The magistrates forthwith suppressed the cloaca of crimes. After this virtue and vigour, is it possible to be believed, that the ex-pugilists and other keepers of such public-houses advertised that these sparring-matches would take place in their respective rooms?—and in those rooms are they carried on to this day by advertisement, and without any interference of the magistrates, though the magistrates are the licensers of such houses. The evil has been increased a thousand fold: whilst these exhibitions took place, at certain intervals, and *en masse*, at certain places, the foci could be under the surveillance of the police; but now that they are carried on in private rooms, in innumerable public-houses, and at night, they are beyond the cognizance of the police; and even the dread of a certain degree of publicity, the greatest of all checks to crime and of protection to the public, is now removed.

After all means of defrauding the public at the flash-houses are exhausted, after the sporting papers have exhausted puffs and paragraphs, the locality of a fight is fixed. The first travellers (before the Anatomy Bill was passed) used to be the resurrection men, in their light carts. They pitched on the graves they intended to rob after the fight. At the fight they made money by letting out their carts for spectators of the fight to stand in, and on their way home they plundered all poultry-yards, and all honest old dames who were so innocent as to hang out linen in the line that the fancy had to travel. The immense number of thieves of every description that repair to fights with these light carts is often wonderful. They always come home full of stolen property.

The person employed to make the ring, or erect the stage, is the Commissary-general. When waste ground or common cannot be found, a field is hired of a farmer, who is never or very seldom paid, and if he insists on his money he gets unmercifully beaten*. The claim is resisted on the plea that the ground was let out for an illegal object. At

* A celebrated boxer, Bill Gibbons, long held this office. When Huffy White, who was hanged for horse-stealing, and Macoul, who died in Edinburgh jail, under sentence of death, had robbed the Glasgow bank to such an immense amount, Macoul placed part of the notes in his friend Bill Gibbons' custody: Gibbons gave evidence against him on his trial. At the very next fight, directly he appeared as commissary-general, the swell-mob surrounded him, beat him in a dreadful manner, and carried him in a state of insensibility, and amidst horrible execrations, to throw him in the river:—(the fight was at Moulsey Hurst.) The fellow was

the second fight between Ned O'Neal and Jem Burn, near Ascot, the farmer shut the gate, and would not let the boxer out of the field till he received the money agreed upon. He was immediately knocked down, cruelly beaten, and left insensible on the earth.

The next operation, after hiring the ground, is to hire waggons. Fights that are attractive are attended by many, who, for personal safety from thieves, and from a dislike to mix with the butchers, scavengers and filthy wretches that compose the majority of the mob, will pay from 2s. 6d. to 10s. for a standing place in a cart to see the fight, a line of vehicles always forming the outer ring. The farmers and neighbouring hucksters that let out their carts on such occasions seldom get paid, and often experience brutal violence if they demand their money. At a fight at Virginia Water, a pugilist, in cant language a leading member of the Waggon Train, applied to a farmer for the hire of his waggon for the ensuing day. The farmer insisted on his having the hire first—a sovereign;—the specious varlet readily consented, provided the farmer signed a receipt. The pugilist drew up the receipt as follows: "I, A. B., do hereby agree to let you, B. C., have my waggon for one sovereign hereby received." Immediately after the fight, the astonished farmer saw his boxing-thief friend going off to London with his waggon. In great alarm, he demanded his vehicle—"Your waggon, you —!" replied the scoundrel, with a very horrible epithet—"it is my waggon, you sold it to me, and I have the written agreement." After a great deal of dispute, the rogue consented to let the farmer have his waggon on his paying two sovereigns. This robbery was well known to the sporting press, but was never exposed or mentioned. It is boasted of to this day as one of the cleverest tricks of the Waggon Train*.

At all fights, robberies are perpetrated by organized gangs of thieves, who walk round the ring and pick pockets, or knock people down, without the slightest attempt at concealment. Whenever any resistance is offered, the person who would defend his property is knocked down by fist or bludgeon, or the dreadful clasp knife called a *shiv* is exposed and used if necessary. Every thief carries this implement of terrorism, mutilation, or murder. It is a large clasp knife, with a catch spring at the back which prevents the blade closing, and thus forms a complete dagger. We have seen at a fight more than twelve persons knocked down at once, and with the thieves upon them rifling their fobs and pockets, and then proceeding to serve others in the same way; and this in the presence of county magistrates and Bow-street officers, who have been present as amateur spectators of the fight. The reporters of the press have been robbed in a similar manner. The thieves know that the magistrates give them thorough impunity, for when a robbed and a beaten person applies to the bench for a warrant, the magistrate's an-

rescued by a gang of boxers, who defeated the thieves, but Bill Gibbons was horribly beaten. He was succeeded by Tom Oliver, the most notorious of the cross-fighters—*par nobile fratrum*.

* At the fight on Lichfield Race Course between Jem Burn and an Irishman, one of the leading pugilists hired the grand stand for a large sum of money, and made his harvest by exacting five or ten shillings from each person who entered to view the fight from it. He decamped, and when the owner pursued him for the money, all he got was a torrent of the most revolting abuse, with threats of violence, which soon made him relinquish his claims.

swer is, "You had no business there—you were engaged in a breach of the peace, so you must take the consequences." Notwithstanding this, this very magistrate has suffered the fight to be got up in his own district, has had full cognizance of all the parties and of all the preparations, and may have even been present at the combat.

At the fight, or rather intended fight, at Royston between Josh. Hudson and Phil. Sampson, there was an immense concourse of all classes, and the young gentlemen from the university were very numerous and very conspicuous on the occasion. The field had been hired of a farmer, and it had but one gate or entrance. At this gate were placed several of the fighters, with large money-boxes, with slits at the top, and they demanded 1s. from every person on foot, and 2s. 6d. from every mounted person that entered the field. Persons, in the hurry and excitement of the occasion, pulled out handfuls of gold and silver mixed, or took out long and well-filled purses, and many of the Cantabs in particular gave double, quadruple the admission required. The fee being paid, they had to pass through a group of several dozen of the pugilists, who, of course, did not molest them. Half a dozen yards farther on, they had to pass through two large gangs of the swell mob, the East-end mob, and the West-end mob, the captains of which were pugilists. The East-end were by far the most desperate. The gentry, farmers, and others were now surrounded, hustled, and *lifted*, *i. e.*, robbed, of watch, purse, and every thing they had about them. Those who made a serious resistance were felled to the earth by desperate blows of heavy bludgeons, and often beaten cruelly. Others, whose resistance was not of a serious character, were kicked ludicrously, but severely kicked, for their pains. More plunder was collected on this occasion than on almost any other ever known*. The Cantabs were not only beaten, kicked, and plundered, but they were deprived of the classic, refined enjoyment of seeing two naked ruffians bruize and mangle each other for hire. The fight was a cross, connected with a horse-racing robbery; and as the theft was discovered, the fight did not take place†.

At the fight at Virginia Water, between O'Neal and Ned Baldwin, robbery was carried on by wholesale. Every man who attempted to protect his watch or fob had a bludgeon laid over his head, and some of the gashes and bruises were dreadful. At last a large body of countrymen who witnessed the scene, armed themselves with stakes, staves, whips, and whatever weapons they could find, and they attacked the thieves with fury. But the swell mob were more numerous, they were more used to fighting, and were of more desperate natures. They were better tacti-

* Large sums were collected in these money-boxes. One of the pugilists watched his opportunity and bolted with his box, by catching a stage-coach and leaving the fight to its fate. When his companions arrived in London and demanded an account of its contents, he replied that it felt so light, that he had broken it open out of curiosity, and finding only 1s. 6d. in it, he was ashamed to account for it, and had spent the money in gin.

† On this occasion, a keeper of a public-house was standing with a pugilist in conversation, when the leader of one of the gangs of thieves came up to him, and with a friendly politeness said, "Mr. —, give me a pinch of snuff, will you?" Mr. — put his hand in his waistcoat pocket for his silver box, and exclaimed with a laugh,—"D—n me, if they have not *lifted* (robbed) me of my box!" "Here, sir, is your box," said the captain of thieves, politely touching his hat; "one of my young pals did not know you, and lifted your box, but it shall not happen again."

cians, and fought in unison. The countrymen were woefully beaten, and the robbery was resumed with increased vigour. Though the harvest had been so immense, the thieves were not satisfied with the booty they got on the ground, but they actually dispersed themselves in small corps through the long lane that led from the field of combat to the high road, and they stopped every gig, carriage, cart, and vehicle of every description, as well as all foot passengers, and actually committed highway robberies by the hundred, and this in open day; and not a single instance occurred of one of the wretches being brought to justice; nor did a single pugilist offer to protect any person that was assaulted.

In order to give the reader some faint idea of the enormous plunder collected by these gangs, we must relate that, at the celebrated fight which took place in Shropshire, between Brown of Bridgenorth, and Phil. Sampson, about eighty thousand persons were collected on the ground. There were more than twenty thousand people beyond the outside line of waggons, not one of whom by any possibility could get the slightest view of the fight. About five hundred of the Birmingham thieves were on the ground, armed with bludgeons, and even the London thieves were astonished at their ruffianism. At the fifth round of the fight, the ring was purposely broken, in order to create confusion for the thieves, and the scene became terrible, almost beyond imagination. The whole of this immense and ruffianly assemblage was mixed indiscriminately, and in a state of violence and fury. Some were rushing forwards in hopes to get a sight of the combat; others were flying in terror to avoid the fierce struggles of the multitude; and amidst all the horrors of the confusion, for more than an hour and a half the Birmingham thieves were rapidly knocking people down with their bludgeons, and plundering them. The London thieves were equally active, but they were by far less cruel in their infliction of injuries. So profusely had money flown about in the ring, that one celebrated pugilist, himself the captain of a swell mob, actually received upwards of 60*l.** chiefly in silver, for standing money in his waggons.

No reporter dared to take any notice of the violent robberies perpetrated at fights. We have known a reporter obliged to fly for his life, merely for warning a friend that the thieves were surrounding him. On one occasion, a reporter, having referred slightly to the conduct of the thieves at a fight, was compelled, under threats of assassination, to go to a notorious flash-house, at the Mile End-road, to make his humble apology, to pledge himself never to allude to thieves or their practices any more; and he finally gave them a treat of wine, and passed a night of orgies with them, after which they were all good friends, and have continued so ever since.

But the robberies at fights and on the ground are by far the least serious of the evils. Not only on the eve of fights, and on the succeeding night, is all the line of road, and all the neighbourhood, exposed

* The Birmingham thieves paid little respect to the London thieves; and though this hero was one of the seconds at this fight; though he was one of the most celebrated of the pugilists, and above all, one of the best known, and, we believe, most admired of master pickpockets or leaders of a gang, he did not feel himself safe, and his mode of securing this 60*l.* was rather curious. He stowed it away, *secundum artem*, in the pockets of his trousers, and then put on a second pair of trousers, which rendered robbery impossible, except by violence.

to plunder, but the thieves have opportunities of forming local connexions, and of ascertaining assailable points, and they establish a whole system of depredations. For instance, Moulsey Hurst was the celebrated scene of these brutal exhibitions; and so many robberies and burglaries were committed in the neighbourhood,—so many graves were desecrated, and hen-roosts emptied, that the magistrates were obliged to prohibit fights on that spot, owing to the complaints of farmers, tradesmen, gentlemen, travellers, and every description of person.

During the frequent and horrible executions for forgery, (laws never to be revived,) prize-fights used to be the principal means which the thieves had of circulating forged paper, and keeping up the forgery trade. After the fight between Curtis and Aaron, in Hants, a forged note of a very large amount was imposed upon one of the county banks. Three days after a celebrated fight in the north of England, the bank of the neighbouring town was broken open, and plundered to a large amount.

At the fights themselves, the thieves do not merely take purses and watches; we have seen them tear brooches from the necks, rings from the fingers, and cut the clothes of people off their backs.

After a fight, the compromises of felonies are innumerable. A great many of the persons robbed are apprentices, managing clerks, stewards, agents, and others, whose characters would be ruined, if, by the loss of watches, &c., it were to be exposed that they had been at one of those infamous scenes. We recollect that, after a fight at Noman's Land, Herts, a gallant captain entered a public-house which was full of the thieves and fighting men. He exclaimed, "I have been robbed of thirty pounds and my gold watch; I don't care a — for the money, but I must have the watch." The watch at that moment, with very many others, was in the possession of one of the most celebrated pugilists and thieves, who restored it to its owner for a certain sum.

When the thieves and pugilists fall out, for rogues do not often, or at least always, agree, the pugilists invariably have the worst of it. The herculean Cribb once threatened them, and he was soon obliged to fly from their brandished knives. The powerful pugilist Carter, himself a transported felon, wished only to prevent the thieves breaking the ring, at the cross fight between Curtis and Perkins, and he was unmercifully punished by reiterated blows of the thieves' bludgeons. We have even seen the powerful Ned Baldwin, who, among pugilists, was "the bravest of the brave," fly from the thieves in terror, and screaming like a child*.

Having thus given a few, and a very few, of the elements of prize-fighting, we come to a truly astounding part of our subject. How is it possible that the magistrates can tolerate this dreadful hotbed of all existing crimes?

The magistrates cannot plead ignorance of these fights, nor of the scenes that take place at them. We have seen both magistrates and Bow-street officers at fights, and eye-witnesses of the robberies we have described. We have known magistrates, who have been robbed at fights, to have their watches and purses politely restored to them, in gratitude for their permitting such exhibitions. At the fatal fight at

* Soon after Adams, a convict, was released from the hulks, he was advertised to fight one Smith. His principal backer was hustled by the thieves, and to save his watch and property, he gave them to a powerful pugilist, who for his offence in taking the property was threatened with murder, and obliged to fly the ground.

which the pugilist Mackay was so foully murdered (at Newport Pagnell), one of our most celebrated Bow-street officers was present at the exhibition. The Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of ———, was determined that such a villainous scene as a prize-fight should not take place, as formerly, on his estate, or within his district. He accordingly applied to Sir Richard Birnie, who sent an officer down to stop the fight*. This officer, of course, told the thieves and pugilists that they must not carry on their game on the spot intended, but he informed them where they might carry it on; and at that fight, at which Mackay was murdered, that officer was a looker on. One would imagine, that after a human life had been thus sacrificed, the magistrates of that locality at least would have suppressed such scenes of murder, outrage, and plunder; and yet a recent fight has been got up in that neighbourhood, at which one of the seconds was a notorious Dutch pugilist, then actually under his recognizances to keep the peace. When this man, a brothel-keeper, was bound over to the peace, the magistrates (of Shropshire) actually apologized to him for being obliged to execute their duty. With matchless effrontery the flash sporting or fighting press not only publishes their apology, but forthwith advertises a fight between this Jew and another prize-fighter; and every week it advertises the night and hour at which betting, and all other preliminaries of a fight, are to be settled, at certain specified public-houses, kept by ex-pugilists.

For months before a fight takes place, it is advertised every Sunday in the newspaper of the fighters. Even the public-houses at which the men are sent to train are ostentatiously advertised, and yet the licensing and other magistrates permit these convocations of desperate characters. On one occasion, in Middlesex, a respectable tradesman wrote to the magistrates, describing the outrages to property, and the demoralization among servants and labourers, which these fights had inflicted upon him and his neighbours; and he implored the magistrate to prevent an approaching combat. He added that his letter was anonymous, for he dared not sign his name, in terror of these ruffians. The magistrate immediately took this letter to one of the men in training, asked him if he knew the hand, and left the letter with the rascal, that he might show it to the ring or fancy, in order to trace the writer. This worthy magistrate little knew that, had the writer been discovered, his property, and, most probably, his life, would have been the sacrifice. On another occasion, in a county contiguous to London, the clergy, who were not in the commission of the peace, at ———, wrote to a lay magistrate, requiring him to prohibit a fight which had been advertised to take place at ———. This magistrate, an amateur-pugilist, immediately wrote to an ex-pugilist, the keeper of a flash-house, to the following effect:—"The ——— Clergy won't let you fight here, on account of the robberies, &c., committed at the last fight. You come down here too often—don't come here for some little time, and when you do come, do, for God's sake, bring us a good fight, for the last was ———." Another magistrate, in another county, was called on by the inhabitants to do his duty and prohibit an intended fight. He accordingly wrote to one of the fighters, who was then in training, and who is one of the most notorious burglars in

* It has been said that the orders were, not to stop the fight, but to merely prevent its taking place on the Duke's property. It is utterly impossible that any magistrate could have committed himself to the extent of giving such an order.

England. He concluded his letter thus:—"You cannot fight within my jurisdiction, but go to —, and you'll find all right." Once, as a magistrate entered the crowd to prohibit a fight that was commencing, he was hustled by the thieves, and released of his watch and purse. But thieves and fighters wish to keep in with magistrates, and as soon as they found who and what he was, they apologized, and restored to him his property; and this was actually boasted of in the sporting or fighting paper.

At Whetstone, thieves' fights, fights for 5*l.* or 10*l.*, got up exclusively by thieves, without any connexion with the pugilists' ring, or fancy, but on their credit, used to take place in rapid succession. The horrible murder of Thompson, by an Irish mob at a fight, took place at this spot. On one occasion the inhabitants shut up their houses in terror, and a body of hungry thieves surrounded a baker's house, broke it open, and plundered him of every particle of bread on the premises. Notwithstanding this incessant succession of riot, plunder, and murder, it was long before the magistracy attempted to suppress the exhibition.

A fight was to have taken place at Wolverhampton, between a pugilist and Byrne, who killed Mackay, and who was killed at last by Burke. Owing to the interference of the clergy, the fighters and thieves were *baulked*, and they departed for Shropshire, where a spot was selected for the stage. The stage was five feet high, but whilst it was erecting, the clergyman of the parish, accompanied by a magistrate, entered the ground, to prohibit the brutal fight. They had penetrated the dense mass of Staffordshire colliers, amidst the hootings and blasphemous execrations of these desperate men, and at last came to the crowd of thieves that surrounded the stage. Here they were hustled, robbed, and then permitted, in derision, to approach the stage; but immediately they had arrived at it, some powerful wretches seized the old man, and violently pressed his throat against the edge of the stage or flooring, with a view to strangle him. His face became purple, his eyes were starting out of the head, and his swollen tongue was forced out of his mouth. Whilst the wretches were thus effecting their horrible purpose, the thieves were thrusting their hands under the arms, or over the shoulders of those who held him, and were tearing out his hair by handfuls. The two gentlemen, by the humane assistance of some amateurs, were rescued; and they escaped with their clothes torn off their backs*.

A pugilist has but three goals to his ambition and cupidity:—to keep a brothel; to keep a petty hell, or low gambling-house; or lastly, to keep a public-house, the resort of his ring connexions, and the place for concocting fights, &c., with all their collateral villainies. That the magistrates should license such men in such houses is truly wonderful†, but

* At Worcester, in the fight between Spring and Langhan, a large wooden building was erected for the spectators. It suddenly broke down, when J. Treby, of Covent Garden Theatre, was killed, and an immense number of persons were more or less injured.

† One of the signs of the times may be observed in the different maxims of the old and new police. It was, and is, the maxim of the old police to license flash-houses, and to let the police-officers have an *understanding*—a fraternity—with thieves of all sorts. The maxim of the new police is a suppression of flash-houses, and an uncompromising war against thieves of every sort. Police sinecures and licences will soon be suppressed, and their harvest destroyed: this harvest has been immense.

it is almost incredible that they should license them notwithstanding the complaints of the neighbourhood against them, and notwithstanding their impudent violation of the law in advertising every Sunday the hours for meetings, to be held solely to set the laws and magistrates at defiance*. After these advertisements have been repeated very many times, the fight takes place, on the very site of previous murders and robberies,—in the very vicinage where the magistrates themselves have been maltreated and robbed. The fights are described with disgusting ribaldry in the low, profligate, sporting press; the thieves, felons, and pugilists who attended the fights are set forth in pompous array, and new fights are advertised immediately that the plunder of the previous exhibition has been distributed at these public-houses. Are we a Christian, a civilized people? What a revolting picture is this of our domestic government and public functionaries! Will foreigners believe it possible that the first nation in Europe can be so thoroughly barbarous in their notions of police, jurisprudence, and moralization? Of what use are our numerous Christian and benevolent institutions to the religion, morals, and well-being of the poor, if—no, not if our magistrates do not suppress such a system, but if they actually encourage it by tacit connivance, or, as we have shown, by open patronage? Can there be a subject which more seriously demands the attention of the Home Department—the care of our bishops in their visitations to their dioceses, and the active exertions of all religious, humane, and honest men—"whose ways are not of blood, and who despoil not the unwary"?

R.

* The actual fights of the landlords of these houses with other stage-fighters, and the fights these landlords get up, between stage-fighters, in their public-houses, will soon be exposed.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

LUCILIUS.

Board and Lodging.

A mouse Asclepiades saw in his house,
And cried, "Pray, what are *you* doing here, my dear mouse?"
To the miser, said mouse, "Sir, I *lodge*, it is true;
But be not alarm'd for my *boarding* with you."

PHILODEMUS.

To Rhodoclea, with a wreath of flowers.

This wreath* I send, my Rhodoclea fair,
My own hands twin'd it for thy radiant hair,
The sweet narcissus, and the rose-cup wet,
The lily, and the dark-eyed† violet;
Wear them, and read their lesson, lovely maid;
Like them you blossom, and like them you fade.

J. B.

* Go, lovely Rose, &c.—WALLER.

† *κυανεύουσι* τὴν.

LITERATURE IN 1834.

If the sophisms of superficial utilitarians were to prevail, that which is called the elegant literature of a civilized country would be ranked amongst its dispensable ornaments. Poetry is not a ploughshare, oratory sows no corn, nor can history be converted into a steam-engine. Nevertheless, even if the creations of cultivated minds be estimated as mere embellishments of human life, we have only to look back at ancient Greece to perceive the unfading renown which, above all other attributes of a nation, they confer upon the people who have given them birth. The memory which has been conversant with the annals of the Grecian States retains few traces of the sanguinary wars in which the Chians were engaged, or of the progress which they made in the arts or in agriculture. But the poems of the Chian bard have come down to us like a path of living light, which connects the present with the past and the future. Who that has ever read the history of Boeotia recollects a single chapter of it beyond the few pages which are dedicated to the life of Pindar? The most polished court of Asia, at one period, was that of Polycrates, at Samos. But if the name of that accomplished prince—for accomplished he was in an eminent degree—happen ever to be mentioned in our time, it is only because he is known as the protector and friend of Anacreon. Strike out from the modern history of Italy the names and the works even of Petrarch, Dante, and Tasso—deprive Spain of Cervantes—France of Molière—Germany of Goethe—England of Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and Byron—what mighty chasms would be created in the records of those nations!—chasms in which would perish much of their celebrity, and not a little of that moral power which reputation gives in the opinion of the world.

But, in truth, literature, even that which is exclusively composed of the higher effusions of the intellect, is very far from being that kind of bauble which the new school of didactic philosophy would represent. Literature, taken in its most refined sense, might be truly described as the laboratory in which the mental elements are brought forth and shaped for all the purposes of society. The man of letters is not often the inventor of those new combinations in machinery, which are made to work for our profit like so many beings instinct with intelligence: but by his works he creates inventive genius in others; by extending the horizon of thought, he compels mind to enter into conflict with mind, and it is from such collision those original scintillations shoot forth which renovate and augment from age to age the light of the world. If, like New Zealand, we had no literature, it is not too much to say that we should be upon a level with the people of that country in everything that relates to arts and manufactures, and that we should have made little or no progress beyond the old pastoral knowledge and habits of mankind.

It need not be denied that a community of men might go on together for centuries, without being sensible of any want which the forest, the mountain, and the lake might not, in a great measure, supply. By a fair contribution of individual labour, they might even produce, from a

friendly soil, an annual store of the necessaries of life, sufficient to satisfy the exigencies of the whole tribe. But whenever that store becomes redundant, it is in the very nature of our kind to desire something beyond the mere gratification of the sensual appetites. We are then impelled, by that heaven-born feeling which ever lifts us upward, to develop the noble gifts of reason to the fullest extent of which they are susceptible. It is only in communities where redundant wealth has been created, and where that wealth is applied in order to enable the mind to feel at ease with respect to the common wants of nature, that the faculties can be encouraged to disclose all their power. Destroy that surplus wealth, or even reduce to a wretched scale of economy the resources which have hitherto left superior intellects at liberty to pursue their own unfettered career, and the consequence must be a slow but certain retrogression to the condition of depravity from which the reform of savage life commenced. The sparks of future light cease to be struck out—science and the arts are stopped in their progress—and the hope no longer remains of new accessions being made to history, philosophy, poetry, oratory, or any of the grander researches or emanations of mind, which lend a grace to existence here, and prophesy its glories hereafter.

The multiplying powers of the press must, indeed, prevent the darkness of ignorance from ever again coming upon the world. But it is not enough that we should be incapable of actually destroying or forgetting all the knowledge we now possess. We do nothing in our generation unless we advance beyond the generation whose place we occupy. The discoveries of Newton, and the investigations of Locke, are, in our age, little better than common-place. We begin where they ended, and unless we go on extending the sphere of the intellect, the passions crowd in upon us, and corruption becomes the order of the day. It is possible for men—as was proved by the revolution of France—to be really as barbarous in the eighteenth or the fiftieth century as they were before the flood. It is of the very essence of true civilization that it should be progressive. The moment it ceases to go forward, it is left behind by Time, the great arbiter of fashion, and the novelty of to-day to-morrow becomes obsolete.

The state of English literature, at this moment, seems to us to be anything but progressive. In the department of poetry we have had nothing for several years worth mentioning. A desultory effusion now and then finds its way into the periodical journals, as if to show that the fire of genius is not as yet wholly extinct amongst us. But no poem of any length or character has lately seen the light in this country.

As to oratory, it seems to have altogether fled from the senate and the bar. Mr. Macauley, whose genius promised to renew the days, or rather the nights, of the Burkes and the Cannings, in the House of Commons, has been shipped off to India, where he is to sit as one of the members of a kind of conclave, and his sentiments, if they are to be expressed at all, must be delivered in a *sotto voce* not very favourable to elocution. He has left behind him many sensible and even able men in the House, who seem, however, much more anxious to eat a good dinner, or to go to bed early, than to cultivate either in themselves or in others the art of rhetoric. The double daily meetings have produced, of necessity, such an additional quantity of talk, that the business of the only House which appears to have anything to do, (for the upper House has scarcely sat at

all since the commencement of the session,) is conducted in a prosaic style, seldom elevated above the tone of ordinary conversation.

It is much the same at the bar. The eminent counsel of the present day are perfectly well skilled in all the subtleties of the law, but there is not amongst them even the shadow of a Demosthenes or an Erskine. We know, indeed, more than one of those gentlemen to whom a course of lectures from "Murray's Grammar" would be not a little serviceable. Sentences tolerably well begun, but most abominably ended—repeated infractions of every rule of syntax, tense, and mood, characterize our present forensic displays, as perhaps the least enviable among the nations which possess open courts of justice. The eloquence of our pulpit is very generally correct; but, alas! it is truly formidable for the icy coldness with which it falls upon the hearts of the audience.

The world seems to have been exhausted by our travellers, and in this respect it may be said, almost literally, that there is nothing new, under the sun. Europe has been beaten quite flat by the swarms of tourists, whose volumes are now enjoying imperturbable repose in every well-regulated library. We know of nothing doing amongst us in the shape of history, if we except Colonel Napier's brilliant Commentary on the Peninsular War. Some fragments, indeed, of Sir James Mackintosh's long-promised *Magnum Opus* have been announced for publication, as if to render our disappointment more complete, by indicating how little, after all, there is to remain of the lucubrations of a mind which appeared adequate to any undertaking, had only health and industry been added—or rather, had the years wasted on fleeting politics been husbanded for permanent fame.

We need only write the words "British Drama" to be sensible at once of the utterly hopeless condition into which that department of our literature has fallen. We are indebted to France for a pleasant comedy which is now rapidly fretting away its ephemeral existence upon our stage. A few domestic melodramas have also attracted some little attention; but the theatres are altogether, we may say, out of fashion, notwithstanding the recent somewhat increased degree of resort to them, which, indeed, cannot be considered in any other light than as a mere passing caprice on the part of the public. It forms no part of the ordinary routine of life now to go to the play. On the contrary, an evening set apart for that purpose is treated, in almost every family, as a marked exception to its usual habits; and is considered, we think very generally, as an evening thrown away, if not feared for the colds and the headaches by which it is too often followed. It is thought necessary, perhaps, to go once or twice in the season, just to see that such and such favourite performers—every year becoming fewer—are still alive. But there is no real magnetic power now attached to any of the houses, and everybody knows the up-hill sort of work which the lessees have to sustain their establishments at all.

In passing, it is worth remarking that the drama has been for some years on the decline, not only in London, but in all the principal country towns in which it formerly enjoyed great prosperity, and that the art has fallen into a similar state of decay in those states of the continent where it once attained the greatest eminence. This fact is a curious and a highly interesting feature in the intellectual history of man, for it seems to lead to the conclusion, that the dramatic art exercises its highest

influence upon those communities only, which are the least remote from barbarism, and that it loses its charms in proportion as those communities advance towards the higher degrees of civilization. If this be true, then a period must eventually arrive when tragedy and comedy shall perish altogether as represented compositions, and that they will be endurable only in the closet,—a phenomenon, if such it may be called, which has long since actually taken place in Italy, and which is taking place in France and England.

For ourselves, we must confess that if a comedy of sterling merit were placed in our hands, we feel that we should enjoy it infinitely more by reading it beside our study fire, than if we beheld it distributed into parts, and heard it mouthed by the groups of actors and actresses who now occupy the stage of this country. Let it not be supposed that we wish to undervalue the histrionic talents of those individuals. One or two perhaps might be named, whose merits in their respective lines might be favourably compared with those of any of their predecessors. Indeed the whole profession may be said to be respectable; but it has certainly lost its ancient *prestige*. We well remember that what charmed us chiefly in early age, when we went with breathless expectation to the play-house, was the air of mystery that consecrated everything behind the green curtain. The actors did not then think it necessary to gather a store of popularity for their benefits, by perpetually bowing and scraping to the audience whenever their exertions were applauded. They came on the stage as if it were altogether a world of their own, separate from ours;—a region of enchantment in which it was their business simply to sustain the characters which they came to represent, and never to think of their own.

We do not recollect that we ever experienced the illusion of the stage more strongly, than when we first saw Talma, at Paris, in the fine tragedy of “Sylla.” Not only that great master of his art, but every actor with whom he performed on that occasion, glided in upon the boards wholly pre-occupied with his part, and apparently feeling as if his presence before the audience were a mere incident with which he had no concern. He did not appear to come from behind a pile of canvass, but from the streets of ancient Rome; every one on the stage, down even to the bearers of the fasces, seemed to think only of the business in which he was actually engaged. It was as if the curtain of the past had been suddenly raised, and we were permitted to behold a living scene of antiquity preserved, in an atmosphere of its own, from the ordinary effect of time. The tone, the attitude, the costume, were all addressed, as it were, to the subject matter of the piece, and never to the audience. It is obvious how very much an arrangement of this kind tends, on one hand, to identify the artist with the character which he personates, and, on the other, to carry away the spectator from the coldness which admits of criticism, to that state of high-wrought enthusiasm which is sensible only of enjoyment.

But the great aim of actors has of late been to remove, as far as it is possible, everything calculated to maintain any distinction between themselves and their audience. They come forward curtsying and simpering, and bowing and smiling, to the people before the stage, just as if they were entering the drawing-room of a private individual. They have no atmosphere of their own, and, too apparently, no business except

to win our applause, which is the constant object of their ambition. The art seems to be merged in the mere duty of earning a salary, and everybody looks as if he were ashamed of his part, rather than identified with it from a passion for his avocation. The stage was much better off for good actors when by law they were liable to be treated as "rogues and vagabonds," than it is at this day, when they are admissible, unless there be some personal demerit, into good society. Formerly their great desire was to be excellent actors: now they think principally of being ladies and gentlemen.

Other causes, however, besides the fading away of the old *prestige*, have contributed to the decline of theatrical amusements, and promise, before another century perhaps, to put an end to them altogether, when they will be remembered in much the same light in which we now speak of the "Mysteries" formerly enacted in most of the countries of Europe, or of the still earlier performances exhibited on the itinerant stage of Thespis and his followers. The enjoyments of private society are now infinitely more abundant, more rational, and more engaging, than they were even so late as thirty years ago. Both sexes are much more upon a level in point of education than they were then, and the accomplishments of both are capable of affording mutual entertainment not often to be excelled out of doors. We are all readers; and we have, heaven knows, books in abundance for every leisure hour which we can command. Music and painting, conversation, and the luxuriant ease and elegance of our drawing-rooms, often detain those at home now who, under a less civilised state of things, found no rest except in the theatres. Wine is consumed more frugally than in former times, and people are more careful of their health, which they have lately discovered to be one of the greatest blessings of existence.

It was remarked by Captain Forbes, in his examination before the Dramatic Committee, that whenever a period occurred of great political agitation, the theatres were, during that period, almost wholly abandoned. The Queen's trial was a terrible blow to those establishments; they were nearly ruined by the Reform Bill. It is a singular fact, which marks the great difference, in more than one respect, between the two nations, that political effervescence produces quite a contrary result in France; for whenever revolution is at its work there, the theatres are crowded to suffocation. We remain at home when great questions are at issue, because we wish to reflect upon them, and to attain to that state of opinion which is calculated to give them a safe and advantageous direction. The French are not yet under the government of opinion, but of physical power; and they go out from their homes to find sympathy, and to calculate their strength.

In proportion as we feel ourselves more and more under the sway of public opinion, we pay the greater attention to political events, and these produce an excitement which no dramatic effect can rival. Thus, between politics and parliament, the clubs, the meetings of private society, the dinner hours, the attractions of home, the fatigues of business, the immensity of the theatres, which causes most of the words spoken on the stage to vanish in echo, the unblushing displays of the saloons and the upper boxes, and the real decline of the dramatic art itself, both on the part of actors and authors, we apprehend that the days

of theatrical amusement are numbered, and indeed are already verging towards their close.

The literature of fiction—that is to say, so far as it is confined to novels which represent well-drawn pictures of modern manners—seems also to have nearly completed its term for the present. The human mind takes every thing, as it were, by intervals. One age is an age of poetry, another is an age of satire, a third is a philosophical age, a fourth is an age of history, of war, of luxury, of reason, or of bubbles. We have had enough of matter-of-fact novels, and it is now high time for us to return to the romantic; at least it is clear enough that we are getting tired of stories of fashionable life, as novels of that class do not go off at present, to use the phrase of the trade, with the vivacity to which, for some years, they have been accustomed.

Indeed, to whatever department of our literature we turn our eyes, we behold it reduced to a low ebb, so far, at least, as originality and novelty are concerned. Splendid illustrations are indeed in progress, which are more or less connected with our literature, and tend in some degree to redeem the mediocrity of the age. We allude particularly to the scenes selected from the Bible, which, though for so many years unthought of, are now affording occupation to no fewer than three different sets of artists. Mr. Murray's prints seem, however, to admit, in our opinion, of "no rival near the throne." They are designed by Turner, and some of our other first-rate masters, from the sketches of gentlemen who actually visited the scenes which are delineated. We happen to have seen several of those sketches; and when we compare them with the finished design given to the engraver, we are forcibly impressed with the miraculous beauty which genius can impart to every thing it takes under its protection. Rude outlines of buildings and mountains, scarcely distinguishable from each other; masses of trees and towers, skies, and plains, and valleys, pencilled on paper in a kind of chaotic confusion, are, by the talismanic touch of the artist, awakened into order and proportion, disposed in just perspective, relieved by shade and light, and warmed with the freshness and animation of life. Thus we have seen the mists of night brooding over a tract of country with whose character we were unacquainted, and which we set down as unworthy of attention, until, as the day advanced, the dense curtain was folded upward, as if by the hand of some enchanter, when the scene shone forth in every variety of hill and valley, watered with crystal streams, carpeted with flowers, and peopled with herds, and flocks, and peasantry, that gave interest and cheerfulness to the landscape.

But when we put aside the reprints with which the press abounds, and the embellishments which are added, in order to render them more marketable, we have absolutely nothing to exhibit for the living genius of the year. A catalogue is now before us of the books which have been published within the last six months; and certainly a more unattractive bill of fare never was handed to a literary gourmand. We have here, amongst other things, "The Validity of Thoughts on Medical Reform," which, for aught we know, may be a very valuable, though we fear it must be an exceedingly dull performance. Next comes an "Exposition of the False Medium and Barrier excluding Men of Genius from the Public," which seems to be a sort of verbal kaleidoscope. If the author had cut up Johnson's Dictionary, and thrown the words into a tube with

a glass at one end of it, there is no reason in the world why he should not have spied out, attending to the operation of shaking from time to time, a composition in every respect as rational, and as well put together, as that which he has produced by a more tedious process. We understand that it is to the same enlightened philosopher we are indebted for another work of much the same kind, entitled "Spirits of Peers and People, a National Tragi-comedy." These two volumes are altogether unexampled in our literature; they exhibit "a mind diseased" with the ambition of immortality, and discontented with the world because its claims are not at once recognized as irresistible. The gentleman's friends should take care of him. We recommend him to the attention of the author of the next work on our list—"The Doctor," in two volumes. If this production can do him no good, then let him try what benefit he can derive from the "*Horræ Solitariae*" of Mr. Serle, or from "The present Corn Laws considered," or from "The Complete Grazier," which, if they cannot instruct, may at least divert his soul from its present ominous career.

Among the various interesting novelties in our catalogue, we find "Dr. Tobias Crisp's Works, *complete!*!" We have no doubt that Dr. Crisp is a most respectable author, but we must plead guilty to the charge of never having heard of his name or works before. We thought that Virgil and Lucan had been already sufficiently murdered by our translators; but we perceive that a Mr. Wallis has attempted to cut up both those poets, by rendering into his own English—for it is quite his own—"Select Passages" from the Georgics and the Pharsalia. Pindar and Anacreon may also boast of new translations; and a most learned tract has been published on that *veraxa quæstio*, the "Round Towers" of Ireland, which, like all other treatises on the same problem, has rendered it more entangled than ever.

It would be idle to enumerate the quantities of printed matter, which, under the form of neatly boarded volumes, have lately seen the light only to perish in it as soon as they are brought forth. The fact is, that the age through which we are now labouring may be properly called "the age of vamp," the most saleable species of literature being, at present, that which is stitched up from old materials by the literary cobblers who swarm throughout the land, and who are engaged in getting up those countless publications, sold merely at the price of waste paper, which have, within the last three years, deluged the country with an apocryphal species of popular information. The cultivation of a manly taste for letters is perverted by the system of penny journalism, which exists upon plagiarism of the most unqualified description. We may behold in these paltry sheets the essence of books of considerable price, upon the preparation of which, perhaps, a whole life had been bestowed. Should a new work of any merit happen to be published, it is made at once the common prey of all these locusts of the press. Either in the shape of extract or epitome, we may purchase for a few pence, in the unstamped papers, the most valuable portions of a new book which may have been equitably advertised at a guinea! The consequence of such an operation as this must be, to check at once the circulation of the original, and to deprive both the publisher and the writer of the gains to which they were fairly entitled from those persons, to whose instruction or amusement they had contributed. Is it pro-

bable, in such a state of things, that the disappointed author will again return to his study, to toil once more in the production of a composition which may be thus plundered with impunity? Is it to be supposed that any publisher in his senses will again undertake an expensive enterprise, the fruits of which he would certainly see transferred to persons who had no share whatever in his risk, and who only increase the magnitude of his responsibility?

It has happened to us to have been consulted occasionally with reference to manuscripts of works, which must have consumed several years in their concoction. We have read some of those productions with much admiration for the great learning which they displayed, and several of them we thought well calculated to extend the general range of knowledge, and to be beneficial to society. But we were compelled, from motives of prudence, to advise that the further consideration of them should be deferred for the present, as we saw no chance of their being fairly dealt with in the literary market, so long as there are two powerful corporations, the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," engaged in the avowed enterprise of converting the present stocks of our booksellers into waste paper, and of vamping up publications of their own from the materials which those stocks supply, with a view to sell them at the lowest possible price. While such combinations as these are permitted to interfere with the legitimate trade of the kingdom, we have held, and we must still maintain, that it would be madness in any private bookseller to embark in any undertaking of importance. The object of those corporations seems to be, to nip in the bud the fruit of high genius and liberal education, and for the generous literature of an enlightened nation, to substitute the *rifacciamentos* of a host of mere operative drudges, wholly destitute of taste or talent.

The catalogue now before us shows, in the clearest manner, the practical effect which the corporate system has already produced, with respect to every branch of composition. If we except the reprints of old works, it does not contain the title of a single volume which is likely to go down to posterity. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" lately gave in that journal an interesting analysis of a most elaborate and valuable history of Turkey, which had been published in Germany, and a good translation of which must have been deemed a great acquisition to our historical literature. But it would have occupied at least four volumes, and there is no bookseller in England who would at present undertake a speculation of that extent, even if the translator were to require no compensation for his labour. The public are now so accustomed to look for all their information to the penny collections, that they would as soon think of buying a set of the obsolete statutes, as a history of Turkey in four volumes!

Will the effect thus already produced upon the literature of the country be limited to the period which has just elapsed? Unquestionably not. Men of vigorous and enlightened minds may perhaps now and then be found, in some rare instances, willing to fling their treasures abroad, careless of the consequences so far as their pecuniary interests are concerned. But this system cannot be general, nor can it very much add to our staple literature, such as has emanated from an Addison and a Pope, a Johnson, a Goldsmith, a Campbell, a Moore, a

Byron and a Southey. Can we expect to see successors worthy of these men reared up under the penny scale of remuneration which now exists? If knowledge become so cheap that the production of it in an original form shall cease in future to be profitable, what are we to think of the wisdom of those corporate bodies, who, for a momentary purpose, sacrifice the means by which alone the true interests of literature can be promoted? The sum of information created down to a late period of our history may, indeed, be dealt out in exchange for the lowest coin of the realm. But who, with that wretched pittance before him for his reward, will apply his mind to new inquiries, with the view of enlarging the circle of the sciences, or the range of any species of knowledge of a really useful description?

We perceive that the contagion of the cheap system has also reached France, where a great variety of *deux sous* journals are already in progress. The wood-cuts which have already served their purpose in this country are stereotyped, if we may use such an expression, and the plates are transmitted to Paris, where they enable an inferior order of booksellers to issue, with a certain quantity of letter-press, an unlimited number of embellishments, at a price still lower even than that at which they are sold in England. Although books published on the continent have been for many years considerably cheaper, on the average, than in this country, nevertheless it will not be possible for the Gobelets, the Mongies, the L'Advocats of Paris—who have been among the Mæcenases of French literature—to contend against the competition of the *deux sous* race of livraisons. Their standard works will soon be so thoroughly rifled, that they might as well throw the volumes into the Seine, as preserve them any longer in their warehouses. In France, it is true, science may still take refuge in the Institute, where it will be sure to meet with just honour and reward; but as to any of the higher departments of writing, that kingdom may be said to be already as barren as our own. Thus the prospects of original and lofty literature, in the two most civilized nations of the earth, are reduced to a state of absolute despair.

C. H.

BRUNEL'S APOLOGY FOR THE TUNNEL.

WHEN Brunel fail'd, and Nature set her face
Against his Tunnel, much to her disgrace,
"In truth," cried he, "I own you have been bored,
Your rights invaded, and your depths explored,
Still, be sincere, the fault's not mine; alas!
Like other Belles, you *stopped before the glass*."*

W. H. S. H.

* Mr. Brunel sticks up a glass at the end, and then says, "See what it would have looked like, if I could have finished it!"—Vide "*New Monthly*" for March, p. 372.

THE WIDOW.

MINE has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love: no sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respected grand-dame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffery Wilson; at sixteen, gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any other issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen, she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who, in his turn, consigned her to single blessedness and a fat dowry; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the Continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen, and enriched the world with me at seventeen. Fate, however, I suppose, (for I am a believer in fate,) destined me to—

“Waste my sweets upon the desert air;”

and thus only can I account for my escaping all the matronly and matrimonial snares that beset me in my youth. But to my tale.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at —, when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical men who attended me advised a visit to — for its restoration. In accordance with their directions, I, nothing loth, (for a seat at a desk never was a desideratum with me,) sat out; and, as I was alone, and was not over-enamoured of my monosyllabic patronymic, assumed one more suited to the euphony of a billet-doux; and having, therefore, rebaptized myself, I made my appearance at my journey's end as Augustus Montagu, with, moreover, a dash of black down on my upper lip, which I dignified, to my own mind, with the title of *moustache*. Thus yeleft, and thus accoutred, I began my way at —; and, by dint of my modest looks, a little foppery, and my good name, I shortly won my way into a circle of acquaintance.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Pérollet, whose appearance, and more, her sufferance of my attentions, made some impression upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and-thirty, though less-favoured fair ones spoke of her having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes were of the blackest; her eye-lashes of the same colour, and long, thick, and silky; her complexion fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes, the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw; and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified, and complacent smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover, she was rich, and consequently

aimable. She was a widow, too; and, with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and while she smiled on all, and enamoured many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom. The women, who wished her dead, or married, consequently called her a coquette, and some of the *vieux garçons* agreed with them—but this was suspicious evidence; while the younger men, whom the aunts and mothers of standing spinsters admonished to beware of the widow, only bowed, and then turned on their heel to laugh.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, and which I proffered her, gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first, conscious of my youth, I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper, by some years, than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so *suave*, and so condescending,—her manner to me so kind and easy,—and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring,—that, before I left her, I had, although blushing, adventured on some little gallant badinage, for which, to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her little delicate finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded farther; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity, not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances: and being even then sensible that an independent respect is the surest way to a woman's heart, (for I had begun to think of hers,) I contented myself, for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose fifty per cent. in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, "the man whom that woman distinguishes must own some attractions: she is a lovely and an intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride one's self on. What honour is the love of a giddy, indiscriminating girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand eager to bestow it on the first bidder?—Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But, vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought, and at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind." "But kindness never marries," said a still, small voice. "Yet she oftentimes gives birth to love," I thought, in answer. "But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my monitor. "True, true," I whispered; "but she has interested me, and by — I'll try it!"

Again we met—"Et je contais encore quelques fleurettes." The widow smiled at them, and threatened, if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bien," said I to myself, and I retired; for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now then, Ephraim," said I, "for the *coup d'essai*—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought upon you, the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence; inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather; broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanac, and the last new flounce; and was retiring, when she said—

"But, Mr. Montagu, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me."

I assured her I was at her service.

"Then will you have the goodness to see my carriage ordered here at twelve, as I have been out all the week, and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons, mon bon ami, Ephraim," thought I; "*cela va du mieux.*" And thanking her for the honour of her commands in a tone of deep and grateful respect, I left her to execute them.

That done, and twelve o'clock came, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her (for the secrecy she wished me to practise gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine; as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the staircase was deserted, I looked up in trembling and confusion into her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met, and the next they were cast down or averted, and I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook. As I handed her into the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved from her fatigue next day, and begged her permission to call and inquire after her health in the morning: a gracious smile, and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me, and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reascended, "to match your puny wits against a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning, having dressed myself with more than ordinary care, I found myself, about two o'clock, with a very unsettled pulse, at Madame Pérollet's door; and being announced, was ushered into the drawing-room, where the widow was seated on a couch, at a small and elegantly-carved writing-table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual inquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she told me she was busy when I entered writing cards for one of her own.

"But do you know," she said, "I write so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward. See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blacked my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affectation of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it. "This ink of yours is a most sacrilegious violator. Would you permit me," I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish your task?"

"Oh, indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her place to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said; "for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made me no reply, but smiled, and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the last she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montagu of your acquaintance?"

She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honour of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better, no more agreeable engagement."

"Heavens!" said I, "what better, what more agreeable engagement is it possible I could have? what other engagement could I have to forego——"

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, Madam," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honour you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible to it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will soon be irksome to you, for I have just made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put your name down in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madam? then will I be sworn, like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen aught else; and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounden scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Don't, pray," she replied; "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the elegant food of your billets-doux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madam; if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbour thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire——"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montagu? but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amanuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madam, if I dared reveal her."

"Well, well, Mr. Montagu," she said, "I don't wish to confess you."

"And yet, Madam," I answered; "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, hastily, "do, pray, think of my cards, or I must write them; and only see how that nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours——"

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," I said, warming as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montagu; see now how you have kept your promise, not one card written—oh, fie! and now we really must leave it till to-morrow and I must go out."

"I hope not," I said. "I will complete them instantly."

"But, indeed, I must go out."

"To-morrow then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As closely as a pundit, on my honour;" and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day and the next, our seats were resumed. I pen in hand, Madame with her pocket-book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters: I progressed in love and boldness, until I won

from the widow's lips a confession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or so happily on me, though my passion for Matilde, for that she told me was her name, was ardent; and she was beautiful, fascinating, and every way engaging; but I was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt rather than told each other's hopes, and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I had before and have often since squandered in unnecessary or unavailing suffering. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence—her, and her only have I loved rationally—I loved her as a woman; others I have adored as angels, till adoration became torture; and I have phrenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married: a *contrât de mariage* was necessary, and I was to wait upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilde explained to me the nature and amount of her property, which was ample.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own, I have deceived you in one point."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am sure it is in a very venial one."

"It is so, indeed; but it is necessary I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilde Pérollet."

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for my own on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of relations in England. Listen, and you shall soon be made acquainted with the brief story of my life. My maiden name, you must know, was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said, "we have that name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson——"

"Who?" I cried.

"Wilson!" she answered.

My hair stood on end—"Were you married a second time?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed, "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth! Heavens! you are my grandmother!"

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The English Abroad—The Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey—Changing Names—The recent Murder—More Marriages—The Old Age of St. Valentine—Architecture and Peter Wilkins—The Oxford Installation—The Sabbath Non-Observance Bill—The War in Portugal—Drawing-room Arrangements—True Locality of the Athenæum—Mr. O'Connell and Baron Smith—The late Lady Duncannon—Paganini—The O'Connell Harvest.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.—It appears to us, peeping through the loopholes of the world, that, forward as the natural season is, the fashionable season is particularly late. To be sure, Easter has been for some time fixed as the point at which metropolitan dulness is to cease, and the gaieties of the London world are to begin. Easter is to the months what the Recorder of London is to the Aldermen,—those before him have passed the chair, and are shelved; while those who follow in his train are all eligible to the brilliancy which custom assigns them.

The newspapers, who, like Mr. B., in one of Mathews's entertainments, "*know everything*," have published a sort of extract from a letter of Lord Lowther, in which his Lordship says that the principal promenades of the continental cities look more like London than any other place, so crowded are they with English nobility and gentry. This, of itself,—since English lords and ladies have not the faculty ascribed to birds by that great ornithologist, Sir Boyle Roche, of being in two places at once,—is a sufficient reason why the London promenades should be deprived of their cheering influence and agreeable society; in fact, our promenades seem proportionately crammed with foreigners, who, we rather suspect, prefer London to any other place, because it happens to be the only metropolis in Europe where there is a tolerably well-regulated police, in which street passengers are permitted to annoy their fellow-creatures by smoking cigars in the public ways.

As for our nobility, an agitated country, with a foggy climate, are no great inducements to remain, where the pride of the uppermost faction appears to consist in debasing and dishonouring the class which ought to stand highest. We say, as we said before, and we will say it as long as we can say anything, that it is a mistake in the aristocracy of a nation to stand aloof in times of critical circumstances. Those noblemen whose health requires a milder temperature than that of England are, of course, fully justified in seeking it; and others, whose pecuniary circumstances compel them to nurse their estates, (more sick than themselves,) are borne out in revelling upon macaroni and salad, until the beesves fatten, and the corn grows again, at home; but for those whose absence is occasioned simply by a distaste for the administration, or a foreboding of evil results from its proceedings, there is no excuse. If the French noblesse had remained at their posts on the first indications of the revolution in that country, which ended in the murder of the King, we firmly believe the events which disgrace its annals would never have happened. If, at the first roar of the wolf, the shepherds fly, who is to save the flocks? Scattered and unprotected, a general panic seizes them, and they are abandoned to the tender mercies of their pseudo-friends,

who give them the protection so well described by Sheridan in his "Pizarro,"—

———— "Such as eagles give to lambs;
First covering, then devouring them."

We hope sincerely that the "migration" of our nobility will speedily begin, and that we shall shortly have the greater proportion of them "at home" during the coming season.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The preparations for the musical festival in Westminster Abbey are proceeding with great activity: the Committee are at work; and the indefatigable Sir George Smart is unremitting in his exertions for the engagement of a sufficient number of adequately-accomplished performers, to give due effect to the magnificent choruses of Handel.

Nothing can be more judicious than this public display of the King's taste and feeling with regard to sacred music. That it was the delight of his Majesty's exemplary and royal father everybody knows; and it is extraordinary to see how unconsciously a nation is led by the influence of the monarch; for certain it is that, since the death of King George the Third, the taste for Handel's music has very much abated. As far as brilliancy and gaiety go, there can be no question but that the modern foreign school far exceeds Handel in attractiveness; but, for sacred music, never had he his equal. Nothing could be more disappointing—we could go the length of saying disgusting—than the exhibition of one of Rossini's second-rate operas transmuted into an oratorio, with sacred words, at the theatres, under the direction of Mr. Rophino Lacy, who, in his extraordinary wisdom, banished even the divine and magnificent choruses of Handel, which properly belong to the subject, to make way for trumpeting, and drumming, and fiddling, and fluting, perfectly in character with the monstrous absurdities of an Italian opera, but sacrilegiously ridiculous when applied to the theme of Scripture which was selected for the purpose; nay, so fastidiously careful was this gentleman to steer clear of the works of the finest chorus-writer the world ever produced, that, at the termination of his mockery, of which the chorus of the "Horse and his Rider" is the real and genuine conclusion, it was omitted, although the heroine of the affair favoured the audience by screaming out the preparatory recitative. After she had crowed her crow, down fell the curtain, although the stage was covered with singers who might have given full effect to the splendid composition, and, at least, sent the audience home with the recollection of something like what, by the association of ideas, they had been in the habit of considering suitable music to sacred words. The Bishop of London, however, put a stop to their hooting and howling, by very properly interposing his authority to stop the mummery, which could not fail to revolt the feelings of every man, woman, and child possessing the slightest veneration for the Scriptures, or the smallest regard for religion itself.

The festival in Westminster Abbey is fixed to take place the last week in June. There are to be four performances,—the first as a rehearsal; the three others at increased prices of admission, which prices, however, are to be regulated by the different degrees of accommodation offered

to the purchasers. The band and vocal performers are to amount to six hundred; and the Abbey, fitted up by Mr. Blore, under the surveillance of Sir Benjamin Stephenson, will be laid out with the most careful regard for the convenience and safety of the vast numbers of persons who are expected to be present.

CHANGING NAMES.—It seems to be very much the fashion just now to change the names of things—changing names we admit to be a fashion by no means disagreeable to the ladies—but the changes to which we allude are of things rather than persons. The Yacht Club has twice altered its denomination during the last twelve months. It *was* called the Royal Yacht Club; this, as its character began to alter, was found not to sound sufficiently nautical, and therefore it was metamorphosed into the Royal Yacht Squadron, and new flags and new regulations marked the happy change. This, however, in time proved not sufficient to mark the peculiar feelings of the leading members; and, accordingly, “Royal,” as applied generally to the King or the Crown, or the royal family, was not quite satisfactory. Accordingly, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent having honoured Cowes with her presence, and that of her illustrious daughter, during the summer, the gentlemen of the Royal Yacht Squadron, having received a medal each from the King of the French, and, perhaps, fearing that the word royal might leave a doubt upon the public mind as to whom they were indebted for patronage, were gratified, we believe through the influence of Lord Durham, by being specially permitted to call themselves the Royal Victoria Squadron—an announcement which will, for the future, prevent any mistake as to the identity of the patronage which they have sought and secured.

The Royal Victoria Squadron is in a high state of effectiveness; we forget the exact proportion of ships, brigs, schooners, cutters, yawls, cock-boats, and skiffs, of which it is composed; but the aggregate force of the vessels *en masse* amounts to nearly *ten thousand tons*—a most extraordinary proof of the present spirit of our islanders, and the zeal and energy with which they carry on a pursuit, which to nine out of ten of them is particularly disagreeable. The next season promises to be particularly gay.

Another change of name has taken place in the Corporation of Poor Knights at Windsor. The King has been pleased to sink the derogatory epithet touching their financial circumstances, and they are now the Naval and Military Knights of Windsor; this change shows both good taste and kind feeling on the part of our Sovereign. In a similar manner, the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, who take rank of the Yeomen Guard, and claim singular privileges within the palace, have ceased to be so called, and are now the “Honourable Band of Gentlemen at Arms.”

At Newgate, too, the ancient Jack Ketch is now the “Yeoman of the Halter;” and in the newspapers, the public singers, with black whiskers and white waistcoats, who howl out “Non nobis, Domine,” and afterwards do comic songs, are called eminent “vocalists;” a wig-maker to the lawyers in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, is called “a forensic perruquier;” a corn-cutter is a “chiroprapist;” an ear-doctor, an “aurist;”

a workman, an "operative;" a butcher in South Audley Street is a "purveyor of meat;" and the skingly-skangly skipping people at the theatre, with their long legs and short petticoats, are suddenly transformed from the ancient grade of figure-dancers into the more classical character of "Coryphees!" ~~Who~~ this love of change will end who shall say?

THE RECENT MURDER.—A most barbarous murder—indeed, what murder is not barbarous?—was committed early in the month near Banstead, upon the body of Mr. Richardson, a farmer, who has left a wife and several children. The criminals were described as being one tall and the other short; and the consequences have been beyond measure distressing to a vast number of persons who happened about that period to be travelling the country on foot, and who chanced to be of different heights; not less than five-and-twenty couple of men have been snapped up for examination. The real culprits, however, we believe, are now actually in custody, as they have been identified as having been engaged in several audacious robberies in the same neighbourhood.

It is lucky that this disparity of height does not endanger the liberty of judges as well as of criminals; on the contrary, that circumstance sometimes gives rise to bits of pleasantry with which the graver duties of the circuit are seasonably relieved. One of these occurred when Mr. Baron Vaughan and the new Baron of the Exchequer, Mr. Baron Williams, made their appearance at Winchester. Baron Vaughan stands more than six feet in height—Baron Williams reaches scarcely to his elbow; as they passed up the Cathedral to attend divine service, a reverend member of the Winton Chapter whispered to a barrister who shall be nameless, "These may be judges, but, most assuredly, not judges of a size."

MORE MARRIAGES.—In our last Number we announced the marriage of Lord Glengall and Miss Mellish as about to happen;—while our sheets were at press the happy event took place. The noble bridegroom and his accomplished countess, after passing three-fourths of the honeymoon at Richmond, have flitted to France; we trust only a skirmishing visit to the *marchandes des modes*. There may be a good deal to do after Easter in the House of Lords; and we trust that the ladies will let their lords come home and do it.—The Earl of Kerry, Lord Lansdowne's eldest son, is married to Lord Duncannon's second daughter; and several ladies and gentlemen at Brighton have committed matrimony, whose names have not struck loudly enough upon our tympanum to be registered. On the other hand, a noble Duke, "no chicken now," has taken under his most especial care a lady whose name appeared a few months since in a case, the result of which was her complete justification from all suspicion. With this exception, everything has gone on in the world in the most quiet and harmonious manner—in short, nobody has been found out.

THE OLD AGE OF ST. VALENTINE.—That the age of sentiment is over nobody can doubt; every day's occurrences afford the most convincing

proof of the fact. But we have had an opportunity of testing it beyond the power of doubt or question. On St. Valentine's day, the number of amatory poems despatched per post has hitherto averaged one hundred thousand; this year they did not exceed forty thousand. Taking this circumstance in connexion with the fact that at least double the number of people likely to send Valentines are now able to write than were some twenty years ago, the falling off is lamentable. Perhaps the enlightenment of the age, and a due disregard of the potentiality of saints, have operated to work this change in the manners of the nation; or perhaps they have discovered that, in matters of love, practice is better than theory, and that Sterne was quite right when he said that a man might as well try to make a black-pudding as make love successfully by talking about it.

ARCHITECTURE AND PETER WILKINS.—Mr. Wilkins is working "double-tides," as they say in the dock-yards: his National Gallery is growing as fast as asparagus; and if the front, or end, or side, or whatever it may be, which gives, as the French call it, to St. Martin's-lane, the measure of its breadth, a most splendid affair it will be. The fault of that magnificent gallery in the Louvre, which is as long as Pall-mall, is its narrowness; but this thing in St. Martin's-lane is about a quarter the width of that;—to be sure, it will not be one quarter its length. But even supposing the relative faulty proportions to be retained, what a thing it will be to have a little National Gallery, a hundred and fifty feet long, and about thirteen feet wide! However, we shall wait: all we hope is there may be, a portico—something to cut up St. Martin's Church—something to emulate the beauties of the London U.; only we *do* pray that Mr. Wilkins, on the present occasion, may be good enough to put his staircase inside of the house, and not leave it on the outside, as he has done at the place up in Gower-street. St. George's Hospital, now the railing is clear, is a cheering prospect to those who hope the best: it is a splendid edifice; and is, we are informed by our medical friends, quite as convenient within, as it is beautiful without.

Talking of architecture, it seems that Mr. Nash—who, mind, at his present age, is as active as ever—has removed the whole of the splendid fittings of his incomparable gallery in Regent-street to his castle in the Isle of Wight, where he has built a room in every respect precisely the same as the original one, and in which the fresco-paintings, statues, and pictures,—(a fac-simile of one of the Loggi of the Vatican,)—are to be placed, thus concentrating, in one spot, with his magnificent library, all the objects of taste and *virtù* which he has collected during his long and eventful life. This addition to East Cowes Castle will render that beautiful residence perfectly *unique*; and, as its talented owner passes the greatest part of the year there, nothing can be wiser than his new arrangement, although it robs the metropolis of one of its rarest ornaments, and converts one of its most beautiful gems into an auction-room;—for such is the case. What *was* Mr. Nash's gallery in Regent-street is now Mr. Rainy's office and sale-room;—a *rainy* day for Regent-street may *they* say, who have seen what the gallery *was*; and a day we lament to have seen, because Regent-street is identified with Mr. Nash: it was the creation of his mind, and he ought never to have deserted it. He

may have faults on minor points of taste: which, as taste is not arbitrary, may be no faults at all; but if he had thousands of such crimes, they are venial, and sink into nothingness when compared with the benefits his enterprising genius has conferred upon the metropolis in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross and the Strand, and by the design and completion of the unquestionably finest metropolitan promenade in Europe.

THE OXFORD INSTALLATION.—All the world is alive about the Oxford Installation. The Duke of Wellington has taken the Star Inn for the week for 1000*l.*; and common lodgings in High-street have been let for the same period at fifty guineas. The 10th of June is the day fixed for the ceremony, so that the musical festival in Westminster Abbey will not be interfered with by the splendid and interesting proceedings at the University. We should have been very sorry that the charitable intentions of the royal founder of the festival should have been thwarted by the too close approximation of the two great events. The music in Westminster Abbey may be heard some other time;—the installation of the Duke of Wellington can happen but once, and as the crowning evidence of the universal greatness of his fame and character, nothing can be more attractive to Englishmen and Englishwomen.

THE SABBATH NON-OBSERVANCE BILL.—What is to happen to us if Sir Andrew Agnew's bill "for the better Observance of the Sabbath" should pass, it seems hardly possible to guess; its provisions are most extraordinary. No man is to be permitted to dine at an inn or coffee-house on a Sunday, unless he has slept there the night before; nor is he to be allowed to go into his club, under a penalty; no innkeeper or tavern-keeper is to be permitted to send out any victuals or drink; nobody is to let horses; no boats are to sail; no coaches to travel on Sundays. This last prohibition stops the mails, which, as has been observed in one of the newspapers, locks up four mail coaches for four-and-twenty hours at different points of the road between London and Edinburgh. Taverns and tea-gardens are to be scrupulously closed; the relaxations of the day of rest are to be at an end, except as regards menial servants, who are to be forced to work as usual, which seems to us very much to savour of Hudibras's scheme of those who—

"Compound for sins they have a mind to,
By damning those they're not inclined to."

Sir Andrew himself and his friends are extremely unlikely persons either to go to taverns and tea-gardens on Sundays, or to hire gigs and horses to carry them thither, seeing that they have horses and carriages of their own, and, moreover, frequent neither tea-gardens nor taverns; but as these are not their habits, and as they stay at home on Sundays, or visit each other in a grave, pious manner, the servants, who have to do all the necessary work for their domestic convenience, are kept at it. Neither is there any kind of *veto* against the use of private horses and carriages; as, indeed, how should there be? and yet men who have boats must not use them even for pleasure, although boats neither complain nor feel the effects of being worked.

Nothing can be more injudicious than this sort of legislation ; nothing more dangerous : and we foresee, if the Bill passes, (which, however, its *impracticability* will almost certainly prevent,) that it will be one of the first “ bones ” of contention thrown down to the people, and one which, we have no hesitation in saying, will be likely to be productive of the most serious results.

THE WAR IN PORTUGAL.—We seldom speak on politics ; perhaps for a strange reason—because we are, not careless as regards the welfare of the country, but because we are indifferent to the claims and pretensions of party. When we do, therefore, touch the subject, it is rather to disabuse our readers from the deceptions practised upon their credulity by over-zealous partisans, and bring their minds to a fit state to receive what they hear with caution, and to judge after consideration.

No foreign convulsion—except, indeed, the great French Revolution—was ever of more serious importance to the political and mercantile interests of England than the struggle between the rival brothers in Portugal ; and no political circumstance ever was so ill understood. Whether Don Miguel forfeited his claim to the throne, which unquestionably was (by the often-quoted decree of Lamego) his, when he swore to the charter and constitution—or whether Don Pedro lost all right to the crown when he accepted the diadem of Brazil, and, by a solemn ceremony, naturalized himself in that empire, is not the question. War is actually raging between the brothers ; for it is not denied by either party that the cause of Donna Maria has become but a secondary consideration. Now all we stickle for is the truth ; and we have no hesitation in saying, that there is no reliance whatever to be placed in the reports—official or non-official—which reach this country ; and, as a striking proof of the absolute necessity of exercising a certain degree of incredulity, even at the present moment, we need only mention that an evening newspaper, about a week or ten days since, gave its readers the details of a decisive victory gained by the Belgian auxiliaries of Don Pedro over Don Miguel’s army, signed and authenticated by a Major Brownson, who, at the very moment at which the said decisive conflict took place, was living quietly in London, and was actually walking in Hyde Park when the intelligence for which he was made to vouch was communicated to him. We have frequently heard the caution given—to “ Hear both sides ” in the present affair ; we add, “ But believe neither.”

DRAWING-ROOM ARRANGEMENTS.—The Queen has held two drawing-rooms—one on the day fixed for the celebration of Her Majesty’s birth-day, and the other on the 20th. We have heard it very generally lamented that the celebration and consequent commencement of the drawing-rooms should be fixed at so early a period of the year. As we have already said, according to the fashionable arrangements of the season, winter does not begin in London until after Easter, and cannot be said to set-in with “ *unmitigated rigour* ” till Whitsuntide. The consequence, therefore, of having the drawing-rooms in February and March, is, that numbers of ladies who are most anxious to pay their dutiful respects to

Her Majesty, are prevented from doing so, either from being *in* the country or *out* of the country; the emigrants, as well as the rusticators, abstaining from London until the clustering roses and the blooming trees proclaim the winter fairly set in.

This influence has been very much felt upon the two occasions to which we now refer. The birth-day was, of the two drawing-rooms, much the fuller; but even *that* lacked much of the splendour of female attendance. That of the 20th was literally thin—indeed, in addition to the fashionable reasons for the absenteism of beauty, nature offered another in the shape of a sharp north-east wind, which, to ladies *undressed* for court, has, in its whistling course along the passages of St. James's, a cruel influence.

It is true that Queen Charlotte's birth-day was celebrated in the middle of January; but it is also true that the King's birth-day, on the 4th of June, was considered the close of the season. Parliament rarely sat beyond it, and the Court always left town, it being then imagined—erroneously, perhaps—that June and July were agreeable months for the country, and that the beauties of Nature, luxuriantly wild and blooming, were quite as pleasing objects as three dozen and five smoke-dried shrubs transported from Mr. Cormack's nursery to Lady Roundabout's staircase. In those days, the lark and the nightingale sounded even sweeter than Mr. Litolf's flageolet; and the verdant meads with daisies spangled felt more refreshing than the painted floors of Almack's.

As it is, casting an eye over the Order-book of the House of Commons, and feeling confident in the domestic attachment of all the ladies who have husbands in either House of Parliament, it seems as if the present season would last till partridge-shooting begins—indeed, as we are confidently told, there will be no partridges to shoot, even that may not stop it; and therefore this year the beginning of court gaiety might have been advantageously postponed till the middle of April.

The King having adopted the custom of King George the Third, of holding weekly levees, the number of persons attending them is, of course, greatly diminished, and the fatigue to his Majesty proportionably decreased; but we regretted much to see so scant a show at the last drawing-room, and hope that milder air and a brighter sun will draw together a more numerous assemblage on the 17th, when several presentations are to take place of young and blooming beauties, yet unknown to the great and busy world.

TRUE LOCALITY OF THE ATHENÆUM.—People—wise people, and clever people—sometimes say the strangest things, and talk, unintentionally, no doubt, the greatest nonsense. At the Clerkenwell Sessions, the other day, on the trial of some persons for keeping a gambling-house in St. James's-street, which they have somewhat impudently called the Athenæum, Mr. Alley, having occasion to disclaim any personal knowledge of a place of the sort, said, that “he had not been at Crockford's for the last thirty years.”

Thirty years ago, no such place as Crockford's existed, for the best of all possible reasons, that Crockford, at that time, was in another line of business, and was not known to the sporting world at all. Nevertheless, Mr. Alley, having talked of Crockford's, hoped that great bail would not

be required for his clients, who belonged to the "humble" Athenæum. Upon which Mr. Rotch, with considerable archness and quickness, exclaims, "What! do you call the Athenæum humble?"

Mr. Rotch, we think, could not have believed that the Athenæum, of which Mr. Alley was speaking, was the Athenæum in Pall-Mall, a club into which it is rather difficult to get elected, as Mr. Rotch might know; and if Mr. Rotch did not believe it to be the same place, it was unlucky that he used an expression which must have induced those of his hearers who knew anything of London, and not a great deal, to believe that the respectable community of peers, bishops, judges, doctors, professors, senators, lawyers, artists, and literati, who congregate in the fane at the corner of Waterloo-place, are in the habit of playing sham matches at hazard with masks on their faces, in order to attract a crowd to follow their example. It seems to us that the adoption of the name of the house by the gamblers would be fair matter for an injunction.

MR. O'CONNELL AND BARON SMITH.—It not unfrequently happens that, in unskilful hands, the gun, by its recoil, does more mischief to the shooter than the shot-at. Never was there a stronger illustration of this probability than in the case of Mr. O'Connell and Baron Smith;—nothing, perhaps, could have turned out so exactly the contrary of what was anticipated by the *Repealers* through this whole affair. Mr. O'Connell denounced the judge upon information which has since been authoritatively and officially contradicted; and the Government, literally afraid of opposing him, supported his motion, even after having resolved to vote against it. The next division of the House annulled this decision, and, so far as a Parliamentary majority went, Baron Smith was exonerated from blame. But that is not all—the result has been the placing Baron Smith in the most enviable possible position in the country, and the calling forth of a feeling which the friends of peace and good order must rejoice to see so strongly manifested. The first to congratulate his Lordship upon the result of the decision of the House was the Lord-Lieutenant himself; since which period, besides congratulations and compliments from the Irish Bar, the attorneys and solicitors, the law-club and the Corporation of Dublin, thirty counties, out of thirty-two, have presented addresses to the venerable judge, expressive of their affection and confidence in his known judgment and integrity.

We can scarcely conceive anything more gratifying to man; and we must say, considering that all the *data* upon which Mr. O'Connell founded his charges against the learned Baron have been disproved, we are not a little surprised that the honourable gentleman does not produce at the bar of the House, whom he misled by his mis-statements, Mr. Egan of Moate, who is stated by Mr. O'Connell to be his informant.

THE LATE LADY DUNCANNON.—We regret very much to announce the death of the Right Honourable Viscountess Duncannon, wife of Viscount Duncannon, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Her Ladyship was the daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, and was born May 11, 1787. Her Ladyship's second daughter—of fourteen children,

twelve of whom survive her—was married, only the day preceding her Ladyship's decease, to the Earl of Kerry, eldest son of the Marquis of Lausdowne; and, some surprise having been expressed at the performance of that ceremony so close upon the eve of her Ladyship's dissolution, we feel authorized in saying that it was the earnest desire of Lady Duncannon that it should be so.

Lady Duncannon was universally respected and esteemed, and will be long lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. It is somewhat singular, that, of the twelve surviving children, two were born on the 17th of May in different years, and two others on the 14th of March, in different years.

PAGANINI.—Paganini is in great force at Ghent, where, assisted by a Mr. and Miss Watson, and a Miss Wilson, he is giving concerts to crowds of astonished auditors. We remember, two or three years since, seeing one of our wits sitting listening to the Orpheus in one of the stalls at the Opera House, with the greatest attention; and, having waited till the termination of the concert, we accosted our jocose friend, and inquired how he liked the exhibition? to which he replied, *impromptu*,

“ When I heard the performance, and thought of my guinea,
I knew who the *Pagan*, and who was the *ninny*.”

THE O'CONNELL HARVEST.—The Irish newspapers inform us that the O'Connell harvest has been gathered in, and that it has been vastly productive; insomuch that the great O and the lesser Os may “rejoice and be exceeding glad” in the enjoyment of another year's subsidies, levied though they may be upon the poorest and most wretched peasantry of civilized Europe. Those who know the condition of the Irish people can form a pretty fair estimate of the means that must have been used to collect the sum of 12,300*l*. The profitable patriotism on the one hand, and the state of starvation on the other, will form a strange picture for posterity. The big-beggar-man, with his gathered gear, has been already sketched by the masterly pencil of H. B.; we recommend that it be forthwith copied with a view to its circulation from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

History of the British Colonies. Vol. I. Asia.

The tutor who first teaches a child that two and two make four, is doubtless of more service than the nurse who first tickles its fancy by a fairy legend. In such sort of relationship to the general reader does Mr. Montgomery Martin stand, when compared with other historians. Long dissertations, elegant in their composition, pleasing for their imagination, but barren of facts, may make what is called a history; but for real usefulness, one statistical table of the population of an empire is worth it all. As a compendium of all such sort of knowledge, the work before us is invaluable. It commences with the rise and progress of the British power in India, stating each circumstance that may be supposed to have had any influence on our prosperity, and concludes by a display of the prodigious resources of those territories, where, a few years back, England owned scarcely a rood of ground, and where, now, she is the undisputed mistress of 100,000,000 living souls, and a dominion of 1,000,000 of square miles. The value of money in the different provinces, the variety of nations, the form of government in the several presidencies, the exact state of their civil and military establishments, their debt and expenditure, their general policy, the manners, and customs, and climates of these swarms of nations—all meet with attention; and on each point, where it is practicable, we have a statistical table, defining with precision all matters that can be reduced to such certainty.

The volume is adorned with three excellent maps; one of the British Territories in India, one of Ceylon, and one of those countries situated between Bengal and China. In short, as a compilation, as a gathering together of all useful information that can be possibly brought to bear upon one subject, this work has perhaps never been exceeded. It ought to be in the hands of all those fidgety legislators who make laws upon theories, and are too magnanimous to attend to facts. Of such there are now many; and Mr. Montgomery Martin is just the man to disabuse their understandings.

“Far as the breeze can bear—the billows foam—
Survey our empire!”

is his motto: but he not only surveys, he explains. He not only gives you measurement, but he is a meteorologist, a mineralogist, and a financier, for every district is surveyed. Indeed, there is nothing omitted, and we can only finish our praise by admiring his laborious industry, and thanking him for so useful a result. The volume is the first of five, it being intended that the four succeeding ones shall include the histories of the remaining British Colonies.

COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS.

Yes and No; by the Earl of Mulgrave.

CHEAPNESS, in all shapes, seems to be the most marked feature of the second quarter of the nineteenth century. It is applied to all the necessities, and therefore, as a matter of course, to all the luxuries of life. Art has felt and acknowledged its influence; and we are from month to month reminded that Literature is working under its direct effects. It would be out of place here to argue as to the probable influence of the change that has produced such a result. The fact has been canvassed again and again, considered in all its bearings, and the general opinion undoubtedly is, that, although in its extremes it may be mischievous, yet, applied in a fair spirit, and free from the baneful operation of monopoly-companies, the principle of economy must lead to universal and permanent good.

The novels issued by Mr. Colburn were originally published at about two-thirds more than the price at which they are now offered to the public; and they consist of nearly all the best and most popular works of fiction published during the last twenty years—so that a valuable collection may be formed at a very moderate expense. They are, moreover, bound in a tasteful form, and, in some instances, are accompanied by portraits of the respective authors. It will be at once seen, that this plan of a monthly issue, at a rate so lessened, must recommend itself generally to the public; but it is an especial advantage to such families as, residing in the country, are precluded in a great degree from those sources of enjoyment and improvement which the circulating library supplies. We have hitherto neglected to notice the works as they appeared. We shall, in future, discharge our duty by commenting upon them, and pointing out to our readers the several publications under this head, which the first of the month offers upon such easy terms.

The Anglo-Irish, forming Vols. X. XI. and XII. of Irish National Tales.

Although this work cannot be considered as the most successful of its author, it is, nevertheless, full of that wild and powerful genius which has placed Mr. Banim foremost among the writers of his age. It abounds in exaggerated pictures of Irish wretchedness, paints them as degraded slaves, and apologizes, to use no harsher term, for those revolting excesses into which they have been hurried, either by misjudging friends or secret enemies. Its interest, however, is deep and exciting—many of the characters are drawn by the pen of a master to whom the mysteries of the human heart are not as hidden things. It sustains, if it does not add to, the reputation of the author of "The Nowlans," and cannot be read without exceeding delight, mingled though it may be with regret that half its gloomier portraits are taken from the life, and the other half sketched by a pencil dipped in the colours which a too sombre imagination had formed.

The Chelsea Pensioners, being Vols. X. XI. and XII. of the Naval and Military Library of Entertainment.

Mr. Gleig was one of the earliest to lay down the sword and take up the pen. If, of late, the *cedunt arma togæ* applies to him more emphatically than it did when he entered upon the calling of authorship, he has, from the commencement of his labours in the arts of peace, sustained a very high reputation, and one that could not have been exceeded if he had gone on from step to step until he had led a squadron to the field, and retired with the highest honours that a soldier's fame could give. The interest of the "Chelsea Pensioners" is not confined to the classes to which it is more particularly addressed; it recommends itself to the general reader as a work of rare value, not only amusing as a work of fiction, but valuable as a record of some of the more striking events by which the Services of England have been so long distinguished, to the honour of her name and the well-being of her children. We wish him success both in his writing and his clerical capacity; and consider that he is not likely to make a worse chaplain of Chelsea Hospital because he has written so much and so beautifully of "Chelsea Pensioners"—albeit he is a Tory, and bound to uphold the constitution in church and state.

Makanna; or, The Land of The Savage. 3 vols.

The perusal of this novel has agreeably disappointed us. We had persuaded ourselves that genius could work nothing out of such unpromising

matériel as savage Africa and its wretched aborigines, or the still more debased descendants of Old Holland. The attempt was a bold, and a hazardous one—but it has been fully successful. We have rarely read a production of deeper interest—interest sustained from the first page to the last. It has been conceived in a fine spirit; the several characters are ably painted; and those which are of the more *sketchy* character (such as a young vengeful, but grateful, son of the savage) are sketched by a master-hand. The wild sea, and the wilder land—where “Nature, as at her birth,” revels in luxurious abundance—must have been passed over, again and again, by the enterprising traveller, who, in blending fiction with fact, has presented to us much useful and agreeable information of the most singular but most unknown of the four divisions of our globe. Our knowledge of its scenes and circumstances is so entirely mixed up with the fearful and appalling stories of slavery and atrocities attendant upon the dealing in human flesh, that the tales of its wide plains, its thick forests, and its energetic and naturally graceful sons and daughters, have come upon us as things strikingly new, even in these times of book-making, when we had considered the whole world, material as well as immaterial, ransacked from beginning to end. In no one instance are we led to imagine the author as glossing over puerile or insignificant points to serve his purpose. If he has exaggerated, such exaggeration does not appear. In clothing the fierce savage in the garb of romance, he seems in no way to have overstepped the boundary of either propriety or probability. He has made us deeply interested for those “children of the sun” who are as yet indebted to civilization for no progress in the paths of refinement, but who remain, as they have been for centuries, the same as Nature made them. But although the main object of the writer has been to paint the “land of the savage” and its wonderful creations, he has by no means confined himself to it. He is as much at home upon the ocean—and there are many scenes on ship-board equal to the best of the great sea-lord, the author of “The Spy.” One in particular (in the first volume) we would point out—a mutiny on board the *Ganges*, headed by the hero of the novel, Paul Laroou, who here, as elsewhere, is the guardian spirit of the young and beautiful heroine, Bertha. If he subsequently quits her, somewhat incomprehensibly, and out of keeping with his character, to join the standard of the chieftain Makanna, he makes her ample amends by the watchful care with which he afterwards tracks her footsteps when dangers throng around her—“the ladye of his love.”

We trust we have said enough to induce all who love the wild and wonderful to peruse this work. They will find it, as one of amusement, second to none that have of late issued from the press; but they will not find its merits terminating in the fulfilment of this object. It abounds in deeply interesting descriptions of a land and a people too little known to civilized Europe, and, in especial, to Christian England. The author's mind is of a very high order—we augur for him great success.

The Recess, or Autumnal Relaxation in the Highlands and Lowlands being the Home Circuit *versus* Foreign Travel. By Frederick Fag, Esq.

We remember reading, towards the close of last autumn, in the newspapers, that more English travellers had been landed on the continent during the preceding summer than in any year during the peace. If John Bull would but make use of that common sense which it may be taken for granted he possesses, and consider the small share of pleasure he has had to compensate for the perpetual series of petty annoyance, imposition,

chicanery, and deceit, which marked his path, we will wager the beauty of England to a nut-shell that not one thousand of the seventy-five thousand who went upon excursions have returned with feelings sufficiently strong to induce them to essay their fortune a second time. Once departed from the hotel at Dover the scene changes, for even the continental spirit has contaminated a part of our countrymen; and the imposition begins when the traveller puts his foot on board the steamer. In every country the same results ensue, though the means employed may differ. The Frenchman will politely, nay elegantly, bow and compliment whilst he puts his hands deep into John's pocket. The more prudent Englishman who, afraid to venture into France, will commence by Holland, finds himself subjected not only to be robbed, but it is done in the careless, indifferent tone that means, "you have no resource, you must pay;" whilst along the banks of the Rhine a race have sprung up whose origin is coeval with the existence of steam-boats and English travellers. Travel further on, get into the regions of classic Italy, rich in records of antiquity, whose inhabitants once gave laws to the world, whose land abounds with oil and honey, what is met here but disgusting servility and hypocrisy, coupled with the fear of the brigand's knife? And these are the delights that our aristocrats hasten in shoals to enjoy. Of the thousands who annually emigrate, how many have returned improved, how many have been benefitted by the sight of the gems of literature and art, of which they knew nothing before they went, and in their bird-of-passage trip, even if inclined, they had no time for studying? A book such as that of Frederick Fag, Esq., where reflection is combined with accurate observation, ought to achieve much in destroying the appetite for exotics which exists to so great an extent among our countrymen.

The name of *Fag* is clearly a fiction,—a *nom de guerre*,—the style is so exactly that of the author of "Changes of Airs, or Pursuit of Health," that little doubt can be entertained of the claims of both works to a common parentage. The plan of the "Northern Tour" is the same as the Italian. Description is almost wholly omitted, and reflection substituted. By this plan novelty and freshness have been attained, where, if the usual mode had been employed, nothing but a mere repetition of previous authors would have filled the pages of this volume. The avowed object of the work is laudable,—that of inducing people to travel for health and pleasure in their own country, rather than in foreign climes; and the author exemplifies and points out the numerous sources of excitement and consequent gratification which the various localities and objects of interest in our own isles present to the mind devoted to contemplation. A pleasant, though sometimes very keen, vein of satire, amounting even to cynicism, pervades its pages. The author halts on Westminster Bridge, and surveys the northern shore of the Thames, characterizes and philosophizes upon each structure as the eye wanders from edifice to edifice. The terse sentence on the Millbank Penitentiary will convey a notion of Frederick Fag's tone and manner:—"That," says he, "is a *refuge* for the *profligate*, where *penitence* weeps over sins, not because they are wicked, but because they are punishable,—on crimes, not because they were committed, but because they were detected."

Under the form of an allegory, the *State Galley*, or *Constitution Yacht*, is examined. The law is characterized, and, as our author draws up his post horses some goodly half hour on the bridge, he indulges in a train of thought and reflection indicative of a vein of deep meditation and accurate knowledge of the world. Once on board the steamer, the bile collected by modern Babylon is dissipated, and Fag indulges in a laughter-moving burlesque upon Campbell's "Ode to the Ocean;" and having occasionally indulged in a little turbulent ebullition of romantic delight, which gives new relish to the pungency of his humour, he thus speaks of Edinburgh;

first, giving the similes to which the town has been likened by Sir Walter Scott and others :—

“Edinburgh, I would say, resembles two aged parents, surrounded by a fair and flourishing family of children and grand-children. The Castle and the High-street may represent the former,—the New Town and southern district, the latter. The ancient pair are eyeing, with something like disdain, if not disgust, the foppery, the finery, the foolery, and the fashions of their effeminate offspring :—while the young folks can scarcely conceal their contempt for the narrow prejudices of the wyuds, the barbaric hauteur of the Castle, and the antiquated style of the Canongate. The frowning battlements of that fortress on the rock, sigh to every breeze over their fallen greatness, and their country’s degeneracy—so rarely do their portals open to receive a captive prince or a lawless usurper! Even that awful symbol of our holy religion in the midst of the city, now seldom exhibits, within its sacred precincts, the animating spectacle of a patriot beheaded, a chieftain hanged, or a witch incinerated. In the royal palace itself, a crowned or uncrowned head may repose on its pillow with safety, if not with contentment—a queen may now be regaled with a *conversazione* or a *sonato*, without having her supper seasoned by a murder, or her Paganini slaughtered by a royal butcher.”

The tourist pursues his route through the most interesting tracts of the Highlands and Islands, gratifying the eccentricity of his humour by a train of poignant satire and biting wit. The scenery, manners, and characters of the country and inhabitants are sketched with no inconsiderable power ; our northern neighbours have as much reason to relish the criticisms of a modern as of a departed Johnson.

Tales of Private Life. 1 vol. By Miss Stickney.

Miss Stickney is one who looks upon human nature as people look upon an eclipse ; least the vision should be too bright (which, nevertheless, she is anxious to see correctly) she smokes the glass through which she peeps, and thus continues susceptible of all that is going on, without being at all sensible of the *brightness*, which is the glory of all.

She resembles Hogarth more than Wilkie : and thinks more favourably of justice than she does of mercy. She would pull a rose for the sake of eradicating its thorns, rather than inhaling its perfume. Her eye is microscopic, with a difference—she would exaggerate a thread of cambric, not magnify the beauties of a diamond beetle.

Yet, with this—we had almost written unamiable—certainly unfeminine propensity, there are few whom we respect more highly than this clear-minded and intelligent woman. Her object is truth ; and though a stern and bitter monitor, there are few who would not say, “had such a person been the friend of my early days, how much misery should I have escaped !” Her knowledge of human nature is astonishing, and though the key she applies to unlock its mysteries, instead of being oiled, has been suffered to corrode, it is nevertheless the right key, and turned by a powerful hand. She offers some apologies for her former work, in her preface to the present ; which, like everything she writes, is full of intellect. Though we differ from her in some of her harsher judgments, yet, on the whole, we are more than satisfied. There are certainly not more than three writers whose works we would present *uncut* to a young lady : Miss Stickney is one, and so correct, so dignified, so *upright*, is she in all things, that we look unto her as one of the pillars of female intellect and honour which support our moral world.

Loudon’s Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture, with upwards of 2000 wood engravings.

In every age the private dwellings of the inhabitants of any given country may be taken as a tolerably fair criterion for ascertaining the state of civilization which it has attained. In the ruder and more barbarous ages, men dwelt in log huts or tents, and the only signs discoverable of architec-

tural taste were displayed in the temples for religious worship and other public buildings. As civilization advanced, the private dwellings of the wealthy became more and more splendid, till, in the high and palmy days of Rome, the villas of her patricians realised the wildest dreams of oriental fiction. Still magnificence was aimed at rather than convenience; and there was little in the Roman villas to excite the envy of the wealthy of the present day. In the barbarous ages which succeeded the overthrow of Rome, immense banquetting halls, and castles with walls of surprising thickness, seem to have been only thought desirable; and, from the specimens yet remaining, we can form no very favourable idea of the domestic comforts of our ancestors. With the extension of commerce, however, new wants arose, and wealth readily supplied the means of satisfying them; till by slow degrees the massive castle softened down into the comforts and conveniences of the modern villa.

The work now before us was published in monthly numbers, and was noticed by us as it appeared: it has now, however, assumed the form of an immensely thick octavo volume; the lithographic engravings have been executed in wood, and the whole appears to have undergone a careful revision, as we observe that some little mistakes as to references, &c., have been corrected. In turning over the volume, we have been particularly pleased with the Designs for Villas, the elegance and convenience of which not only seem adapted to supply all our wants, but even to teach us new ones that we never before imagined. The appendages are particularly well-contrived and elegant, and the hints on laying out grounds highly useful, especially as coming from Mr. Loudon, whose experience in laying out grounds gives his authority double weight. The following observations appear to us worth extracting:—

“We do not object to a wire fence in front of the house, in the case of cottages and cottage villas, where the house, from its smaller dimensions and picturesque low form, blends with the scenery, without the necessity of architectural appendages. In the case of all villas of any magnitude, however, we consider the architectural accompaniments of terrace walls, gateways, alcoves, stone seats, steps, pedestals, urns, and other mural and sculptural ornaments, essentially requisite to prevent the incongruity so ably exposed by Mr. Hope, of ‘launching from the threshold of the symmetric mansion, in the most abrupt manner, into a scene wholly composed of the most unsymmetric and desultory forms of mere nature.’ ‘These forms,’ he adds, “are totally out of character with those of the mansion, whatever may be its style of architecture and furnishing.” With him, we desire to surround the house with a garden, into which ‘the cluster of highly adorned and sheltered apartments that compose the mansion may, in the first instance, shoot out, as it were, into certain more or less extended ramifications of arcades, porticoes, terraces, parterres, treillages, avenues, and other such still splendid embellishments of art, calculated, by their architectural and measured forms, at once to offer a striking and varied contrast with, and a dignified and comfortable transition to, the undulating and rural features of the more extended, distant, and exposed boundaries; before, in the second instance, through another link, and a still farther continuance of the same gradation of lines and forms, the limits of the private demesne are made, in their turn, by means of their less artificial and more desultory appearance, (increasing with their distance from the house,) to blend equally harmoniously with the still ruder outlines of the property of the public at large.’—p. 771.

The wood cuts are very beautifully executed, and those especially of the scenery of Alton Towers would do credit to the taste of any artist of any age.

The Young Seer; or, Early Searches into Futurity. By Elizabeth Frances Dagley.

Addison has a pretty fiction, in which he represents Truth calling in the aid of Fiction, to give those lessons which, without such aid, would have been unattractive, and therefore unprofitable. To instruct by events whose consequences are made obvious to the juvenile capacity is the laudable aim

of narratives like the present. The fault peculiarly pointed out in the clever and amusing volume now before us, is that desire of prying into futurity which, even in the present day, is such a common error. The author well observes that "There is, in the human mind, a strong craving towards the knowledge of things hidden—an instinctive impulse to pierce the confines of the invisible world. This is doubtless an innate principle, and assuredly a strong proof of the immortal spirit within us; but it becomes impious when we would snatch the forbidden fruit." She also adds, "The circumstance which leads to the catastrophe in the following little tale was an actual fact." The influence acquired by a designing person over an imagination whose weakness is the result of early excitement is forcibly shown in these pages. Young people who feel the silly wish of having their fortunes told had better read it in these pages. Among the *dramatis persone* is a Mrs. Spencer, whose easy temper, and yet *exregiante*, is sketched with all the truth of life. The volume is very neatly got up, with a new and pretty style of binding.

Cases illustrating and confirming the Remedial Power of the Inhalation of Iodine and Conium in Tubercular Consumption, and various disordered states of the Lungs and Air-passages. By Sir Charles Scudamore, M.D. F.R.S.

Consumption is so prevalent in this climate, and so invariably fatal under all hitherto tried methods of treatment, that we willingly listen to any proposal that bears upon the face of it a fair promise of rendering it less the opprobrium medicorum than it has always been considered. Sir Charles Scudamore's plan of treatment is principally, though not entirely, that of inhaling the vapour arising from iodine and conium (hemlock): and though the inhaling medicated vapours and gases is no novelty in medicine, yet we think the combination of so active a principle as iodine with the sedative effects of hemlock, if they reach the surface of the ulcer in the lungs in an energetic state, may in some rare cases prove remedial. It is not vaunted, with all the parade of empiricism, as a *specific*, nor has the treatment of the patient ever been trusted entirely to its influence; and the general result of the cases, which seem fairly reported, will warrant farther trial of its effects, in lessening the fatality of such an everyday disease as consumption.

There is a sort of moral delusion among consumptive patients which prevents them from seeing any danger in their disease, and it may be literally said of almost all of them, that

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

and as it is the province of the medical practitioner to keep Hope alive to the last, as the best of all medicines, it would be equally vain and cruel to tell a consumptive person that he would not recover. Even if he were told so, so strong is the delusion that he would not believe it, but would probably dismiss his medical attendant, sans ceremonie, and fly to Singe-ing Long, or some other quack who would promise him a cure, and fleece him to the last.

If the inhalation of medicated vapours has no other advantage than that of mitigating the severity of the cough, while it amuses the patient, and thus smooths the avenues of death, it is infinitely better to have recourse to it under proper medical direction, than to abandon a fellow-creature to the fangs and cajolery of ignorant, unprincipled, and torturing quacks, who are always seeking whom they can devour.

The work is dedicated, by permission, to the King; and Sir Charles concludes his preface with these words:—"It is not on selfish grounds that I advocate the practice—what concerns my reputation or advantage is personal and transient, and of little moment; what relates to science and

to the interest of mankind, is for all ages, and of inestimable importance." * This is not the language of a pretender to physic, but that of a candid and honest physician.

Loudon's Architectural Magazine, No. I.—(To be continued Monthly.)

We have already noticed in terms of high commendation, Mr. Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture and Furniture;" and we have now before us another work by the same indefatigable author. The only fault of this Encyclopædia is, that, though it is cheap compared with the mass of valuable matter which it contains, its price is too high for the journeyman carpenter, or other mechanic to hope to obtain more than a passing glance at its pages. The "Architectural Magazine" is not liable to the same objection; the price is uncommonly cheap, and the decorations are of a superior description. It also embraces a still wider field than the Encyclopædia, as it includes town houses and public buildings; and we do not despair of seeing it work a complete reform in our English architecture, which has long been a mark of scorn and reproach to all the nations on the continent. We quote the following passage from the Introduction:—

"A taste for architecture, like that of any of the fine arts, is at once a source of enjoyment, and a mark of refinement. As buildings are more frequently occurring to the view than either pictures or statues, this enjoyment can be proportionately more frequently obtained; and hence it would appear to be the more desirable for the possessor. It may farther be stated, that to understand and enjoy architecture does not depend nearly so much on what is called a natural taste, as does the enjoyment of pictures, statuary, or music. Architecture is more an art of reason than of imagination; and there is hardly any great feature of beauty or deformity in a building, the propriety or absurdity of which could not be made obvious to the most ordinary understanding, even if the possessor of that understanding had paid very little attention previously to the subject. So much cannot be said of any of the other arts mentioned."—*Int. p. iii.*

Nine Years of an Actor's Life. By Robert Dyer.

"All the world's a stage," said Shakspeare, and an actor seems to consider the stage a world in which every one is interested. Mr. Dyer has ever been a gentlemanly, and, we believe, an honourable man, and from what we hear, we understand, an accomplished actor. He has had his "ups and downs," his barns and breaks, like others of the profession; and we sincerely wish that he and his "five reasons," in the shape of children, were comfortably settled far—far from the chance of further care or disappointment. We have been much entertained by his adventures; several of his anecdotes are both excellent and original. The volume recalls many old favourites of the sock and buskin to our remembrance, and we cordially recommend it to all who love to hear of the strange vicissitudes of an actor's life.

A Treatise on the Nature of Vision, Formation of the Eye and Causes of Imperfect Vision, with rules for the application of artificial assistance and observations on the danger arising from the use of improper glasses. By Alexander Alexander. Optician.

This little *brochure* is the production of a scientific optician, and gives an accurate account of the optical structure of the human eye; the derangements which it is subject to by increasing years and the other imperfections of vision, which it is the province of the optician to relieve or remedy. It is fairly written, and is evidently the work of a philosophical mind, and if we may judge from the list of subscribers, which includes the names of Sir A. Cooper, Dr. Farre, Mr. Travers, and a host of other surgeons; the author is well known to the professional world, and far removed from the

ordinary class of *Shop-ticians* which we meet with in almost every street. If our editorial vision were imperfect, we know not where we could apply with more confidence for an adjustment of our focal distances, than to the author of the above work.

Vergleichendes Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Gothisch-Teutonischen Mundarten, &c.—A Comparative Etymological Dictionary of the Gothic-Teutonic Dialect, &c. By Heinrich Meidinger.

This book goes far towards supplying the want, long felt in the literary world, of a work which, within a moderate compass, should present the whole stock of words ever in use in that great stem of language, of which our own forms a distinguished branch. Of the languages compared in this dictionary, five are dead, and five living. The former are the Mæso-Gothic, the old High German, (including the dialects of both the Franks and the Allemanni), the Anglo-Saxon, the old Saxon (or old Low-German), and the Icelandic; and the latter, the modern Swedish, Danish, Netherlandish (Flemish and Dutch), English and High-German. But, in many instances, roots of other ancient and modern languages have been added, to point out a common origin.

By this arrangement, the principal point of view, that of displaying the wealthy stores of the Teutonic stem, is never lost sight of, and the mind not distracted by being confusedly referred from one language to another; while, at the same time, the general relation among the languages of both Europe and Asia is kept before our eye. An interesting account of the sources from which the dictionary has been compiled is given at the beginning of the work; and it will gratify the English reader to find, that although comparatively little is now doing among us in the vast and interesting field of northern philology, the author acknowledges himself greatly indebted to English and Scotch research for a great portion of his information.

His treatise on the use and interchange of letters among the Teutonic nations is too brief to be perfectly intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the theory established by J. Grimm, in his celebrated grammar of the Teutonic languages. Indeed, the work, as it is, can hardly be studied with advantage, except as an appendix to that grammar, which teaches the analysis of the words given here in their concrete form. It is for the rest a great merit of the book, that the author has contented himself to place the words of the different languages seemingly of one root, and approaching in their signification, under one head, instead of pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of etymological inquiry. An index to the English words at the end of the book is a useful addition; and a table of contents of Grimm's celebrated grammar will be gladly received by all who are possessed of this interesting work.

The Frolics of Puck. 3 vols.

A work worthy its title—full of amusing incident and fantastic adventures it has also the merit of painting and recording all sorts of old English customs and superstitions. Puck is banished from Fairy-land till he discovers what women like best; of course, the old satire is revived, that their liking is for their own will. Very true, we dare say; but pray is that taste confined to the gentler sex? We have some suspicion that gentlemen like it too.

LITERARY REPORT.

A complete Translation of Cuvier's great work, *The Researches on Fossil Bones*, has been undertaken. The work will be translated from the copious and complete Edition now in the course of publication at Paris, under the immediate superintendence of M. F. Cuvier, the brother of the illustrious author, who has materially enriched this Edition by Notes which were collected by Cuvier himself in his lifetime.

A work is preparing for publication under the denomination of *State Trials*; or, a Collection of the most interesting Trials from the Era of 1688 to the Special Commission in 1831. Reviewed and Illustrated by William Charles Townsend, Esq., A.M., Recorder of Macclesfield.

An Address to the Nobility and Landed Proprietors of Great Britain and Ireland, on the Distressed State of the Agricultural Population, and the Baneful Effects of Absenteeism, is in the press.

Analysis of the Defective State of Turnpike Roads and Turnpike Securities; with Suggestions for their Improvement. By Francis Philips, Esq.

Necessity of a Commutation of Tithes, and the Means of rendering the Soil of the British Islands capable of abundantly supporting twice the amount of their present Population. By T. A. Knight, Esq., President of the Horticultural Society of London. In the press.

A Popular Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects is preparing for publication. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., &c.

A little work, entitled *The Duties of Man-kind*, by Silvio Pellico, author of the "Ten Years' Imprisonment," is now in the press. It will be accompanied by numerous additions to the "Ten Years' Imprisonment," and Biographical Notices of the writer, by his fellow-captive, Maroncelli. Translated by Thomas Roscoe.

A Series of Lives of Celebrated Naturalists has been a considerable time in preparation for the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. The first volume will speedily appear, containing Lives of Eminent Zoologists, with an Introductory View of the Study of Natural History and the Progress of Zoology.

Wesleyan Takings; or, Sketches of Ministerial Character; containing Notices of a Series of eminent Preachers, with Remarks on their distinctive Peculiarities and Excellences; the whole designed to furnish Useful Hints to Young Ministers, is just ready for the press.

Sixteen Discourses on the Liturgical Services of the Church of England, by the Rev. Thomas Bowdler, M.A., are just ready.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. LII.

The Royal Mariner, and other Poems, by C. D. Sillery, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The History of the Twelve Great Livery

Companies of London, by W. Herbert, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.

Helen, a Tale, by Maria Edgeworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, by an Old Man, 8vo. 12s.

Journal of a West India Proprietor, by the late M. G. Lewis, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Excursions in Norway, by John Barrow, jun., post 8vo. 12s.

Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History, Second Series, with Extracts from G. White's unpublished Papers, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Life of General Sir John Moore, by his brother, J. C. Moore, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Mrs. Somerville on the Connexion of the Physical Sciences, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The Old Maiden's Talisman, and other strange Tales, by the Author of "Chartley," 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.

The Naturalist's Library, by Sir W. Jardine, Vol. IV.—Feline, with 33 coloured Plates, fcp. 8vo. 6s.

Allan Cunningham's Edition of Burns's Works, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s.

Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, &c. by John Madox, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

Imaginative Biography, by Sir R. Brydges, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

A Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy, by Dr. Weatherhead, (being a 2d Edition of the Philosophical Rambler,) 8vo. 12s.

The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands, by Robert Mudie, with Coloured Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

London's Encyclopædia of Gardening, new and improved Edition, Parts I. to IV., 8vo. sewed. 2s. 6d. each.

Sketches in Spain during 1829, 30, 31, and 32, by Captain Cook, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

The Hamiltons; or, the New Era, by the Author of "Mothers and Daughters," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Mukanna; or, the Land of the Savage, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Fullness of Time, by the Rev. W. M. Hetherington, 8vo. 12s.

History of the Revolution in England in 1688, by the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, 4to. 3l. 3s.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, First Series, 3d Edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

The Seven Temptations, by Mary Howitt, 12mo. 9s.

Salvador, the Guerilla, by the Author of the "Castilian," &c., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745, edited from the Manuscripts of the late Right Rev. Robert Forbes, by Robert Chambers, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Notes of a Tour in America, by Stephen Davis, 18mo. 2s.

The Animal Kingdom, by Baron Cuvier, Vol. XII., containing the Mollusca and Radiata, by Griffith and Pidgeon, 8vo. 36s.; royal 8vo. 2l. 14s.; coloured, 3l. 12s.; 4to. India, 3l. 12s.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Eleventh Exhibition of the Society of British Artists was opened to the public on the 24th. At so late a period of the month, it is impossible for us to render justice to an Institution which advances very strong claims upon the patronage of all who desire the prosperity of the fine arts in England. We shall therefore postpone our notice until next month.

PUBLICATIONS.

Engravings from the Works of Henry Liverseege. Part VIII.

We have had many opportunities of noticing and recommending this valuable and interesting collection of prints, from the works of Liverseege. The artist was unhappily removed from among us long before Time had perfected Genius; but he has left to the world ample proofs that his mind was of the highest order, and that he was second to none in an accurate conception and knowledge of his art. Part VIII. contains the Orphan, Friar Tuck, and the Falconer:—they are fine specimens of mezzotinto engraving.

Engravings from the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Parts III. and IV.

This work, when completed, will be one of the most valuable of modern times—containing, as it does, copies of the more beautiful of the productions of the great British painter. The numbers are issued at a rate of exceeding cheapness, and are, for the most part, engraved by Mr. S. W. Reynolds with considerable skill and accuracy.

The Pedlar. Painted by David Wilkie; Engraved by James Stewart.

There is no mistaking Wilkie; the magic touch of a master, who has deeply studied nature as well as art, is manifest in all he does. Here we have one of his happiest scenes—a cottage, in which the pedlar, with his box of finery, is tempting the lasses, and bargaining with the aged dames; while the paymaster sits doggedly by the window, “counting the cost,” making up his mind to the inevitable results of the controversy going on around him. Mr. Stewart has performed his part in a very satisfactory manner. If, as an engraving, it may not rank with those of Rainbach and Burnet, it is still a creditable performance, and by no means unworthy of the subject or the painter.

Hide and Seek. Painted and Engraved by James Stewart.

Here the same artist is both painter and engraver; and in either capacity he has done well. A group of cottage children are merrily at play.

THE DRAMA.

During the last month the *Minister and the Merveur* has continued to be performed at Drury-lane, and the *Revolt of the Harem* at Covent-garden. They still draw respectable audiences.

At the minor theatres there has been nothing new, unless it is new that, in Passion week, Yates, not having the fear of the Bishop of London before his eyes, has continued to give his entertaining monologue performance, and Mrs. Yates her delineations of the passions. Most of the other theatres have delivered their closing speech, but we must content ourselves with presenting our readers with the smart and clever farewell of Madame Vestris:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen—For the first time this season, because for the

last, I appear before you with reluctance. To report its result is to repeat the sentence just now on everybody's lips. 'We have had an extraordinary season.' Our dramatic plants, nourished by the sunshine of your smiles, and defended against all rude attacks by your uplifted and applauding hands, have budded, blossomed, and ripened. For the fruits I come sincerely and gratefully to thank you. Yet it is only the surplus fruits, which I, as farmer of this estate, enjoy. The bulk of them has gone to support and reward those whose talents have often amused and (may I add?) sometimes instructed you! The acknowledgments, therefore, of my fellow-labourers it is also my pleasing duty to offer you. If I do not speak for our authors, it is because I consider it more their business to make speeches for me; but that they owe you a double debt of gratitude cannot be denied, for each of them must own that in adding to his comfort you have contributed to his peace. Though I now speak in prose I hope to avoid being prosy. It is more my habit to address you in *numbers*, and in numbers, I am proud to say, it is your habit to listen to me. Upon those numbers I must now close my doors. I believe you wish them kept open; and if my will were the law, be assured that my will should be in your favour. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, there should be found a grateful clause in it, whereby, in humble imitation of great Julius Cæsar, I would give you all my seats, my Paphian arbours, and new-painted orchards on this side Wych-street, to you and your heirs, the whole year round to come abroad and recreate yourselves. There is a Cæs—a manager for you. I am already busy for you for next season. To mention names were to destroy the charm of mystery; but this I will disclose to you in strict confidence, that I have succeeded, at an *enormous expense*, in engaging—Madame Vestris. With renewed thanks, ladies and gentlemen, and with best wishes for your intermediate happiness (intermediate I mean as to time, not as to quality), I have the honour, until next October, most respectfully to drop my curtain and my courtesy."

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of this Society a paper was read giving an account of a *tour* in the Himalaya mountains by Captain Johnson, H. E. I. Co.'s service. Having formed a party of two of the officers of his regiment, Captain Johnson left Cawnpore on the evening of the 1st of April, 1827; and, after a journey in palankeens of about three hundred and fifty miles, arrived at Hurdwar during the period of the great fair held there at that period of the year. Hurdwar is at the foot of the first range of hills met with on approaching the great central chains; and here the union of the Bageruttee and the Alacnunda, called the Ganga, or the *river*, finds its way through the mountains from the valley of Deyrah into the plains. The spot where the water first rushes from the mountains is peculiarly sacred; and the assembling of persons from the most remote parts of India, to perform those ablutions which their religion requires, led ultimately to the institution of a fair or mercantile meeting. The *lakeers*, who make Hurdwar their abiding place, have generally caves hollowed out in the rock above the pass, and accessible only by means of ladders. Some few reside in the temples. Captain Johnson considers Raper's estimate of the visitors at Hurdwar, one year with another, at two millions of souls, as being rather below than above the true average. Our traveller took the opportunity of a short stay at Hurdwar to visit Kunkul, a neighbouring collection of sacred buildings of the Hindoos. There were pagodas and deotas of all sizes and shapes; some of them the handsomest specimens of Hindoo architecture which he had seen, only much defaced by the uncouth figures

of their mythology, painted on the outside in glaring colours, and with an utter disregard of proportion, and ignorance of perspective. The total want of observation of a native artist cannot be more strongly exemplified than in the representation of the Tenth Avatar, where Vishnu, like our Death in the Revelation, is expected to appear mounted on a white horse: the horse is invariably represented at a trot, either with both the off or both the near feet raised at the same time; which peculiarity of motion belongs to the camel, but not to the horse.* The valley of Deyrah, which the author entered by the pass of Hurdwar, varies from twelve to fifteen miles in breadth, and may be about seventy miles in length, extending in a nearly east and west direction to the foot of the second range of hills. The entrance to the valley was peculiarly beautiful, with a most luxuriant and almost virgin vegetation. In the tree-jungle the creepers attain a very great size, spreading from tree to tree, matting the whole together, and rendering it impenetrable even to an elephant. The Dhoon from this reason is unhealthy, except in the neighbourhood of Deyrah, where the jungle has been burned for several miles around. The valley is otherwise cool, and watered by numerous rivulets abounding in fish resembling trout; and the jungle swarms with all kinds of game, from the tiger to the quail. The character of the trees, and the scenery generally, resembled very much that of our own latitude; and the illusion was only destroyed by occasional glimpses of the snowy range, and the appearance of black partridges and of jungle-cocks. The snowy peaks of the Himma-leh had an extraordinary appearance, the acclivities of the mountains being concealed by the clouds, and the loftiest points starting from the blue sky above. Capt. Johnson and his party proceeded as far as Nako, an eminence about nineteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; thence to Changree Sang, by which they conceived they could easily enter the Chinese territory; but the peremptory instructions given by Lord Amherst forbade their approaching it; consequently they returned in the end of August.

A communication has been recently read, entitled, Extracts from Observations on New Zealand, by Lieutenant M'Donnell, R.N., who resided four years in that country. The author says that the government of New Zealand approaches nearest to the feudal system. Landed, and even personal property, is held by hereditary tenure, which it would be imprudent to disturb. He deprecates in no measured terms the cruelties perpetrated by the English on the unoffending inhabitants, whom he characterizes as naturally of a bold and daring character, and peaceably disposed to the whites. An instance of great bravery is related:—A chief had been surprised and taken prisoner, with his wife and family, and part of his tribe. He begged hard to take leave of his wife and children before he was put to death. After some debate his request was granted; the meeting was tender and affecting in the extreme. He knew that he must die; but the idea that his wife and children would become slaves appeared to absorb his every faculty, and wring his very soul. His fate was sealed, and escape utterly impossible. He embraced his wife and children for the last time—stabbed her and them almost in a moment—then smiled in derision on his enemies, as he exultingly told them, “My wife and my children are free!” Stratagem and cunning, however, are the weapons chiefly used in their wars with each other. The author, in glowing language, lauds the climate of New Zealand; its soil is highly productive, and its rivers and creeks swarm with many varieties of excellent fish. Of the *phormium*, or New Zealand flax, lately introduced as an article of trade into this country, Lieutenant M'Donnell says, that the plant grows in wild luxuriance throughout the three islands of New Zealand. It is indigenous to the country, and perennial, the leaves averaging from six to ten feet in length. The plant throws an abundance of seed. With attention to the cutting of the flax in the proper season, and common care paid to its cultivation, he

feels convinced of its superiority over that of Russia and Manilla; it possesses all the flexibility of the former, and is free from the wiry brittleness of the latter. Thousands of tons of this valuable article of commerce may be shipped annually from New Zealand to the mother country; indeed the whole of Europe might be supplied with ease from the same quarter. Fair play, it appears, has not generally been given to the flax sent home *via* Sidney. In many instances the plant has not been cut in the proper season—a very material point; for then the flax is coarse and wiry, the fibres ragged and not easily cleaned, the staple is short, and the colour soxey. Other causes that have operated to render this flax objectionable at home are, the twisting of the staple in packing, which prevents the flax from hackling freely, not packing it thoroughly dry, and allowing the pressure of the screw to be on the bend. Cut the plant at the right season (says the writer), let the flax be well dried, carefully packed in lengths, and screwed, then the superiority of the New Zealand hemp over that of Europe will be manifest, and those prejudices that once existed will vanish for ever.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. Kempe exhibited some drawings by Mr. Swaine, jun., of ancient stained glass in the Jerusalem chamber at Westminster, which he accompanied by a descriptive paper. The glass has evidently been removed from some other place to its present situation. The style of the drawings is of the time of Henry III., when the building of the abbey church of Westminster was commenced; but the Jerusalem chamber was built by Abbot Lillington between the years 1349 and 1386. After describing the form and architecture of the chamber, Mr. Kempe observed, that Fabian states that King Henry IV., while preparing for a crusade, on the faith of a prophecy that he would die at Jerusalem, was suddenly taken ill, and was carried to the Jerusalem chamber, and laid before a fire, and that he died in that room; thus indirectly verifying the prophecy. Fabian was followed in this account by Hollingshed, from whom Shakspeare has taken his scene of the death of Henry IV. Mr. Kempe then expressed a doubt whether Henry IV. was in fact buried at Canterbury, as was supposed; and quoted Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, which gives a MS. preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in which the writer declares that he heard one Clement Maidstone state, that he was on board the vessel which was conveying the king's body to Canterbury, when they were overtaken by a violent storm, which so alarmed the sailors, that they broke open the coffin, and took out the body, and threw it overboard, after which there was a calm; that they then closed up the coffin and put the pall over it, and the empty case was buried with pomp in Canterbury Cathedral: and Mr. Kempe observed, that the superstitious dread of a corpse which sailors at all times have felt, gave some countenance to the story. As a sequel to this paper, on the subject of the burial of Henry IV., the secretary observed, that in the month of August, 1832, that king's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral was privately opened by consent of the dean, in the presence of a few individuals, in order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the above story; and an account drawn up at the time, which he then read. From this it appears, they first discovered a quantity of loose rubbish, in which they found a piece of leather, and a piece of cloth or stuff which they supposed to be part of the pall; on removing the rubbish they came to a rude chest of stout elm boards, from which a part was sawed off, and they found within a quantity of hay-bands wrapped round a case of lead as rudely constructed as the outer chest; and on cutting a small aperture in the lead, they saw the face of the corpse in a very perfect state: the skin was moist, and had the appearance of brown leather; the nose and its cartilage retained the proper form, but sunk on the admission of the air. The party having satisfied their curiosity, and settled the historical question, carefully closed up the coffins and the vault, and left the royal corpse to that repose in which it had already lain for above four centuries.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

The annual meeting has been held ; at which the Secretary read the report of the Council of Management. The Council congratulated the meeting upon the improvements which had taken place in the state of the University, and upon the fact that the number of students was such as, upon the reduced scale of expenditure, to enable the University to meet the annual ordinary expenses. Soon after the last general meeting the professors unanimously proposed to the Council to guarantee to the University during this session an income of 3,181*l.* provided the ordinary expenditure were restrained within certain limits, by means of reductions which the professors pointed out. The Council accepted the offer of the professors—and although the increase in the income of the University rendered it unnecessary to resort to this guarantee, yet it was gratifying to the Council to report this proof of the liberality and zeal of the professors, and of their confidence in the ultimate prosperity of the institution. The Council had the highest satisfaction in reporting the munificent donation of 1,000*l.* to the University, by an unknown friend, under the name of “ A Patriot.” This sum remained invested in the Exchequer bill presented to the University, and the Council were considering the expediency of appropriating it in some way which would be useful to the University, and serve to perpetuate the memory of the gift. A heavy expense had been incurred by the necessity of providing additional accommodation for the school, the management of which was much impeded by the dispersion of the classes in distant and inconvenient rooms. The hall and the rooms beneath it were now devoted to this part of the establishment, and the space thus provided was so ample as to afford accommodation not only for the present large number of boys attending the school, but also to admit of a considerable accession to the number. In order to meet the expense of flooring the hall, and fitting up that part of the building, and of some alterations required by the removal of the school (*viz.*, 739*l.*) the ten proprietors who had already advanced 100*l.* each, agreed to receive only one-half of their loans for the present, leaving the remainder in the hands of the Council, without interest. The loan of 4,000*l.* upon mortgage was effected upon terms approved of by the proprietors at the special general meeting in August last ; and all the debts of the University were discharged, with the exception of the moiety of the loan of 1,000*l.* already mentioned. The subscriptions entered into pursuant to the resolution of the last general meeting, amounted to the sum of 173*l.* in donations, and 180*l.* in annual subscriptions. The continuance of the latter for a few years might be necessary to meet the interest of the mortgage debt ; but there was every reason to hope that the increase of the funds of the University, derived from students, would shortly be such, as to enable it not only to discharge the ordinary annual expenses of the institution, but also to keep down the interest of the debt, and to provide a fund to accumulate for its liquidation. The pecuniary capital might be thus stated—

1487 shares paid	£148,700
115 shares unpaid and due	6,990
Forfeited shares	800
Subscriptions	180
Donations	2,842
Donation of “ A Patriot ”	1,000
Donations to Ricardo Fund	500
Legacy of Mr. Clark	45
<hr/>	
Making a total of cash received, or real capital, to the amount of	£161,057
The mortgage amounting to 4000 <i>l.</i> , and the school debt to 500 <i>l.</i> , made a grand total of	165,557

The expenditure of the institution, from the commencement to the present time, might be stated thus—

Land	£30,000
Buildings	96,240
Furniture and fixtures	3,526
Philosophical and chemical apparatus	3,413
Museums	6,706
Expenses of Dispensary	1,023
Libraries	2,886
Guarantees to Professors	6,288
Expenses of management	12,107
House-carpenter's stores	243
School and play ground	1,556
Invested in Government Securities	1,545
Cash at banker's	1,014

Making a grand total of £165,557

It was gratifying to the Council to observe that, with one or two trivial exceptions, the reduced estimate of ordinary expenditure had been precisely verified.

The following was the statement of the number of students in the University on the 22d of February, 1833, and on the same day, 1834 :—

	1833	1834
Faculty of arts	86	104
— of law	64	18
— of medicine	288	347
Pupils in the junior school	229	284

The number of pupils entered between the 1st of October, 1832, and the 20th of February, 1833, was 250. The number entered in the corresponding period of this session was 318. The amount received for fees in 1833 6158*l.*; and this session it was 7343*l.*, leaving an increase of 1185*l.* The diminution of the number of law-students might be attributed partly to the fact of the Professor of Jurisprudence having abstained from lecturing during this session, and partly to the establishment of lectures in the Inner Temple and at the Law Institution, the immediate neighbourhood of which places to the law offices had tended to withdraw students from the class of English law in the University. Professor Amos had given notice of his intention to retire at the end of the present session, and the Council were about to take steps to fill up the chair. The Council stated their opinion of the benefits accruing from the study of the law, and stated that they looked forward to the time when a complete school of law might be established, by filling the chair of civil law, and of instituting professorships of the law of real property, and of the doctrine and practice of courts of equity. After adverting to the professorships of geography, arts of design, and mineralogy, it proceeded to state, with reference to the hospital, that the expenses of building, already incurred, amounted to 4017*l.* The sum required to complete it was estimated at 2000*l.*, and to furnish it 1000*l.*, making, with the expenses of management, a total of 7556*l.* The subscriptions and donations, with Queen Caroline's Fund, amounted to 5183*l.*, so that, there was required to complete the building, 2,397*l.* This sum was so small compared with the object to be attained, that the Council did not doubt that the North London Hospital would be speedily opened. The establishment of the hospital would save to the University an annual sum of 150*l.* now expended in the Dispensary. The scheme of management mentioned at the last meeting continued to answer the expectations of the Council. The Council had taken means to bring the objections of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to their having a charter before the Privy Council, and they trusted that, before long, their just claims to a charter would be allowed. In the mean time, it was gratifying to the Council to mention that the United Associate Synod of Scottish Ministers, in September last, resolved, at the instance of the Presbytery of London, that the Synod would recognize attendance at this University the same as at the Scotch Universities.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

Great Lens in one Piece.—At a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, three splendid polyzonal lenses were exhibited by permission of the Commissioners of the Northern Light-houses. One of these was made at Paris, another in London, and the third was received from Newcastle. The diameter of the outer zone of two of these lenses is two feet six inches, and that of the London instrument is three feet. Their focal distance is about three feet. A single Argand burner was placed in the focus of one of the lenses, but the effect was feeble, as this instrument requires a powerful light. By exposing it to the rays of the sun, it suddenly melts pieces of copper and other metals placed in its focus. The Newcastle lens is made of one piece of highly polished glass. Buffon, nearly a century ago, first suggested the idea of a polyzonal burning-glass; but the construction of this instrument has till now been considered beyond the skill of the artist, and the method of building them in separate pieces was afterwards suggested and practised both in this country and in France. Messrs. Cookson, however, the plate-glass makers of Newcastle, have at length triumphed over the difficulties which so long retarded the execution of Buffon's project. Mr. Stevenson, on the part of the Light-house Board, only stipulated that the lenses which they were employed to make should be built in the manner practised in France.

VARIETIES.

Report of the Poor-Law Commission.—The Poor-law Commissioners have just published a massy report, in which many new regulations are recommended for adoption; and if their suggestions are followed, they consider it certain that "the expenditure for the relief of the poor will, in a very short period, be reduced by more than one-third." This would give a relief to the country of nearly three millions a year. And when we call to mind the jobbing and mismanagement which pervade almost every part of our present system, and the vast diminution of expense which has followed the adoption of better rules for supporting the poor in other countries, and in some cases even in our own, we feel convinced that the Commissioners have not exaggerated the benefits likely to flow from the substitution of honest and discreet for fraudulent and foolish management. The recommendations of the Commissioners will be condemned by those who are utterly opposed to the system of compulsory relief for the poor in any shape. But the duty of the Commissioners was to inquire into the administration and operation of the poor-laws, and to suggest remedies for the evils which they found. Besides, the abolition of poor-laws in England, even supposing it were desirable, is, under present circumstances, scarcely practicable. It is therefore the part of wisdom to strive to alleviate what must always be an onerous tax. The Commissioners, with this view, appear to have adopted a sound principle on which to base their suggestions to the legislature and the public. They lay it down as a fundamental position, that in no case should the condition of the pauper be as eligible as that of an independent labourer of the lowest class. At present, it is notorious that, in many parishes, it is far preferable. The abolition of out-door relief; the employment of paupers in really useful work, instead of compelling them to carry baskets loaded with stones, and to dig holes only to fill them up again; the union of small parishes for the sake of maintaining their poor under one roof; the simplification of the laws of settlement; and the abolition of the existing bastardy laws, the fruitful source of perjury and prostitution;—all these are improvements which, if carried into effect, will assuredly tend greatly to produce the result foretold by the Commissioners.

Capital Punishments.—The great diminution which has taken place in April.—VOL. XL. NO. CLX.

the frequency of executions in the metropolis since the accession of the present Government to office is sufficiently well known. The marked decrease in the amount of those offences for which the punishment of death used to be lavishly inflicted, and for which it is now either totally abolished or rarely and reluctantly applied, is not, we believe, equally notorious; and it is but justice to those who, treading in the footsteps of Romilly and Mackintosh, have endeavoured to bring the laws into harmony with the spirit of the age, to show that in so doing they have not sacrificed the security of the innocent from an ill-placed tenderness for the sufferings of the guilty.

The following table, compiled from Parliamentary returns, will probably surprise those who imagine that severity is the only thing needful for the repression of crime:—

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.				
CRIMES.	1st Period, 1827-28-29.		2d Period, 1830-31-32.	
	Executed.	Committed.	Executed.	Committed.
Burglary and housebreaking .	19	311	3	288
Coining	4	18	none	12
Forgery	8	50	none	61
Horsestealing	4	58	none	48
Stealing in a dwelling-house .	5	213	1	192
Sheepstealing	2	22	1	17
Total	42	672	5	618

Here are six offences for which in the first three years 42 persons were executed, in the latter only 5; and, together with the diminished frequency of executions, the number of commitments has fallen from 672 to 618—a diminution of 54. The only crime which appears to have increased is forgery, and the increase is confined to London and Middlesex; for we find, on referring to the criminal returns for England and Wales, that the number of commitments for this offence has fallen from 213 in the first three years, when 15 persons were executed, to 180 in the three following, when it ceased to be visited with the capital penalty.

The following is a list of suicides committed in London between the years 1770 and 1830:—From poverty, 905 men, 511 women; domestic grief, 728 men, 524 women; reverse of fortune, 322 men, 283 women; drunkenness and misconduct, 287 men, 208 women; gambling, 155 men, 141 women; dishonour and calumny, 125 men, 95 women; disappointed ambition, 122 men, 410 women; grief from love, 97 men, 157 women; envy and jealousy, 94 men, 53 women; wounded self-love, 53 men, 53 women; remorse, 49 men, 37 women; fanaticism, 16 men, 1 woman; misanthropy, 3 men, 3 women; causes unknown, 1381 men, 377 women. Total, 4337 men, 2853 women.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal*.

Excise Duties.—It appears, by a parliamentary return respecting articles charged with excise duties, which was delivered yesterday, that the average quantity of hops on which duty was paid in the years ending 5th of Jan., 1831, 1832, and 1833, was 27,991,502 lbs.; and that the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 32,747,310 lb., making an increase of 4,755,808 lb. The average quantity of malt on which duty was paid in the same three years was 36,535,056 bushels; and the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 40,005,348 bushels, making an increase of 3,470,292 bushels. The average quantity of tea on which duty was paid in the same three years,

was 30,529,851 lb.; and the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 31,829,075 lb., making an *increase* of 1,229,224 lb. The average quantity of spirits on which duty was paid during the same three years, was 21,978,809 gallons; and the quantity on which duty was paid in the year ending the 5th of January, 1834, was 21,840,719 gallons; so that the *decrease* has been 138,090 gallons.

The Army Estimates for 1834-5 have been printed, and the result, as compared with last year, is a reduction in the number of horses of 348, of officers 3, of men 8148, with a saving of 194,931*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*, exclusive of India. The decrease, exclusive of India, is 299,122*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*

Last year's estimate was	£6,246,978	17	8
This year's is	5,947,856	5	1
Decrease	£299,122	12	7

Colonial Slavery.—The following curious document is an Analysis, just printed for the Commons, of the petitions for the abolition of Colonial Slavery presented to that House during the last session; showing the number received from the various religious denominations, and the amount of signatures, compared with the number of other petitions on the same subject:—

Denominations.	Petitions.	Signatures.
Baptists	188	26,287
General	13	1,340
Particular	49	6,742
Calvinistic Methodists	9	1,431
Calvinistic Nonconformists	1	100
Catholics	5	333
Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels	4	507
Independents or Congregationalists	205	26,080
New Connection Methodists	27	3,965
New Connection General Baptists	1	80
Old Independents, or Inghamites	3	350
Pædobaptists	1	208
Presbyterians	11	2,527
Primitive Methodists	13	1,770
Protestant Dissenters	235	26,776
Protestant Evangelical Dissenters*	1	84
Relief Church	3	1,016
Society of Friends, or Quakers	15	933
Unitarians	4	425
United Associate Seceders	84	21,905
United Christians	1	119
Wesleyan Methodists	1,953	229,426
	2,826	352,404
Other Petitions	2,194	957,527
Total	5,020	1,309,931

Wool and Woollens.—The total number of pounds of sheep and lambs' wool imported into the United Kingdom in 1832 was—foreign, 28,128,973; produce of the Isle of Man, 13,516. Quantity retained for home consumption, charged 1*d.* per lb. duty, 23,619,901: ditto ½*d.*, 1,571,328; ditto 6*d.* (red wool) 1,130; duty free, (produce of British possessions,) 2,473,991. Total retained for home consumption, 27,666,350. Total quantity re-exported, 555,014. Quantity of foreign wool warehoused under bond 5th of January, 1833, 3,165,651. The total quantity of British wool and woollen

* There are also two petitions from Protestant Evangelical Dissenters in Kelsoe; one is classed with the United Associate Seceders, the other with the Relief Church, to which denominations the petitioners state themselves otherwise to belong.

yarn exported from the United Kingdom in 1832 was, of the former, 4,199,825 lb.; of the latter, 2,204,464 lb. The exportation of British woollen manufactures in 1832 was as follows:—Cloths of all sorts, 396,661 pieces; napped countings, doffels, &c., 23,453 pieces; kerseymeres, 40,984 pieces; baizes, 34,874 pieces; stuffs, woollen or worsted, 1,8000,714 pieces; flannel, 2,304,750 yards; blankets and blanketing, 1,681,840 yards; carpets and carpeting, 690,042 yards; woollens mixed with cotton, 1,334,072 yards; stockings, woollen or worsted, 152,810 dozen pairs. Sundries, viz. hosiery, rugs, coverlids, tapes and small wares, 55,443*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* value. Declared value of British woollen manufactures exported, 5,244,478*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*

Sion Library.—The state and possible usefulness of this curious and interesting library have, we observe, attracted the attention of the municipal commissioners in London. We trust that some benefit to the public may be the result; for though the character of the works here collected is of a most valuable description, we will venture to say that hardly one literary man in fifty ever entered within the walls, and that many of its near neighbours are not aware of its existence.

The Gresham Institution has also been alluded to by the commissioners: in this, too, there is vast room for improvement. By the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, an estate was left in trust to the corporation and the Mercers' Company, for the delivery of certain lectures on civil law, astronomy, music, divinity, geometry, and other subjects; and for awhile these were given by the ablest men, consistently with the intentions of the founder; but now are almost a mere sinecure.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

France.—The “*Instituteur*,” a journal of primary instruction, presents the following general results of elementary instruction in the departments:—The number of children of both sexes who learn to read is nearly 2,000,000; but almost half the communes of France refuse to tax themselves voluntarily to assist the Government in spreading the blessings of popular instruction.

<i>Number of Schools.</i>		
Elementary Primary	.	35,007
Superior Primary	.	373
Private	.	9,092
Total	.	44,472
<i>Number of Pupils who attend the Schools.</i>		
Boys	.	1,175,248*
Girls	.	731,773
Total	.	1,907,021

Total expense of primary instruction, 10,162,706*l.* 19*c.*; portion of this expense paid by the communes, 7,693,793*l.* 50*c.*; ditto by the departments, 2,054,051*l.* 41*c.*; by the state (difference at its charge) 405,841*l.* 30*c.* Number of communes taxed *ex officio*, 19,032. Amount of the taxes, 1,954,319*l.* 60*c.*

Among the archives of the city of Montpellier there has recently been discovered a parchment MS. which is attributed to the illustrious Petrarch. It contains several poems in the Provençal language, in which the names of Laura and Vaucluse frequently occur.—It is known that Petrarch studied jurisprudence at Montpellier, and that, owing to his dislike of the law, he quitted Montpellier to devote himself exclusively to poetry. In the manuscript poems just discovered, Petrarch frequently complains, that his father,

being bent on making him a lawyer, burned a Virgil which he used to read by stealth. The manuscript in question was discovered in a lumber-room.

Antiquities in France.—Some interesting researches are in progress at Arles, in France. The interior of the celebrated amphitheatre there has been dug up, and many discoveries have been made which will prove of interest to the antiquary. Considerable curiosity has been excited by the researches made upon the site of the theatre itself: as many objects of art were formerly found there, the researches are looked to with avidity. It is well known that the Venus of Arles was dug up in 1648. The authorities of Arles offered it to Louis XIV., by whose order it was placed in the gallery at Versailles. The recent researches have led to the discovery of a beautiful head of Diana, which is a splendid Grecian model, and of a marble equal to the Apollo Belvedere. A statue of Silenus has also been found. A beautiful head has likewise been dug up, of such dimensions as to lead to the idea that it belongs to a statue of 10 feet high; and a votive altar of most exquisite finish, in an excellent state of preservation.

The following is a summary of the literary works published in France during the year 1833:—Poems, songs, and other writings in verse, 275; the sciences, medicine, law, natural history, and political and private economy, 532; romances, tales, translations from foreign romances and novels, fabulous chronicles, and other similar works of imagination, 355; general and local history, and historical fragments, 213; philosophy, metaphysics, morals, and theories, 102; fine arts and travels, 170; theology and mystical history, 235; plays and dramas represented and not represented, 179; foreign works in the Greek, Latin, German, Polish, Hebrew, Spanish, English, Italian, Portuguese, and Oriental languages, and in patois or provincial dialects, 604; pamphlets, pleadings, speeches, and other minor publications, which from their nature cannot be specifically classed, 4346—making a total of 7011.

AGRICULTURE.

EVERY act of the legislature having relation to agriculture becomes now, from the depressed condition of the owners and occupiers of the soil, of double and treble interest to them. After the rejection of Mr. Hume's motion for an inquiry into the Corn Laws, which was defeated by a larger majority than was perhaps anticipated, the fate of Sir W. Ingilby's, virtually for the repeal of the malt-tax, was the source of much anxious expectation. It was lost; but the debate which took place, though introduced in a manner fatal to the serious discussion of a question so momentous, and wholly unworthy of the subject, and the subsequent confirmation of the opinion of the House on Mr. Cobbett's proposal, have excited the landed interest much more strongly. Meetings are held by hundreds (in more than one sense of the word) through the barley districts; and petition has, in many instances, been coupled with remonstrance. The arguments and admissions of Lord Althorp, in abandoning the house-tax, are, it must be confessed, of the very worst kind. He allows, first, that he does not consider the house-tax one which ought, on its own demerits, to be selected for repeal; and next, that he yields it to the agitators of the metropolis. The candour of this avowal is not equal to atone for its manifest imprudence and its want of sound principle. The consequence has been to increase incalculably the discontent of the rural population, to originate associations, multiply petitions, and lower the estimation of the Government.

A few words will, perhaps, set the dispute concerning the malt-tax in its true light. It is established by the statements exhibited by Mr. Montgomery Martin, in his work on the "Taxation of the British Empire," that

the consumption of malt has fluctuated as the duty has been lessened or increased: for instance, take the following periods:—

		Bushels.			Tax.		
From 1784 to 1801	. .	459,640,568	. . .	1s. to 1s. 2d.	per bushel.		
From 1814 to 1831	. .	392,980,839	. . .	2s. 7d. to 4s. 4d.	ditto.		
Decreased consumption		66,659,729	Increase, 1s. 7d. to 3s. 2d. per bushel.				
		Bushels.					
1796	. .	23,142,008	} Tax 1s. 5½d. per bushel.	1828	. .	25,099,336	} Tax 2s. 7d. per bushel.
1797	. .	30,923,419		1829	. .	30,517,816	
1798	. .	26,963,454		1830	. .	23,423,072	
1799	. .	31,751,645		1831	. .	26,900,903	
Total		117,780,526	Total		105,496,127		
Consumption of malt in first period			117,780,526		bushels.		
Ditto ditto in second ditto			105,946,127		ditto.		
Decreased consumption of malt			11,834,399		ditto.		

When the increased population is taken into account, it will be perceived that the difference can hardly be accounted for by addition to ardent spirits, or by decrease of earnings, but must be referred to the augmented impost upon the article. There can, then, be little doubt that the repeal of the duty would vastly increase the consumption of barley. It would improve the morals of the rural population, by enabling them to brew their own beer, and thus spare them the temptation of the beer-house; and finally, (in the event of the extinction of the corn-laws, in which event alone can the repeal of the malt-tax be anticipated,) it might preclude the cultivation of the poorer soils being abandoned;—one of the consequences anticipated by agriculturists, should any considerable reduction of the price of corn follow the introduction of free trade. Against these positive benefits, no difficulty, merely fiscal, ought to be permitted to prevail. The malt-tax, instead of being amongst the best, appears to be amongst the worst of our imposts. But be this as it may, the array of town against country,—the one commanding the abolition of the corn-laws, the other the repeal of the taxes and rates affecting agriculture,—will, it is clear, very shortly divide the kingdom into two antagonist parties, unless Ministers by some train of measures adapted to *enlarge the field of agricultural and manufacturing employment*, appease the combatants, who are driven to the fiercest hostility by their suffering as well as by their losses.

We need only refer to the second volume of the Reports of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the operation of the poor-laws, just put into circulation by Ministers, to demonstrate the appalling state of rural polity. A document of such deep, such terrific import was never before published by any government, of any age or any country. It not only proves that the ruin of the land, but the ruin of the rural population, has advanced to an extent which nothing but such voluminous and accurate details could render credible. Whole parishes are not only delivered over to waste because the entire produce is unequal to satisfy the poor's-rate, but it is shown that, even were the land partitioned out amongst the paupers in these places, two years of allowance from adjoining parishes must be granted for their immediate support; and even subsequently, the aged and infirm (the only real objects of parish relief) must be permanently maintained by their neighbourhood. The same results are anticipated, in many parts of the kingdom, to be inevitable in ten or twelve years. A great proportion of the rent of the kingdom has already been reduced one-half by the rates. Nor is this by any means the worst. The depravation is universal; the injury of the land from negligence or actual hostility on the part of the labourers in employment, is estimated at a sum not inferior to the poor's-rate itself,—seven millions. The state of the husbandman

is gradually sinking, from partial employment and his indifference to work ; —to sum up all in a single sentence, the ruin of the owner and occupier, and the total depravation of the rural population, are so far accomplished, that the mind shudders at the danger, and all but despairs of the possibility of redemption. We most earnestly recommend the perusal of this volume to every man who can raise half-a-crown to buy it. It will convince the most sceptical that a new organization of the poor-laws is the one thing most needful to the country, most imperative upon the Government. Nor will it be less apparent that no cure can be successfully or safely begun or effected but by *enlarging the area of employment commensurately with the increasing numbers of the people*. It is vain to talk of emigration, when that increase is computed at one thousand per day.

The transactions in the Corn Market, whether of London or the provinces, are not of a kind to remove the gloom which hangs over rural affairs. The continued depression of prices, of wheat especially, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, except by the necessity that compels the farmer to sell, and the occupation of his capital by the merchant in stock, purchased long since for the chance of a sale which has not yet arrived. It is calculated that about two millions of money may be thus laid fast in foreign wheat of inferior quality. The small quality released from bond in 1832 and 1833 renders such appearances the more remarkable ; and from the full supplies in every market of the kingdom, compared with the crop, there is but too much reason to suppose that the stock of English wheat must be greatly diminishing. Still the price continues depressed. Up to the middle of this month, from the beginning of the year, 65,244 quarters of wheat have arrived in the port of London, and 88,465 sacks of flour from our own coast. The depression of the last article is now very great, for as this is a season when flour begins to be soon perishable from its disposition to heat, the consumer buys only from hand to mouth.

If the depression continue but a very short time, it is probable the price will not be more than from 43s. to 45s. per sack. The duty on wheat is now 38s. 8d. per quarter, indicating an average of 48s. Barley is in less demand, and barely supports its price, for the supply has been large of late ; it ranges from 22s. (for chevali) to 36s. Malt is stationary, the inferior remaining nominal. Oats are dull, and cheaper, from 16s. (English) to 23s. (Scotch potato.) Beans and boiling peas are also in small demand ; grey and maple find ready sale. The prices of wheat in the foreign market are, almost without exception, falling.

Nothing can have been more favourable for agricultural operations than the weather during the entire month ; a great breadth of barley has been sown. The wheats are so forward, that, even in some of the coldest districts of England, the hoe has been set to work. The drop of lambs has been great, and the loss little or none ; perhaps there never were so few deaths in proportion to the numbers. Thus Nature seems to favour and protect the first of arts ; but, alas ! to how little purpose, for all classes are, expressing their bitterness and discontent in relation to this, the most necessary, most healthful, and not in any sense least interesting occupation of mankind !

RURAL ECONOMY.

Ornamental Forest Trees.—The *Plane* is one of the noblest ornaments of the forest. Nothing can equal the grandeur and magnificence of these trees when allowed sufficient space to assume their natural form. The *Platanus Occidentalis* is, perhaps, the largest tree in North America. Trees of this description have been known to attain the size of forty-seven feet in circumference. The *Eastern Plane*, *Platanus Orientalis*, is very much planted in the gardens of Persia and India. It was highly esteemed by the

Greeks and Romans, and used by them in forming avenues. Large trees of this species have a most magnificent appearance, sweeping the ground with their lower branches, and gradually tapering upwards in a pyramidal shape. The leaves of the plane tree are large and handsome, and the shade afforded by its wide-spreading branches is particularly agreeable. It derives its name from the Greek word *platus*, wide; and Pliny affirms that no tree defends us better from the heat of the sun. Miller tells us that the oriental plane was first planted in England by Lord Bacon.

The *Sycamore* is often confounded with the plane-tree, especially in Scotland, but the two trees are essentially different. The shade thrown by the sycamore is not nearly so intense as that of the plane, and the leaves of the former, when fully expanded, exude a clammy juice which disfigures them, and attracts insects. The sycamore is, indeed, a species of maple, and if the trunk be pierced in spring or autumn, wine and even sugar may be made from the juice. The sycamore is a tall stately tree, and remarkably hardy, as it will grow with a straight stem when exposed to the most violent winds, and even to the sea breeze.

The *Liquid amber* is an exceedingly beautiful tree, and is very valuable in shrubberies and other ornamental plantations, from the fine deep colour which its leaves assume in the autumn. The leaves have a fine fragrant smell, something like balsam of Tolu, and a fine gum distils from the bark, which the Indians chew as a preservative for their teeth. The tree grows to sixty or seventy feet high, and is of a very handsome shape; there is a very fine specimen of this tree at Woburn Farm, Surrey.

The *Salisburia* has a handsome appearance in a shrubbery, and from the pale green, and fan shape of its leaves, it forms an agreeable variety when mixed with other trees. It is a native of Japan, but bears our winters well, though it has never produced fruit in this country.

Plants which will thrive in London.—The trees which will best endure a smoky atmosphere are the mulberry, the elder, the guelder-rose, the lilac, the sycamore, the elm, the plane-tree, the laburnum, and the *Aucuba Japonica*. Of these the laburnum is the soonest injured; for, in the course of a few years, it generally becomes diseased. Privet and China roses rarely last above one season, particularly the roses, as they require abundance of clear, pure air. Ivy, of all kinds, Virginian creeper, and vines grow well, as do most kinds of bulbs, auriculas, carnations, *gentiana acaulis*, (a beautiful bell-shaped, dark purple flower,) and thrift. The two last are chiefly used for bordering walks, as they grow close to the ground in a compact mass.

Orchideous Epiphytes.—These extraordinary plants are among the wonders of vegetable creation. Instead of taking root in the ground like other plants, they twist themselves round the branches of trees, from which their long roots hang down on every side, without deriving any nourishment from the branches which support them. They grow in thick forests between the tropics, in a warm, moist atmosphere, so close as to be scarcely endurable to animal life. In these dreary solitudes, the wild and fantastic flowers of the epiphytes hang in luxuriant richness from tree to tree, clothing even barren arms and lifeless trunks with festooned garlands of the most brilliant colours. The flowers of the *Oncidium* (one genus of Orchideous epiphytes) resemble small butterflies; they are of a bright yellow, spotted with scarlet and a rich brown. Some of these plants remain in flower many months; and as the long flexible spikes of flowers wave to and fro, they resemble clusters of gaudy insects sporting in the sunbeams. Mrs. Arnold Harrison, of Liverpool, had the merit of introducing a great number of these curious plants into this country; and in consequence of her death, a few months since, the whole of her collection has been bought by Mr. Knight, of the Exotic Nursery, King's Road, Chelsea; who having before purchased the collection of Mr. Cattley, of Barnet, has

now about one hundred and fifty species and varieties. A great number of these curious plants may consequently be seen by any one who chooses to visit Mr. Knight's nursery, and the curious shapes and brilliant colours of their flowers will well repay the visiter for his trouble. *Cattleya*, named after the above mentioned Mr. Cattley, who was a celebrated grower of epiphytes, is a particularly handsome plant; the leaves are large and fleshy, and the flowers, which are of a very elegant shape, are dark violet and yellow. *Stanhopea* and *Cypripedium* *insigne* are also very handsome, and many others might be named; but it is difficult to particularize, where all are beautiful; some of the flowers are shaped like little boats, some like a lady's slipper, and some like the beak of a bird, &c.; the colours are always brilliant, and possess a remarkable clearness and vividness; purple, lilac, violet, green, olive, brilliant scarlet, pink and yellow, with a peculiarly rich and velvety brown, are among the principal varieties. The roots are generally long and twining, and of colours as various as the flowers. Most of the kinds are cultivated in England by being tied with moss on pieces of the branches of trees, which are hung from the roof of the hot-house in which they are kept; but some are placed in pots with lime, rubbish, gravel, or moss, instead of soil. It is only since the commencement of the last century, that these plants have been much cultivated in England. Dr. Lindley has bestowed considerable care and attention on them; and by a paper published by him two or three years since in the Transactions of the London Horticultural Society, we find that, in 1801, there were only about twenty species cultivated at Kew, and that this was, perhaps, the largest collection of these plants in Europe. There are now above 300 species cultivated in England, and new ones are continually being introduced.

USEFUL ARTS.

Museum of National Manufactures.—In reverting to the progress of this useful establishment since our last notice, it is satisfactory to announce that this is exhibited alike in the increase of its visitors as in the extensive additions that have been made to the objects in the collection, which now begins more appropriately to fulfil its title, and claims to be considered a repository of the varying and numerous products of our manufacturing industry. We take pleasure in recording this, and again calling attention to its objects; because, if establishments like the present are to be developed to their full extent, it can only be by the assistance of an enlightened and an impartial press. It is, we regret to have to state, too justly, that there is no department of the public press less efficiently fulfilled than that of scientific criticism; which, instead of being an impartial and candid expression and judgment of the claims of the object, is either the assumption of utter ignorance of its merits, or a pander to the empiricism of the arts, which is too characteristic of the commercial intercourse of the present day. In proportion as the public become more familiarized with, and can exercise a more competent judgment over, the productions of the useful arts,—where an initiation into the processes of those manufactures, with which the vital prosperity of this country is concerned, shall be made a subject of attention and study for the juvenile and inquiring mind, so a better-qualified race of critics will be called into existence, because they will then be amenable before the competent tribunal of public opinion. Our nation has resources in manufacturing and mechanical art, greater than were ever at the command of another people at any age; and the wealthy of our country are alike eminently in a condition to employ productions of the most careful and assiduous art, as they are prone to estimate them at their just value. If beyond the wants and capabilities of our

own society in its actual condition, there be a sound national policy, as there unquestionably is, to urge us to attain the highest rank amongst manufacturing nations, it becomes a more positive duty to cherish every means, and avail ourselves of every instrument, which may ameliorate our internal state, and tend to strengthen and make permanent our power to draw from the world around us subsistence for a population now redundant above our intrinsic sources of supply. We must aim at becoming the soundest manufacturers on the globe; and, under that character, our local advantages will give us a high and permanent independence. Such objects can only be advanced by establishments like the present constituting a school of art for instructing the artist in the highest efforts of his art, and making the public acquainted with those objects with which their comforts, conveniences, and luxuries are promoted.

It is impossible in the short compass of a notice to tabulate even the most interesting objects of the present collection, extending, as they do, to every subject to which the mind of man can direct its ingenuity and exercise in the arts, manufactures, and agricultural industry, and containing so many specimens of great and sterling interest and novelty. We have, No. 11. Bee-hives on Mr. Nutt's improved system of management, by which the honey is taken without the destruction of the bees, with accompanying specimens of honey and wax, fully establishing the character of this intelligent and humane system, as well in the superior quality and quantity of the products. No. 16. Murray's life-preserving arrow, to cast a line from a stranded ship; an obvious improvement over Captain Manby's apparatus for the same purpose. No. 25. Specimens of casting in brass from natural objects; correct and faithful representations, by which nature herself might be deceived. No. 35. Specimens of Buckingham pillow blond lace; very beautiful specimens, which only require to be made known to insure a return of prosperity to an extensive and interesting branch of local manufacturing domestic industry. No. 52. Busts in ivory, reduced from life size; these are effected by a peculiar mechanical contrivance of the artist, by which means a counterpart is produced, setting at defiance, for beauty and delicacy of finish, the most elaborate efforts of the chisel. No. 75. Tables in marquetry; these productions of Mr. Blake, an ingenious and intelligent artist, are decidedly equal to any of foreign manufacture, whilst the price at which they are sold is considerably less. It is not to the credit of public taste that, until the opening of the National Repository, the artist, although he had for some years been occupied in this branch of industry, had never vended his productions but to the trade, to retail to the public at a much enhanced price, as foreign. No. 77. Model of St. Luke's Church, at Chelsea, in plaster, done to scale by Miss Bessimer; a very elaborate and beautiful specimen of architectural modelling. No. 78. Nott's American stove for burning coke and anthracite; this stove distributes a very large proportion of heat, and the combustion of the fuel is very perfect, whilst it does not require replenishing above once in six or eight hours. No. 87. Chair framed with mottled horns of the ox: ingenuity and taste have acted in concert here to produce a most beautiful combination of natural objects apparently very little suited to the design: the structure is an admirable exemplification of the theory of beautiful form, as deduced from lines flowing in varied and unconstrained curves.

No. 89. Time-piece, with a newly-invented compensating pendulum. The compensation is produced by the pendulum rod being constructed of three bars of the differently-expandible metals zinc and steel, by which an uniformity of its length, and consequent accuracy of motion, is secured. No. 90. Helix lever time-piece; a very simple piece of clock-work, the nature of the wheels being such as to give less friction, and, consequently, less number of imperfections, than in time-pieces of the ordinary description. No. 15. Smoke-consuming stoves, on Witty's construction; in these

stoves the consumption of fuel is greatly economized, and the heat is very generally distributed, being constructed upon the most correct chemical principles of the combustion of fuel and the laws of heat. No. 63. New method of roofing with slate; this is a far more complete and workmanlike mode than any other, and whilst it is waterproof from without, admits of free ventilation from within. No. 43. Different applications of zinc; this metal is applied to a great variety of economical and general purposes, for which it presents advantages over other metals in lightness, cheapness, and durability. No. 28. Hydrostatic bed on Dr. Arnott's plan; this most admirable invention requires but to be known to be approved of, and introduced into use in those medical purposes to which it is applicable. Nos. 65 to 68. Architectural and garden ornaments in artificial stone; the composition of which these are made bears a very close resemblance to the Portland stone, and is likewise very durable, resisting the action both of air and water, as it is used for ornamental fountains. No. 24. Cut-glass smelling-bottles stoppered on Cooper's patent; this mode of stoppering is coming into general use: the stopper is convex, which is ground so as closely to fit the concave surface of the bottle, and is made perfectly tight by a screw. The models of machinery for paper-making, machinery used in the manufacture of woollen-cloths, cotton manufacture, &c., are not the least interesting objects of this part of the collection.

We cannot omit to mention in the present notice, No. 62. Royal Seraphine, by Mr. Green; an instrument which, although of German invention, has received much improvement in this country. The powers, varied compass, and modulations of this instrument, place it nearest to the human voice in execution of any other. It is performed on at intervals during the day by Mr. Rimbault, jun., a young gentleman of high musical attainments, and the composer of several very popular and interesting songs. In his hands only have we heard the instrument display the vast and varied powers of which it is susceptible. No. 82. Set of musical glasses, tuned without water, by Mr. Tait, contrasts well with the above; for their fairy, dulcet sounds may be considered the music of the spheres. Whether for a solo, or as an accompaniment to the human voice, or to other instruments, we know of no instrument capable of producing more soul-inspiring melody. We will add that the most diffuse information is given of the various objects in the collection.

Police Station Chair.—A very ingenious chair has lately been invented by Mr. William Sheldrake, the eminent Surgeon Mechanician. The construction and form is very ingenious, and is equally so for the very opposite and useful purpose to which it is applied. Although its form is that of a complete watch-house chair, it is intended as a substitute for the ordinary shutters with which accidents are conveyed to the hospitals. For this purpose it can be extended to full length as an ordinary shutter, or any part of it may be brought to any elevation, according to the inclination required for any part of the body. Another great superiority is, that the shutter divides, by which patients may be lowered down on the bed, and which obviates the great inconvenience attendant on their removal, whilst all risk of increasing the effects of the accident is prevented, and by which a simple fracture is often converted into a compound one. It has received the most satisfactory recommendation from Sir Astley Cooper, and the Commissioners of Police have also expressed their approbation; and we believe that it is likely soon to be introduced into the different station-houses of the Metropolitan Police.

NEW PATENTS.

To Benjamin Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county of Lancaster, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in locomotive steam-carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to ordinary carriages, and to steam-engines employed for other uses.

To Benjamin Dobson, of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county of Lancaster, machinist, and John Sutcliff and Richard Threlfall, of the same place, mechanics, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery for roving and spinning cotton and other fibrous materials.

To Jacques Francois Victor Gerard, of Redmond's-row, Mile-end, in the county of Middlesex, for certain improvements in the means of

finishing silks, woollen cloths, stuffs, and other substances requiring heat and pressure, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Samuel Hall, of Basford, in the county of Nottingham, cotton manufacturer, for his invention of improvements in steam-engines.

To Miles Berry, of the Office of Patents, 66, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for shaping and forming metal into bolts, rivets, nails, and other articles, parts of which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM FEBRUARY 24, 1834, TO MARCH 21, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 28.—T. CONNELL, Little James-street, Bedford-row, coach-maker. J. FARMER, Putney, chemist. G. HAYNES, Trinity-street, Southwark, victualler. J. HONE, Northampton, hatter. J. and J. KEEP, Nottingham, grocers. T. KENNING, Birmingham, fire-irons-manufacturer. J. H. LEMON, New-street, Whitechapel, millwright. H. PERKINS, Reading, corn-dealer. P. SAMBELL, Thruo, timber-merchant. J. TAPLEY, jun., Torin, Devonshire, woollen-draper. E. WILDE, Royston, cotton-spinner.

Mar. 4.—W. BRID, Funcham, builder. C. CHRISTOPHERSON, Brighton, printer. B. EYRE, Huddersfield, innkeeper. F. H. HEMMING and T. MONKHOUSE, St. Paul's Church-yard, lacemen. T. C. HENDERSON, New Bond-street, dealer in dressing-cases. J. HEYGATE, Mansfield, cotton-spinner. R. HOLT and J. GIVENS, Monk Wearmouth, common-brewers. W. KEAY, Birmingham, victualler. J. KIDDER, Strand, silversmith. W. J. LEWIS, Trosmarian, Anglesey, merchant. R. MEANLEY, Great Barr, Staffordshire, farmer. A. SILLITO, Macclesfield-street, City-road, wharfinger. B. WALKER, Huddersfield, grocer.

Mar. 7.—S. ALLEN, sen., Birmingham, hotel-keeper. W. GREENWOOD, Farringdon-street, linen-draper. D. HARDIE, Manchester, merchant. R. MOORE, Liverpool-street, St. Pancras, linen-draper. G. W. ROBERTS, Finch-lane, merchant. R. P. STAPLES, City, merchant. T. TAYLOR, Cowley, Oxfordshire, baker. J. TAPLEY, jun., Torr, Devonshire, woollen-draper.

Mar. 11.—E. ASHENDON and T. C. BAKER, Sittingbourne, brickmakers. J. BURROWS, Holme Pierpoint, Nottinghamshire, victualler. T. COLLIER, Holywell, Flintshire, hatter. J. M. CONNORTON, Shad Thames, Southwark, mast and block-maker. C. COURLAND, Leek, money-scrivener. H. G. DREW, Swansea, coal-merchant. T. ELY, Mark-lane, commission-agent. H. FULLER, St. Matthew's-place, Hackney-road, surgeon. R. LITSON, Laystall-street, victualler. J. and W. M'CONOCHIE, Liverpool, stone-masons. H. MANN, Beccles, linen-draper. J. NUTTALL, Birmingham, grocer. J. F. PRESCOTT,

High-street, Marylebone, painter. W. SWALES, Great Portland-street, silk-mercer. J. TAPLEY, jun., Torr, Devonshire, woollen-draper. R. TODD, Liverpool, merchant. J. T. TWELLS, Tamworth, draper. T. WILSON, Manchester, joiner.

Mar. 14.—R. CLARK, High Holborn, woollen-draper. S. CRITCHFIELD, Norwich, haberdasher. J. HOWARD, Ripon, Yorkshire, scrivener. L. PAREZ, Brighton, priestseller. J. PARRY, Leeds, hatter. T. PAYNE, Old Quebec-street, horse-dealer. E. POWNALL, Ipswich, money-scrivener. J. RICHARDSON and R. MANSFIELD, Brownlow-street, Holborn, tailors. T. SNOW and B. WILD, Charlesworth, Derbyshire, cotton-spinners. J. SMITH, Sun Tavern Fields, Shadwell, hosier. H. STANFORTH, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. W. R. TURNER, Great Dover-road, Surrey, curver and gilder.

Mar. 18.—J. CAWTHORN, Bollingbroke-row, Walworth, oilman. P. CLARKE, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. S. GARNER, Wallasey, Cheshire, innkeeper. T. JENSON, Coventry, druggist. J. JONES, Plasnewydd, Carmarthenshire, cattle-salesman. T. JONES, Birmingham, collar-maker. E. KNOWLES, Barking, grocer. P. LOWE, Upton, merchant. J. PARR, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, corn-dealer. F. PARRY, Brighton, tailor. G. STOCKER, High-street, Whitechapel, grocer. T. WARLAND, Steward-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. D. WATKEYS, Swansea, dealer. H. WIGHT, Bishop Wearmouth, grocer. T. WRIGHT, Northallerton, victualler.

Mar. 21.—H. CAPPER, Strand, tea-dealer. W. COWAN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. W. GOFF, Wantage, Berkshire, tailor. E. B. GIBBINS, Farringdon-street, City, lodging-house-keeper. W. J. B. HAMMOND, Upper Thames-street, iron-merchant. W. HONROCKS, Liverpool, corn-miller. F. MILLER, St. Albans, victualler. A. JOHNSON, Southport, Lancashire, draper. W. PYMAR, Newgate-street, tobacco and snuff-manufacturer. R. H. SLAGG, Swinton, steel-manufacturer. J. SHARP, Liverpool, victualler. J. SMITH, Old Kent-road, coach-proprietor.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE general aspect of trade, whether foreign or domestic, during the past month, presents no prominent features for observation as contrasted with the remarks in the last Number. Hesitation on the part of the drapers in making the purchases which are customary with them at this period of the year, arising from the high prices at which the manufacturers have lately purchased wool, has caused some stagnation in that branch of trade, from an idea that the present high price of the raw material cannot be permanent, and that the only safe course for the immediate purchaser from the manufacturer is to keep his stock within such limits as to prevent any ruinous consequences from that change in the price of the manufactured article, which a sudden decline in the price of wool would effect. In the Silk trade, an analogous disposition has been manifested, but on a minor scale; this branch of manufacture is, however, less active than it has lately been. In the grand staple of our commercial industry, Cotton, although there have been transient fluctuations, the average result is satisfactory. The Iron trade continues to yield a remunerating price to the smelter. In the Market for Colonial produce the transactions are few and languid: the Foreign Markets offer no temptation for speculation, and the purchases have consequently been limited to the mere wants of home consumption: thus, notwithstanding the prevalence of Easterly winds has withheld supplies, so that a scarcity of British Plantation Sugars is felt in the Market, no material rise has taken place; the grocers being content to take what they require for their immediate occasions, and the holders being under no anxiety to effect sales.

In British Plantation Sugars during the last week, an advance of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. was obtained; but the sales did not exceed 1500 hhds. For Brown Jamaica, 51*s.* to 54*s.* has been obtained, and for low St. Lucia, 50*s.* to 52*s.* per cwt.; middling to good Demerara, 52*s.* to 57*s.* per cwt. The last average price is 1*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* per cwt.; that of the corresponding date of last year was 1*l.* 7*s.* 7½*d.* Mauritius Sugar has obtained an advance of 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.*; by public sale lately 5120 bags brought from 52*s.* 6*d.* to 60*s.*

For East-India Sugars there is a moderate demand, and an advance of 1*s.* is reluctantly submitted to. The following prices have been realized by public sale:

for Bengal yellow 22*s.* 6*d.*; ordinary (damp) 24*s.* to 25*s.* 6*d.*; good (damp) 27*s.* 6*d.*; good white 28*s.* 6*d.* to 30*s.*; fine white, 38*s.* to 39*s.*

In Foreign Sugars there have been no transactions of importance of late; and the quotations are unaltered. The present stock of West-India Sugar is 13,300 hhds., being a very slight excess upon that of a year ago; that of Mauritius is 96,000 bags, being an excess of upwards of 40,000 bags as compared with the stock of this date last year.

In British Plantation Coffee a reduction of 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. has lately taken place, and the Market is still very inanimate; the prices brought by auction are for Jamaica, middling, 88*s.* to 92*s.*; good to fine fine ordinary, 79*s.* to 87*s.*; for Berbice and Demerara, fine ordinary, 83*s.* to 84*s.*; middling, 84*s.* 6*d.* to 87*s.* 6*d.*

In East-India Coffee the sales have produced, for 300 bags Ceylon 54*s.* to 55*s.* 6*d.*; good ordinary Samarang, 53*s.*; Sumatra ordinary brown, 44*s.* 6*d.* to 46*s.*; 100 bags of fine coloury Brazil brought 61*s.*; and a parcel of St. Domingo was all withdrawn at 58*s.*

There has been an increased demand for Trinidad Cocoa of late, chiefly for exportation, and prices have advanced from 1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt.; for Brazil the inquiries are still very limited.

The Rum Market has been and still continues very dull, and some reduction has taken place in prime Jamaica, but Leewards are still held with firmness at 2*s.* 3½*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.*

In Cotton, Silk, and Indigo, there is some degree of languor, but no material depression in prices.

The Tea sale at the East-India House finished on the 20th ult., and of the 9,000,000lbs. offered, no less than 2,323 000lbs. were withdrawn, causing a reduction from the anticipated duty of above 200,000*l.*; the sale prices as compared with December show a reduction of 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per lb. in Bohea, ½*d.* to 1½*d.* in Congou; ¾*d.* in Twankay, and 2*d.* in Hyson. Since the sale, the deliveries have been very large, and Boheas and Congous have advanced 1*d.* per lb.

The Tobacco is very firm, it being ascertained that the Contractors for the Spanish Government have lately made extensive purchases at high prices.

The Corn Market preserves an even tenour, unmarked by any great fluctuations; fine qualities of Wheat are still in demand. The better qualities of

Barley—are beginning to decline as the season for sowing draws to a close. In Oats, no alteration.

All descriptions of British Securities have been remarkably steady during the past month. Consols at the end of February were $91\frac{1}{2}$ for the Account: they have not varied from this more than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and are now $91\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$. Exchequer Bills, in the interval, have advanced 2s. or 3s. In the Foreign Funds, the transactions have been almost exclusively limited to Portuguese and Spanish Bonds, in which violent fluctuations have taken place with every rumour which gained temporary credence. The former from 73, the price at which they were quoted at the end of last month, fell rapidly to 60, and have again advanced to $65\frac{1}{2}$; in Spanish Bonds, the variations have scarcely been less, with reference to the difference in price; from 33 they fell to 28, again nearly touched 33, and are now $31\frac{1}{2}$. The other descriptions of Foreign Stock have been nearly as steady as our own.

The closing prices on the 26th are subjoined:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, $91\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto for the Account, $91\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —New Three and a Half per Cent., $98\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —India Stock, $257\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Bank, 217 18—Exchequer Bills, 52s., 3s.—India Bonds, 30s., 2s.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Five per Cent. $99\frac{1}{2}$ 100—Brazilian, $73\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Colombian, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish Three per Cent., $74\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Dutch Five per Cent., $97\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Two and a Half per Cent., $49\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican Six per Cent., $38\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Portuguese Five per Cent., $65\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Scrip, $65\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian Five per Cent., $103\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish, $31\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 7l. 10s. 8l. 10s.—Bolanos, 130l., 135l.—British Iron Company, 30l., 32l.—Canada Company, 49l., 50l.—Colombian Mines, 9l. 10s., 10l. 10s.—Del Monte, 37l. 10s., 38l. 10s.—Imperial Brazilian, 60l., 61l.—Irish Provincial Bank, 41l. 10s., 42l. 10s.—United Mexican, 7l. 10s., 8l.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 25.—The Duke of Richmond, after noticing the great increase of county rates throughout the country, and the necessity of adopting inquiry into the subject, with a view to reform, proposed the appointment of a Select Committee for the purpose, which was agreed to.

March 3.—The Lord Chancellor, in the course of a conversation on the subject of the disabilities affecting the Jews, took occasion to suggest the injury which the cause was likely to suffer from making it an annual motion, and instanced Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation as proofs of the indifference likely to result from such a course.

March 4.—The Lord Chancellor (in answer to some remarks from the Earl of Durham, on presenting a petition which alluded to the want of a charter to authorise the conferring of degrees by the London University) declared that, upon an application for a charter being made for the London University, the other Universities—he meant the ancient Universities—had entered a protest against granting such a charter. Now, the question would come before a Board—the Privy Council—if the objections were not recalled or modified in some way. If the resistance should not be persevered in, why then, as a matter of course, the charter would be given; but if no arrangement could be made between the parties, then the case would be regularly brought forward in the place to which he first made allusion.

March 20.—On the motion of the Duke of Richmond, a select committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency and practicability of substituting declarations in lieu of the oaths which are now required in certain cases.

—The Lord-Chancellor laid on the table the last report of the Common Law Commissioners; and passed upon the Commissioners a very high compliment.

March 21.—Earl Grey presented a petition from the University of Cambridge in favour of the claims of the Dissenters, and especially of their claim to be admitted to take degrees without the imposition of any oath inconsistent with their peculiar tenets. The Noble Lord entered into various arguments to show the reasonableness and justice of complying with the request of the petitioners, which he maintained was calculated to serve, and not to injure, the established church; and the following passage in particular was dwelt upon by his Lordship:—"Your petitioners conscientiously believe, that if the prayer of this petition be granted, the great advantages of good academic education might be extended to many excellent men who are now, for conscience' sake, debarred from a full participation in them, though true friends to the institutions of the country; and your petitioners are convinced that this is the best way at once to promote the public good and to strengthen the foundation of the civil and ecclesiastical establishments of this realm. The University is a body recognised by the law of England as a lay corporation, invested with important civil privileges, and on that account resting on no secure foundation which is not in harmony with the social system of the state. Your petitioners therefore humbly beg leave to suggest, that as the legislative bodies of the United Kingdom have repealed the Test Act, and admitted Christians of all denominations to seats in Parliament and to places of dignity and honour, they think it both impolitic and unjust that any religious test should be exacted in the University, previously to conferring the civil privileges implied in the degrees above enumerated."—The Duke of Wellington cautioned the House against interfering in their legislative capacity with the statutes of such Corporations. The signatures to the petition did not contain one-fiftieth part of the whole University, and he could not see any great hardship in making it a condition for obtaining a degree, that a Dissenter who received his education at Cambridge should subscribe to Christian rules and regulations required by the University.—The Lord Chancellor defended the rights of the Dissenters to the same liberty which he claimed for himself and for their Lordships. He thought they could suffer no greater hardship than to be excluded from academical honours, and that the statutes or by-laws of the Universities which recognised such exclusion could not long continue in their present state.—The Earl of Durham followed on the same side.—The Duke of Cumberland admitted that the statutes of the University of Dublin differed in this respect from Oxford and Cambridge, but intimated his unwillingness to be bound by the example of Dublin.—The petition was laid on the table.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 20.—Mr. Littleton brought forward his motion respecting tithes in Ireland. The Honourable Gentleman enumerated at great length the difficulties which interfered with the collection of tithes in Ireland, and mentioned instances in which the collection for whole parishes had been so low as a farthing a head. From the cruel resistance to tithes, which had been so long persevered in, it was evident that some substitute must be provided; but it was necessary to guard against the destruction of that species of property for the benefit of any particular party. He should propose that the composition and commutation of tithes should entirely cease after the 1st of November: that his Majesty should, after that period, be empowered to impose a land-tax, which land-tax should be redeemable; and that so much of it as remained unredeemed at the end of five years, should become a rent charge on the land, abating one-fifth from the amount

of the present valuation of tithes. The charge to be collected from the occupying tenant, and the tenant entitled to deduct the same from his rent. The average of the value of tithes had been considered, but it was desirable that the landowners should have an advantage to induce him to redeem his tithes, and this was accordingly effected. It was proposed that none should be entitled to redeem the land-tax, except those who were in some way beneficially interested, and that a commission should be appointed to adjudge the value. After some further observations, in which he described the more minute regulations of the bill, the Right Honourable Gentleman concluded by moving a resolution, which provides that a composition for tithes shall be abolished after the 1st of November, in consideration of the substitution of a land-tax; the said land-tax to be redeemable within a limited period.—The motion led to a very long debate, followed by two divisions on amendments, moved by Mr. H. Grattan and Mr. O'Dwyer. The first was negatived by 219 to 42,—the second by 199 to 66. Mr. Littleton's resolution was carried.

Feb. 25.—Lord John Russell obtained leave to bring in a bill to legalise the marriage of Dissenters by their own clergymen, under certain regular tions.—Mr. O'Dwyer moved a resolution condemnatory of the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the special jury inpanelled in the case of the *King v. Barrett*.—Mr. Littleton resisted the motion, stating that no case had been made out to implicate the Crown Solicitor, or to prove any irregularity in the mode of appointing the jury. As to the verdict, he thought no honourable, honest, and moral man could complain of it.—Mr. Secretary Stanley considered that Mr. Barrett was ill-used, not by the government, but by the author of the letter; that the libel was wicked and flagitious; and that he was by no means sure that the culpable party was suffering imprisonment for it. After a protracted discussion, the motion was rejected by a majority of 130 to 32.—Mr. O'Connell brought in a bill to secure the liberty of the press, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 12th of March.

Feb. 26.—Colonel Evans moved for the production of certain papers concerning the late application to the Court of King's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel the Directors of the East India Company to send to India certain orders required by the Board of Control. The motion was agreed to, and the papers ordered.

Feb. 27.—Sir William Ingilby brought forward his motion on the subject of the malt-tax. The Honourable Baronet observed that, instead of moving for the repeal of the tax, he should move for a Committee to inquire into the propriety of such repeal. He also proposed to substitute a budget of his own for that of the Chancellor of Exchequer, which had given so little satisfaction. The motion led to considerable discussion, and, on a division, was rejected by a majority of 271 to 170.—Lord Althorp gave notice that on Thursday he should move for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the house-tax. His Lordship then brought in a bill to repeal that part of the Irish Act which prohibits the issuing of stamps to persons convicted of sedition. It was read a first time.—Mr. Littleton brought in his bill to abolish tithes in Ireland, and substitute a land-tax in their stead, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 11th of April.

Feb. 28.—The army estimates were brought forward by Mr. Ellice, in a Committee of Supply. He proposed a vote for 88,952 men.—Mr. Hume moved to reduce it by 9000; this would still leave a force of upwards of 72,000; which was greater, he said, than existed in 1823. The amendment was negatived by 282 to 46.—Mr. Ellis made an able speech, full of details, relative to the construction of these estimates, as compared with those of former years. The military force of the country would be reduced by 8000

men, and there would be a reduction of 299,000*l.* in the expenditure. Altogether, the estimates were the lowest which had been presented to the House since the Union with Ireland. Agreed to.

March 3.—The House went into a Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, when the following votes were agreed to after some discussion :—3,056,873*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.* for land forces ; 120,848*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* for the pay and allowances of general staff officers and officers of hospitals (excepting India), and of his Majesty's garrisons of the Cinque Ports, the Tower, and Windsor Castle ; 90,313*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* for allowances to the principal officers of the public departments in Great Britain and Ireland, their deputies, clerks, and contingent expenses ; 6977*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* for the Royal Military Asylum.

March 4.—Mr. Buckingham brought forward his motion for a select committee, to inquire into the practicability of devising some plan as a substitute for forcible impressment.—Sir J. Graham moved by way of amendment, for leave to bring in a bill for consolidating and amending the laws relating to the merchant service in the navy ; and for obtaining and keeping up a complete register of all persons serving in the merchant navy in the United Kingdom. On a division there appeared for Mr. Buckingham's motion, 130 ; for the amendment, 218 ; being a majority of 88 in favour of Sir James Graham.

March 6.—Mr. Hume brought forward his motion for an alteration in the Corn Laws, which was discussed till a late hour, and the debate adjourned.—Lord Althorp brought in a bill for the repeal of the house-tax, by which relief to the public would be afforded to the amount of 1,170,000*l.* ; he was induced to remove the house-tax instead of the window-tax, because there were 62,000 houses which contributed to the former and not to the latter. The bill was read a first time.

March 7.—The debate on Mr. Hume's motion, "That the House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to consider of the Corn Laws (9th George IV. c. 60), and of substituting, instead of the present graduated scale of duties, a fixed and moderate duty on the import at all times of foreign corn into the United Kingdom, and for granting a fixed and equivalent bounty on the export of corn from the United Kingdom," was resumed, and continued till a late hour, when the House divided, and the motion was negatived by a majority of 157,—the numbers being 312 and 155.—Lord Althorp moved that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the mode of raising county-rates in England and Wales, and to report their opinion to the House, whether any, and what regulations should be adopted to diminish their pressure on the owners and occupiers of land. After some conversation, which terminated in Lord Althorp consenting to add highway-rates to the other points of inquiry, the motion was agreed to, and the committee appointed.

March 10.—At the early sitting, the Great Western Railway Bill, after much opposition, was read a second time, and referred to a committee.—In answer to a question from Mr. O'Connell, Lord Howick stated that there was under the consideration of Lord Melbourne, a proposition that Government should recommend to Parliament a measure enacting, that none but licensed persons should drive cabriolets for hire ; but that that proposition had not as yet received Lord Melbourne's approbation.—Lord John Russell brought in the Dissenters' Marriages Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 28th of April. The Noble Lord said he named a distant day for the second reading, in order that the Dissenters might have time to urge their objections to the measure. If he found these objections to be insuperable, he would not press the measure.—On the motion of Lord Howick, a Select Committee was appointed to consider the state of the Police of the Metropolis, and the state of crime therein.

March 11.—Mr. O'Connell brought forward his motion respecting the oaths taken by members, which, after a long discussion, was withdrawn.—After a conversation of some length, Sir A. Agnew obtained leave to bring in bills for the better observance of the Lord's Day in England and Scotland. The bills were subsequently brought in and read a first time *pro forma*; but an additional proposition for a bill to enable local authorities to alter Saturday and Monday fairs and market days, was negatived on a division of 137 to 182.

March 13.—Mr. Rippon brought forward his motion for the exclusion of Bishops from the House of Lords. The motion was—"For leave to bring in a Bill to relieve the Archbishops and Bishops of the Established Church from the exercise of their legislative and judicial functions in the House of Peers." After glancing at the history of the Church, and arguing at some length on the evil consequences which followed from diverting the attention of bishops from religion to politics, the Honourable Member contended that the Church, as a spiritual government, had no concern with the secular government. The establishment was proper, and, being a temporality, it ought to be represented in Parliament, but no employment should take the bishops from their proper cures—the first of which was to promote purity of worship. Whatever tended to introduce irreverent ideas of religion diminished the influence of the clergy. Let the property of the church be sufficiently represented, but make not a high religious office a qualification for a seat in Parliament.—The motion was negatived by a majority of 67—the numbers being 125 and 58.

March 14.—Mr. Buckingham gave notice, that on the 26th of May he would move for leave to bring in a Bill for the Prevention of Duelling; and also for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire respecting the vice of drunkenness.—Mr. O'Connell postponed his motion respecting the Repeal of the Union from the 15th of April to the 22d of April; and Mr. S. Rice moved that the order for a call of the House on the 15th of April be discharged, and that the House be called over on the 22d of April.—Major Fancourt brought forward his motion for a clause in the Mutiny Bill to abolish the punishment of flogging in the army. The Gallant Officer entered into various arguments to demonstrate the necessity of doing away with that degrading practice. He wished to correct an error into which Honourable Gentlemen had fallen, who said they would not deprive the Government of the power of inflicting corporal punishment for disgraceful offences. Regimental courts-martial had only the power of awarding a punishment of between 300 and 400 lashes; but general courts-martial might award any number they thought proper. Well, what was the consequence? Why, that all disgraceful offences, which, in most cases, come before general, and not regimental courts-martial, were punished, not by the lash, but by transportation. The Honourable Gentleman ended by moving that the following be added as a clause to the Bill:—"That from and after the passing of this Act, the punishment of flogging be entirely abolished in the British army." The House eventually divided on the question. The numbers were:—For it, 94; Against it, 227; Majority against it, 133.

March 17.—Mr. Secretary Stanley, in reply to Mr. Buxton, stated that some of the slave colonies were adopting measures to emancipate the slaves more speedily than the act required. The conduct of the slaves, too, had been most exemplary; and all the news from the colonies was of the most satisfactory nature.—Mr. Shiel moved, that an address be presented to his Majesty, praying that there be laid before the House copies of any communication between his Majesty's government and the Russian government, with respect to any treaty between Russia and Turkey which has been entered into since the 1st of January, 1833.—After a long discussion, the motion was negatived without a division.—On the motion of Sir R. Peel, a grant of 17,017*l.* to the British Museum was agreed to.—Mr. C.

Fergusson moved, in the committee of supply, for a grant of 5000*l.* for Capt. Ross, for his services.—After some discussion, in which the House generally agreed that Capt. Ross should be rewarded, Lord Sandon hoped the whole subject would be referred to a committee, with the view that justice should be done to all the parties concerned in the Arctic expedition.—Mr. C. Fergusson, finding the feeling of the House with him, said he should take the earliest opportunity of moving for a committee for the purpose, as mentioned by his Lordship.

March 18.—Mr. Harvey's motion for an address to the crown, for a revision of the Pension List, was fixed for the 5th of May.—On the motion of Sir R. Inglis, a committee was appointed to inquire into the origin, &c., of the Glasgow Lottery.—On the motion of the Solicitor-General, a select committee was appointed to consider the present state of the law of libel.—Lord Sandon, in the absence of Mr. C. Fergusson, moved for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the circumstances of the expedition to the Arctic Seas, commanded by Captain John Ross, and to consider whether any and what reward was fitting to be bestowed upon him for the services rendered on that occasion.—The motion was agreed to, and the committee appointed.

March 19.—Mr. Ewart presented a petition from Liverpool for free trade, to begin with a free trade in corn. The petition led to a long debate, which was adjourned.—Mr. O'Connell postponed the second reading of his bill for securing the liberty of the press to April the 17th.—The Liverpool Disfranchisement Bill was read a third time and passed.

March 20.—Mr. Bish postponed, till the 29th of April, his motion for an Address to the King, praying his Majesty to hold his Court and Parliament occasionally in Ireland.—Mr. Crawford gave notice, that, on an early day, he would move for the appointment of a select committee to inquire whether an equalised duty should not be imposed upon tea, instead of a fluctuating duty; and on the motion of the same Honourable Member, returns were ordered of the quantity of tea sold at the quarterly sales at the East India House for the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, and 1833, stating the number of pounds, the qualities of the tea, the prices at which it was sold, and the duties levied upon it.

March 21.—Mr. Maberly brought forward the Ordnance estimates in a Committee of Supply. The saving on this year's estimates was 80,000*l.* It would appear to be 295,000*l.*; but that was occasioned by the transfer of certain charges to the army estimates. The actual saving, however, on these estimates since the present Ministers had been in office, was 335,000*l.* He concluded with moving for a grant of 70,562*l.* to defray the salaries of the Master-General of the Ordnance and the establishment in Pall-mall.—Lord Dudley Stuart asked Lord Palmerston if the British Government had received any communication from the Court of Russia, requesting that the Government would not receive or give protection to the Polish exiles.—Lord Palmerston replied that no such communication had been made by the Court of Russia to his Majesty's Government.—On the motion of Mr. Hume, a return was ordered of the number of prosecutions for libel instituted by Government since the accession of his present Majesty; also a return of the number of persons committed for publishing and selling unstamped publications; and a return of the number of persons tried for political and other libels, in continuation of former returns.

THE COLONIES.

The third session of the General Assembly of Newfoundland was opened on the 29th of January by a speech from the Governor, which contained

nothing remarkable, except the statement that the fisheries had been unsuccessful; and in Labrador particularly, where many individuals depended entirely upon it for subsistence, it had totally failed. His Excellency also recommended the formation of a local militia, to be called out to the assistance of the civil authorities when occasion should require.

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN.

The following is stated to be an outline of the Constitution about to be granted to Spain, whereby it will be seen that it is proposed to establish a representative government, although the Crown reserves to itself a great power over the Cortes. It is proposed first, that the chamber shall meet at least once in two years, and oftener if expedient. The King shall have the power of convoking, proroguing, and dissolving the Cortes. Secondly, the Upper Chamber shall, in the first instance, be composed of twenty grandees of Spain, ten bishops or archbishops, ten titulos of Castile, and about fifty other persons distinguished for their talents and fortune. Thirdly, the Second Chamber shall be elected by the people, each parish nominating one or several electors according to its population, which electors shall form a committee resembling the electoral colleges of France, and shall choose the deputies. The number of deputies shall be in the proportion of three for every 200,000 inhabitants, and shall be regulated according to the last census. Fourthly, the budget of receipts and expenses shall be submitted to the Chambers. The debates shall be free and unfettered. The Crown shall have a veto without restriction on the sanction of the laws. The Crown alone shall have the privilege of presenting laws to the chambers. Fifthly, one of the first laws presented to the chambers shall be that which excludes Don Carlos and his descendants from the throne of Spain.

MEXICO.

On the 13th of December Santa Anna, the President of the Mexican Republic, published an address to his fellow-citizens, announcing that he had, on account of the fatigues of the last two years, applied to and obtained from the National Congress leave to proceed for six months to his retreat in the country. The address states that only a spark of the rebellious spirit still exists in a corner of the Republic (Chilapa), and that prompt measures are taking to extinguish it in the most effectual manner. General Bravo has published a proclamation in Chicualco, invoking the people to rise against the existing Government, and holding forth the plan of a National Assembly, to be invested with the sovereign character during the period of its existence. Bravo invites all parties to join him, and promises a general amnesty. His proposed National Assembly is to consist of four members—an officer of the rank of captain or upwards, a parish priest, a lawyer, and a landowner—from each state and territory, chosen by lot.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

M. DE BOURIENNE.

M. Louis Anthony Fauvelet de Bourienne, Ex-Secretary to General Buonaparte for the Army of Italy and in Egypt, Ex-Secretary of the First Consul, Counsellor of State in the year X. of the Republic, Ex-Minister of the Emperor Napoleon at Hamburgh, Member of the Chamber of Deputies of 1815, and Minister of State under the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., was born at Sens, on the 9th of July, 1769. Brought up at the military

school of Brienne with Buonaparte, he was long on terms of the greatest intimacy with that favoured child of destiny. However, being intended for a diplomatic life, he was sent to the University of Leipsic to acquire the necessary qualifications. In 1792, he was appointed secretary of legation at Stutgard; an embassy from which he was recalled on the breaking out of the German war. Soon afterwards, he retired to Leipsic, where he married. Suspected of carrying on a correspondence with French emissaries, he was arrested, with an agent of the French republic, by order of the Court of Dresden; and, after a detention of seventy days, he was commanded to quit the electorate.

In 1797, Buonaparte invited him to join him, and appointed him his secretary when he commanded the army on the other side of the Alps; he was consequently with him in all his Italian campaigns, and also in Egypt. It may be mentioned, too, that, in conjunction with General Clarke, he drew up the memorable treaty of Campo Formio.

When Buonaparte was elected to the consulate, M. de Bourienne was appointed a counsellor of state; and, subsequently, he was named *chargé d'affaires* to Hamburgh, and envoy extraordinary at the circle of Lower Saxony.

M. de Bourienne continued to reside at Hamburgh till the fall of Buonaparte, when he returned to Paris. On the 3d of April, 1814, the provisional government appointed him director-general of posts. In the course of the same year he published a pamphlet, under the title of "A History of Buonaparte, by a Man who has not quitted him for Fifteen Years."

His great work, the "Memoirs of Napoleon," is almost as extensively known in England as in France. There is little doubt that the earlier portions of the volumes are full of "truth, and nothing but truth." It is, however, pretty certain that the publication was *spun out* by the introduction of matter with which M. Bourienne had nothing to do, and by inventions of which the ex-secretary was altogether innocent.

When Louis XVIII. returned to Paris, M. de Bourienne was removed from the office of director-general of posts, which was given to M. Ferrand. However, on the 12th of March, 1815, the King appointed him to the prefecture of police, in the hope of retrieving, or at least of remedying, the evils which had crept into that department. On the 18th, he ordered Fouché to be arrested; but the order was not promptly obeyed; and the return of Buonaparte compelled him to flee to Ghent with the King. He was in Paris again in the month of July, and was restored to his employments. He was retained as minister of state under the reign of Charles X.

The glorious revolution of the "Three Days," combined with the loss of his fortune, is said to have deprived M. de Bourienne of his reason; and he passed the latter part of his life at a *maison de santé* in Normandy. He died at Caen, of apoplexy, on the 7th of February.

MR. L. T. VENTOUILLAC.

Of pulmonary consumption, at his house in Bedford-street, Mr. L. T. Ventouillac, late Professor of the French Language and Literature in King's College. His death may be considered as occasioning a vacancy that it will not be easy to supply; since his extraordinary command of the English language, and his critical acquaintance with our classical writers, enabled him to communicate in English the delicacies of his own tongue with peculiar facility and grace. With Shakspeare, who was, indeed, the "god of his idolatry," he became early and intimately conversant; so much so, that he himself attributed, in a great measure, his rapid progress in the study of English to the delight which he experienced in the works of our immortal bard. Nor was this altogether a blind admiration; for his quick ear and lively fancy enabled him to detect, with all the readiness of a native, the puns, clinches, quiddits, and conceits which occasionally figure even in Shakspeare's happiest passages.

Mr. Ventouillac wrote a neat, idiomatic English style. He spoke our language with vernacular fluency; and could address, extempore, even a polished assembly, in a manner very pleasing to his hearers. His behaviour and conversation were amiable and unaffected, though the latter had frequently an epigrammatic smartness that was, however, not the offspring of study, but the result of unpremeditated promptitude. Mr. Ventouillac was born at Calais, in March, 1798, arrived in this country in 1816, and was appointed professor at King's College in 1830; he has been cut off, therefore, at the early age of thirty-six.

Though Mr. Ventouillac's literary labours were confined chiefly to elementary works, yet his masterly translation into French of Bishop Watson's "Apology," with several of his English prefaces and introductions, indicate abilities of a superior order. Soon after his arrival in England, he embraced the Protestant faith; and he died, with exemplary fortitude and complacency, in the communion of the English church.

MR. THELWALL.

The once popular and celebrated—or, as some would say, notorious—John Thelwall, who died at Bath, after an illness of only a few hours, was a native of London. He was born in the year 1766, in Chandos-street, Covent-garden; and he was educated in private schools, at Lambeth, and afterwards at Highgate. His youthful fancy first led him to become a student at the Royal Academy; subsequently he was employed in an attorney's office; and, at a still later period, he devoted himself to the study of medicine. During these periods he became known in the debating societies which then abounded in the metropolis. So early as 1787, he published "A Legendary Tale," and, in 1790, two volumes of poetry. Intoxicated with the pernicious French doctrines of the day, he "assisted" extensively in several popular meetings; and, in 1792, he commenced a series of extemporaneous lectures on political subjects. Night after night, his inflammatory harangues drew crowded audiences. At length, political lecturing was interdicted by Act of Parliament. In the interim, however, Mr. Thelwall was included in an indictment for constructive treason, with eleven other members of certain associations for the ostensible object of obtaining a reform in Parliament; but, after a trial of three days, he was acquitted, and borne to his house on the shoulders of an excited mob.

To evade the Act of Parliament alluded to, he professed to lecture upon ancient history; but, notwithstanding the facilities he thus enjoyed of disseminating seditious principles, his orations bore an aspect somewhat too classical for the out-and-out reformers of the time, and consequently proved less lucrative than before. He therefore undertook a lecturing tour of England; but, as the schoolmaster was not so much abroad as now, and as the "Diffusion Society" had not paved the way for his regenerating efforts, he found the sound, honest, loyal feelings of the provinces against him.

Seeking retirement and respectability in a country life, he took a small farm near Hay, in Brecknockshire. Unsuccessful in the pursuit of an occupation, of the practical part of which he was ignorant, he adopted the scheme of lecturing throughout the country on elocution, unmixed with politics. In this he was more fortunate; and, after an itinerant course of some years, he re-settled in London—first in Bedford-place, and afterwards in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, taking pupils afflicted with impediments of speech, in the cure of which he is understood to have been eminently successful. For several years he was thus enabled to keep a carriage and a respectable establishment.

In 1818, however, he again figured at political meetings; he also conducted a weekly paper, supporting the cause of Parliamentary Reform with considerable ability. Since that period, he had, at different times, been the editor of two or three other periodicals; but those speculations were not favourable to his interest.

Some years ago he settled at Brixton, near London, received pupils, and

lectured on elocution, the drama, &c., at numerous public institutions; more recently, he adopted a similar course at Bath. With considerable talent, and much quackery, he was greatly admired by many. Few, perhaps, ever succeeded to so great an extent as he did in overcoming the difficulties opposed by nature. His voice was originally feeble and husky; yet, by perseverance and art, he acquired an extraordinary distinctness of articulation, and, even in the open air, could make himself heard at a great distance.

Though violent and ultra in his political views, Mr. Thelwall has always been held consistent and honest; and, in private life, of conduct unimpeachable.

Amongst numerous productions, political, literary, and scientific, may be mentioned "An Essay towards a Definition of Animal Vitality," in which several of the opinions of John Hunter are examined and controverted; "The Vestibule of Eloquence;" "A Letter to Mr. Cline, on Defective Development of the Faculties;" "Illustrations of Rhythms;" "Results of Experience on Deficiency in the Roof of the Mouth," &c.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At Kensington, the Rev. J. P. Gurney, of Great Canfield, Essex, to Anne, daughter of the late J. Langton, Esq., Farnham, Bucks.

At Brighton, P. Stewart, Esq., Bombay Civil Service, to Matilda, daughter of the late W. Dawson, Esq., of St. Leonard's hill, Berks.

Captain Henry, of the 73d Highlanders, to Mary Frances, daughter of John Norris, Esq. of Huxendon House, Bucks.

At Fulham church, James Wright, Esq., (late of Magdalen Hall, Oxford,) of Montague-place, Hammersmith, to Allecia, widow of the late Wm. Bell, Esq., of Portland-place.

By the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. J. E. Tyler, Rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, to Jane, only daughter of Divie Robertson, Esq., of Bedford-square.

At St. Pancras church, Sidney Smith, Esq., of Euston-crescent, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Thomas Palmer, Esq., of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

At Great Malvern, P. V. Onslow, Esq., to Lucy, daughter of the late W. M. Moseley, Esq., of Winterdine, Worcestershire.

At Upper Chelsea, Ashburnham Bulley, Esq., to Frances, only child of the late Captain Neptune Blood.

At St. Michael's Church, Cambridge, Frederick A. Catty, Esq., to Ann, daughter of James Edwards, Esq., of Downing College.

At Sydney, E. D. Thompson, Esq., to Ann, daughter of Major-General Bourke, Governor of New South Wales.

At Glasgow, on the 18th inst., C. Atherton, Esq., civil engineer, Glasgow, late of Queen's College, Cambridge, to Christina, only daughter of Robert Ferrie, Esq., of Blairtummock, Lanarkshire.

At the parish church, Brighton, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Henry Dawson, rector of Hopton, Suffolk, Philip Stewart, Esq., of the Bombay Civil Service, to Matilda, Frances, youngest daughter of the late William Dawson, of St. Leonard's-hill, Berks.

Died.—In Dublin, Mrs. Bunn, wife of Captain Bunn, and mother of the lessee of the royal theatres.

At Geraldine, Queen's County, Captain J. Fitzgerald, formerly of the 7th Fusiliers.

At Longparish, Hants, in his 80th year, R. Leech, Esq.

In Pall Mall, A. Adair, Esq., of Flixton-hall, Suffolk, the army agent.

In Devonshire-street, Mrs. Morier, relict of the late Isaac Morier, Esq., Consul at Constantinople.

At Lymington, C. Stanter, Esq., late Lieut.-Col. R.M.

At Plymouth, Captain J. Weaver, R.N.

At his Lordship's residence in Cavendish-square, Maria, Viscountess Duncannon. Her Ladyship was third daughter of the Earl of Westmorland, and has left a numerous family.

At Rome, the Rev. A. W. Hare, late Fellow of New College, and Rector of Alton Barnes.

At Florence, Robert Plampin, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White, aged 72.

Isabella, relict of the late Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Ossory, aged 84.

At Freshford, near Bath, Admiral M. Robinson.

At Dinagepore, East Indies, J. F. Ellerton, Esq., Judge and Registrar in the Hon. East India Company's service.

On the 14th ult. in Portman-square, the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, in his 83d year.

In October last, at Bellary, East Indies, Captain Julius Wm. Brockman, 56th regiment.

At Paris, Jacob Ricardo, Esq., aged 54.

John Bennet, Esq., Secretary to Lloyd's.

At his seat, Davenport House, Shropshire, aged 84, Wm. Yelverton Davenport, Esq.

At Cheshunt, in her 90th year, Mrs. Susan Cromwell. She was the last of that name, and the great great grand-daughter of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Grand Musical Festival.—A grand festival, on the scale of the famous Celebration of Handel, is announced to take place in Westminster Abbey under the patronage of his gracious Majesty, and the direction of Sir George Smart. Such an event must make a strong sensation in the musical world, and will, we trust, produce much benefit to it, while it affords an extraordinary gratification to the public. We shall rejoice to see what our national school can do in this noble art, and to enjoy a triumph over all those prejudiced persons who have held the ridiculous opinion that England, with her climate, was incapable of reaching the highest attributes in music, in painting, in sculpture, or in other great intellectual pursuits. Let us have opportunities and due encouragement, and we will challenge the world.

6

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Several skeletons have lately been dug up in the parish of Stowe, Bucks, one of them of colossal size, and one having an antique gold ring round the bone of one finger. It is remarkable that they have all been found in or near gravel-pits.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A memoir has been read at the Cambridge Philosophical Society, by the Rev. J. Challis, containing new researches in the theory of the motion of fluids. The Rev. T. Chevallier described experiments which he had made on the polarization of light by the sky. The general results were, that light is polarized by the clear sky; that the effect begins to be sensible at points thirty degrees distant from the sun, and that the greatest quantity of polarized light proceeds from points at ninety degrees distant from the sun,—a fact which seems to indicate that the reflection, which occasions the polarization, takes place at the surface of two media, as nearly as possible, of the same density. It was also stated, that though the light of the moon or of clouds shows no trace of polarization, a fog, when on the point of clearing off, lets polarized light through, when its breaking up has not yet begun. Mr. Chevallier remarked, that he had not detected any appearances of polarization by transmission, though M. Arago had observed within a certain small distance of the sun, that the light was po-

larized in the opposite plane to that at a greater distance.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The Lord Bishop of Gloucester, at his primary visitation, held in the month of July, 1832, intimated to his clergy that he would thenceforth devote a tenth part of the revenues of his see to the augmentation of small benefices in his diocese. The Bishop has, in pursuance of this intimation, placed in the hands of trustees the tenth part of the gross receipts of his bishopric from that time up to the end of last year, and will continue to do the same at the end of each subsequent year, to be applied for the above purpose, as proper objects present themselves.

HAMPSHIRE.

Government are said to have it in contemplation, in consequence of the great increase of crime, to attach the county of Hants to the Home Circuit, whereby it would possess the advantage of having three assizes in the year.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Glove Trade.—The greater portion of the workmen in this trade still remain out. This state of things is to be deplored, not only for the sake of the workmen themselves, but on account of that large body of females who are deprived of their usual occupation in consequence of this effort of the Trades' Union to force the masters to take none but members of the union into their employ. Many who have joined the union would gladly return to work were they assured of protection from the violence of those who have induced them to join the union.

SCOTLAND.

Spade Husbandry.—The striking and beneficial circumstances attendant upon the use of spade husbandry in the cultivation of certain soils for wheat crops, which are communicated in a circular letter, signed Arch. Scott, of Southfield, in East Lothian, deserve the best attention of all who feel the importance of the discussions on the corn-laws, poor-laws, free-trade, and other portions of our complicated system connected or involved with these. The proofs of success in this great experiment seem to be very conclusive; and though we have not room for a subject rather foreign to our especial objects, and which would require much space, we are earnest in recommending it to the consideration of the legislature and the general public.

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